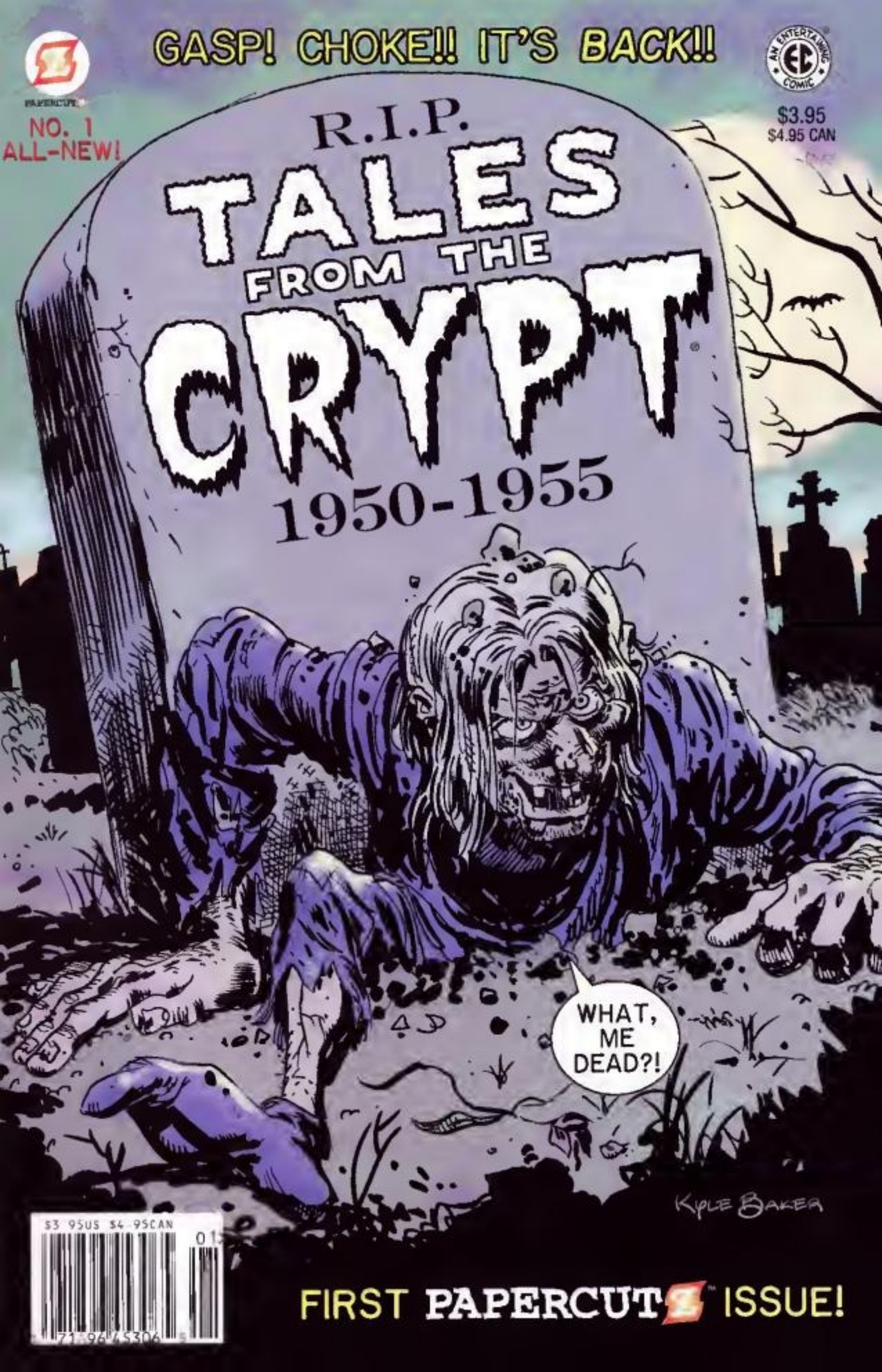
GASP! CHOKE!! IT'S BACK!!
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
$3.95
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NO. 1
ALL-NEW!
R.I.P.
TALES FROM THE CRYPT
1950-1955
WHAT, ME DEAD?!
KYLE BAKER
$3 95US $4 95CAN
01
FIRST PAPERCUT ISSUE!

HEH, HEH! WELL, WE MEET AGAIN, *BOILS* AND *GHOULS*! IT'S BEEN TOO LONG. I MISSED YOU— BUT MY AIM IS GETTING MUCH BETTER! YOU *DISMEMBER* MY TWO *FIENDS* AND ME, DON'T YOU? WE'RE *GHOULUNATICS*, TELLERS OF TWISTED TALES OF TERROR AND SHOCK *SUSPENSTORIES*! I'M *THE CRYPT-KEEPER*, HE'S *THE VAULT-KEEPER*, AND SHE'S *THE OLD WITCH*!
SHE'S A REAL LOOKER, ISN'T SHE?! *DROP DEAD GORGEOUS*!
THEY'RE HERE HELPING ME *DE-GORE-ATE* MY CRYPT WITH PORTRAIT *PAIN-TINGS* OF MY FAVORITE DEAD-HEADS! WHICH REMINDS OF MY FIRST CHILLING STORY, ABOUT MY FAVORITE ARTIST, A MAD GENIUS KNOWN AS JACK KROLL...
I CALL IT...
BODY OF WORK!

NOTHING MUCH HAPPENS IN THE TOWN OF CRANWELL, NEW JERSEY. THAT'S WHY, WHEN ELDERLY GLADYS PRICE DIED, PEOPLE NOTICED, ESPECIALLY MIKE AND LINDA ANDERSON, THE MARRIED COUPLE WHO LIVED NEXT DOOR.

FOR SALE

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE SHE'S GONE. SHE WAS OLD EVEN WHEN I WAS A KID.

I WONDER WHO'S GOING TO MOVE INTO HER HOUSE.

DURING THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, ALL THE CUSTOMERS AT THE LOCAL DINER WHERE MIKE WORKED AS A COOK, AND LINDA, AS A WAITRESS, HAD IDEAS...

I HEARD SOME WEALTHY COMPUTER GUY WAS LOOKING THE PLACE OVER.

MILLIE AT THE REAL ESTATE OFFICE SAID A DOCTOR HAD EXPRESSED INTEREST.

A FEW WEEKS LATER THE HOUSE WAS SOLD. A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER..

ALL ANYONE IN TOWN SEEMS TO KNOW ABOUT OUR NEW NEIGHBOR IS THAT HIS NAME IS JACK KROLL.

HE'S GOT OLDER FURNITURE THAN OURS. HE MUST BE EVEN CHEAPER THAN YOU...IF THAT'S POSSIBLE!

IT'S BEEN THREE MONTHS SINCE KROLL MOVED IN NEXT DOOR AND HE HASN'T TALKED TO US ONCE.

HEY, I TALK TO YOU ALL THE TIME, AND BELIEVE ME HE'S NOT MISSING ANYTHING!

HE MUST HAVE MONEY; HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE A JOB.

FRAN AT THE HARDWARE STORE SAYS HE COMES IN AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK AND BUYS PAINT AND CANVASES.

NOT LIKE THE "GLAMOROUS" ONES WE HAVE AT THE DINER.

A FEW NIGHTS LATER....

ARE YOU AWAKE, MIKE?

I AM NOW. IT'S MIDNIGHT. IS IT YOUR INSOMNIA AGAIN?

NO. IT'S YOUR ELEPHANT LIKE SNORING! HEY, THAT'S JACK KROLL'S CAR. EVERY NIGHT AT THIS TIME HE GOES OUT.

C'MON. LET'S FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHERE HE GOES.

YEAH. THAT'S MY IDEA OF FUN--TAILING SOME WEIRDO IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!

THIS COULD BE A WILD GOOSE CHASE, BUT I DON'T CARE. I WANT ANSWERS.

I'D LIKE ANSWERS TOO. LIKE WHAT MADE ME SAY, "I DO" FIFTEEN YEARS AGO?

WHERE'S HE GOING? WE'VE BEEN DRIVING FOR 10 MINUTES ALREADY. AND I'M LOSING MY BEAUTY SLEEP.

THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS DIRECTION THAT IS EXCEPT...

...THE TOWN CEMETERY! SO THAT'S WHERE HE'S BEEN GOING! BUT WHY?

MAYBE HE'S VISITING THE LAST COUPLE THAT FOLLOWED HIM AROUND AT NIGHT.

THERE HE IS! THIS IS REALLY CREEPY! EVEN SCARIER THAN OUR HONEYMOON!

KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN! WE DON'T WANT HIM TO HEAR US.

AND WE DON'T WANT TO WAKE UP ANYONE.

HE'S PAINTING A PICTURE!

WELL, I GUESS STAMP COLLECTING ISN'T FOR EVERYONE.

ON THEIR WAY BACK HOME...

WELL, NOW WE KNOW WHERE HE GOES AT NIGHT AND WHAT HE'S DOING.

HE'S ONE SICK PUPPY.

A FEW DAYS LATER....

CHECK OUT THESE PHOTOS. BOB AT THE DRUGSTORE GAVE THEM TO ME. THEY'RE COPIES OF THE ONES THAT KROLL DROPPED OFF TO BE DEVELOPED.

THESE MUST BE SOME OF HIS PAINTINGS! LOOK AT ALL THOSE CORPSES! YOU DON'T THINK HE ACTUALLY DIGS THEM UP, DO YOU?
A MARAT
IF HE HAD MARTY AT THE POLICE STATION WOULD'VE SAID SOMETHING AT OUR WEEKLY POKER GAME

MAYBE KROLL GOES TO THE CEMETERY FOR INSPIRATION.

I GUESS IT TAKES ALL KINDS.

AFTER THAT, THINGS WERE QUIET FOR A WHILE. OR AT LEAST AS QUIET AS IT GETS IN ANY SMALL TOWN.

YOU RUINED THESE PANCAKES

IT'S A NEW RECIPE I'M TRYING.

WHAT'S IT CALLED? "HOW TO LOSE CUSTOMERS AND GET US FIRED"?

THEN ONE DAY, SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING...

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ARTICLE IN THE CRANWELL WEEKLY.

I HOPE IT'S NOT ANOTHER RECIPE. HEY, IT'S ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOR, JACK KROLL.

READ IT.

"LOCAL ARTIST, JACK KROLL, WHO RECENTLY MOVED INTO CRANWELL, HAS AN EXHIBIT OF HIS PAINTINGS AT A NEW YORK ART GALLERY....

KEEP READING.

"KROLL'S PAINTINGS OF GRAVEYARDS AND CORPSES ARE PART OF AN IMPORTANT NEW ART MOVEMENT CALLED, 'OUTSIDER ART.'" YOU MEAN PEOPLE ACTUALLY BUY THIS JUNK?

KEEP GOING, YOU HAVEN'T GOTTEN TO THE GOOD PART YET.

HOLY COW! "HIS PAINTINGS OF GRAVEYARDS AND CORPSES COMMAND UPWARDS OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH!

NO WONDER THE GUY DOESN'T WORK AT A REGULAR JOB! HE'S LOADED!

FIFTY THOUSAND EACH! THAT MEANS FOR EVERY TWENTY PAINTINGS HE SELLS, HE'S MAKING A MILLION DOLLARS!

HE MUST HAVE DOZENS OF THEM IN HIS HOUSE!

SO WHAT GOOD DOES THAT DO US?

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT.

WHEN YOU START THINKING, I START WORRYING.

SUPPOSE WE HAPPENED TO, UH, ACQUIRE SOME OF THEM.

HUH?

ACCORDING TO THIS ARTICLE, KROLL IS VERY PROLIFIC. MAYBE HE WOULDN'T EVEN NOTICE IF A FEW OF HIS UGLY CORPSES WENT MISSING.

ARE YOU SAYING WHAT I THINK YOU'RE SAYING?

THIS GALLERY SHOW IN NEW YORK IS OPENING NEXT WEEK. IT SAYS HERE THAT HE'S GOING TO BE THERE THAT NIGHT. WHAT IF, WHILE HE'S AWAY...

BUT THAT'S ILLEGAL! WE COULD BE PUT IN JAIL!

CALM DOWN! RELAX! NOBODY'S GOING TO GET CAUGHT.

OH, GREAT ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR GET RICH QUICK SCHEMES. THE LAST ONE WAS SPINACH ICE CREAM.

3

WE'LL GO THERE WHILE HE'S AWAY, GRAB A FEW PAINTINGS, HIDE THEM FOR A WHILE TILL THINGS COOL DOWN, AND THEN SELL THEM. WE'LL BE IN AND OUT OF THERE IN NO TIME.

MAYBE YOU'RE NOT AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK AFTER ALL...

3

IT'S NOT LIKE HE CAN'T PAINT NEW ONES. THEN WE'LL BE ABLE TO PAY OFF OUR MORTGAGE AND OUR CREDIT CARDS DEBTS. AND WE CAN FINALLY QUIT OUR JOBS AT THE DINER AND MOVE TO SUNNY FLORIDA!

GEE, THAT DOES SOUND GOOD.

3

IT SOUNDS GREAT! THIS GUY KROLL WILL BE FUNDING OUR EARLY RETIREMENT. IT'LL BE LIKE HAVING A RICH UNCLE WHO LIKES US. AND THE BEST PART IS NO ONE WILL REALLY GET HURT. KROLL WILL JUST PAINT A FEW MORE TO MAKE UP FOR HIS LOSSES.

HMMMM... I'M STARTING TO LIKE THIS IDEA.... DESPITE MYSELF.

A WEEK WENT BY AND THEN THE DAY CAME...

KROLL'S GETTING INTO HIS CAR. IN A FEW MINUTES THAT CREEP WILL BE ON HIS WAY TO NEW YORK.

IT TAKES AT LEAST AN HOUR AND A HALF TO GET TO THE CITY. PLUS WITH THE TRAFFIC AT THIS HOUR, YOU CAN ADD AT LEAST ANOTHER HALF HOUR.

ACCORDING TO THE ART GALLERY, THE OPENING PARTY SHOULD GO ON PAST MIDNIGHT. SO WE'RE LOOKING AT FOUR OR FIVE HOURS AT LEAST.

THAT'S ASSUMING THAT HE DOESN'T STAY AT A HOTEL IN NEW YORK FOR THE NIGHT. BUT WE CAN'T COUNT ON THAT.

LET'S WAIT A COUPLE OF HOURS, THEN WE'LL MAKE OUR MOVE.

I'M SCARED.

THINK ABOUT FLORIDA.

TWO HOURS LATER.

WE'RE IN HIS BACKYARD! WE'RE HALFWAY THERE

HEY, KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, TOM CRUISE--THIS ISN'T MISSION IMPOSSIBLE!

NOW REMEMBER, YOU'RE STANDING WATCH OUTSIDE. CALL ME ON YOUR CELL IF THERE ARE ANY SIGNS OF TROUBLE.

OKAY.

MIKE PRIES OPEN A WINDOW AND LOWERS HIMSELF INTO HIS NEIGHBOR'S BASEMENT.

LOOK AT ALL THIS JUNK. IT LOOKS LIKE A RUMMAGE SALE AT STEPHEN KING'S HOUSE.

IN ANOTHER ROOM...

PAY DIRT! IT'S A TREASURE TROVE! THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TO PAY FOR OUR RETIREMENT A HUNDRED TIMES OVER!

MIKE EAGERLY GRABS AS MANY PAINTINGS AS HE CAN CARRY AND RETURNS TO HIS HOUSE...

LOOK AT THEM! THEY'RE THE UGLIEST THINGS YOU'VE EVER SEEN AND WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT. WE DID IT!

NOT YET! I'M GOING BACK AND MAKING ANOTHER RUN!

BUT WE'VE GOT PLENTY HERE!

I'LL JUST GET A FEW MORE. I'M TELLING YOU HE HAS A WHOLE BASEMENT FULL OF THEM!

I DON'T LIKE IT. IT'S TOO RISKY! WE HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH! DON'T GET GREEDY!
YOU THINK TOO SMALL. WAIT HERE. I'LL BE BACK IN TEN MINUTES.
BACK AT KROLL'S HOUSE...
DON'T MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT YOU!
KROLL?! BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE GALLERY IN NEW YORK!
WHEN THE HOUSE ALARM WENT OFF IN MY CAR I HAD TO COME BACK AND INVESTIGATE--WELL, WELL. IF IT ISN'T MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR!
LOOK, UH, I CAN EXPLAIN...

YOU CAN EXPLAIN ALL YOU LIKE TO THE POLICE
THERE'S NO NEED TO CALL THE COPS...

BANG!

AFTER GETTING BACK TO HIS HOUSE, MIKE TOLD LINDA WHAT HAPPENED. THEN HE SHOWERED, CHANGED CLOTHES, AND TOGETHER, THEY GOT INTO THEIR CAR AND DROVE TO THEIR STORAGE UNIT OUTSIDE OF THE NEXT TOWN..

A FEW DAYS LATER, THE OWNER OF THE NEW YORK ART GALLERY CALLED THE CRANWELL POLICE TO REPORT THAT THEY HAD BEEN UNABLE TO REACH KROLL. THE POLICE CHECKED KROLL'S HOUSE AND FOUND HIS BODY...

AN INVESTIGATION FOLLOWED THAT TURNED UP NO LEADS TO THE MURDER OF JACK KROLL. BUT, BECAUSE THEY WERE HIS NEIGHBORS, MIKE AND LINDA WERE QUESTIONED...

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU FOLKS, JUST DOING MY JOB. SEE YOU AT THE POKER GAME NEXT WEEK, MIKE.

SURE, THING, CHIEF, I MEAN, MARTY.

A YEAR WENT BY, AND LIFE WENT ON IN THE TOWN OF CRANWELL. AND PEOPLE FORGOT ABOUT THE ARTIST WHO WAS MURDERED. BUT THERE WERE TWO PEOPLE WHO DID NOT FORGET...

ACCORDING TO THIS WEBSITE, NOW THAT KROLL'S BEEN DEAD FOR A YEAR, THE VALUE OF HIS PAINTINGS HAVE GONE UP A LOT.

NOW'S THE TIME TO SELL! I'VE GOT ART DEALERS IN THREE STATES THAT HAVE EXPRESSED INTEREST IN BUYING HIS PICTURES.

THAT NIGHT, MIKE AND LINDA DROVE TO THEIR STORAGE UNIT TO RETRIEVE SOME OF JACK KROLL'S PAINTINGS...

LUCKILY, THIS STORAGE FACILITY HAS TWENTY-FOUR HOUR ACCESS.

I DON'T LIKE COMING HERE AT NIGHT. IT'S SPOOKY. WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

PROBABLY SOMEONE GOING TO THEIR OWN STORAGE SPACE.

WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE SMELL?

WHO CARES? JUST HELP ME LOAD THESE PAINTINGS INTO THE TRUNK.

BUT BEFORE MIKE AND LINDA COULD TAKE ANY MORE OF THE PAINTINGS OUT, THEY HEARD THE SOUND OF SOMETHING SCRAPING AGAINST THE ASPHALT ON THE GROUND. AND THEN THAT TERRIBLE SMELL SUDDENLY GOT MUCH, MUCH WORSE...

OH, MY LORD! >CHOKE< CORPSES! JUST LIKE THE ONES IN KROLL'S PAINTINGS! ONLY THESE ARE REAL! AND THAT ONE IS DRESSED IN KROLL'S CLOTHES!

AND THE OTHERS... THAT BLUE DRESS... THE STRIPED SHIRT... THEY'RE KROLL'S MODELS!!

MR. EXES

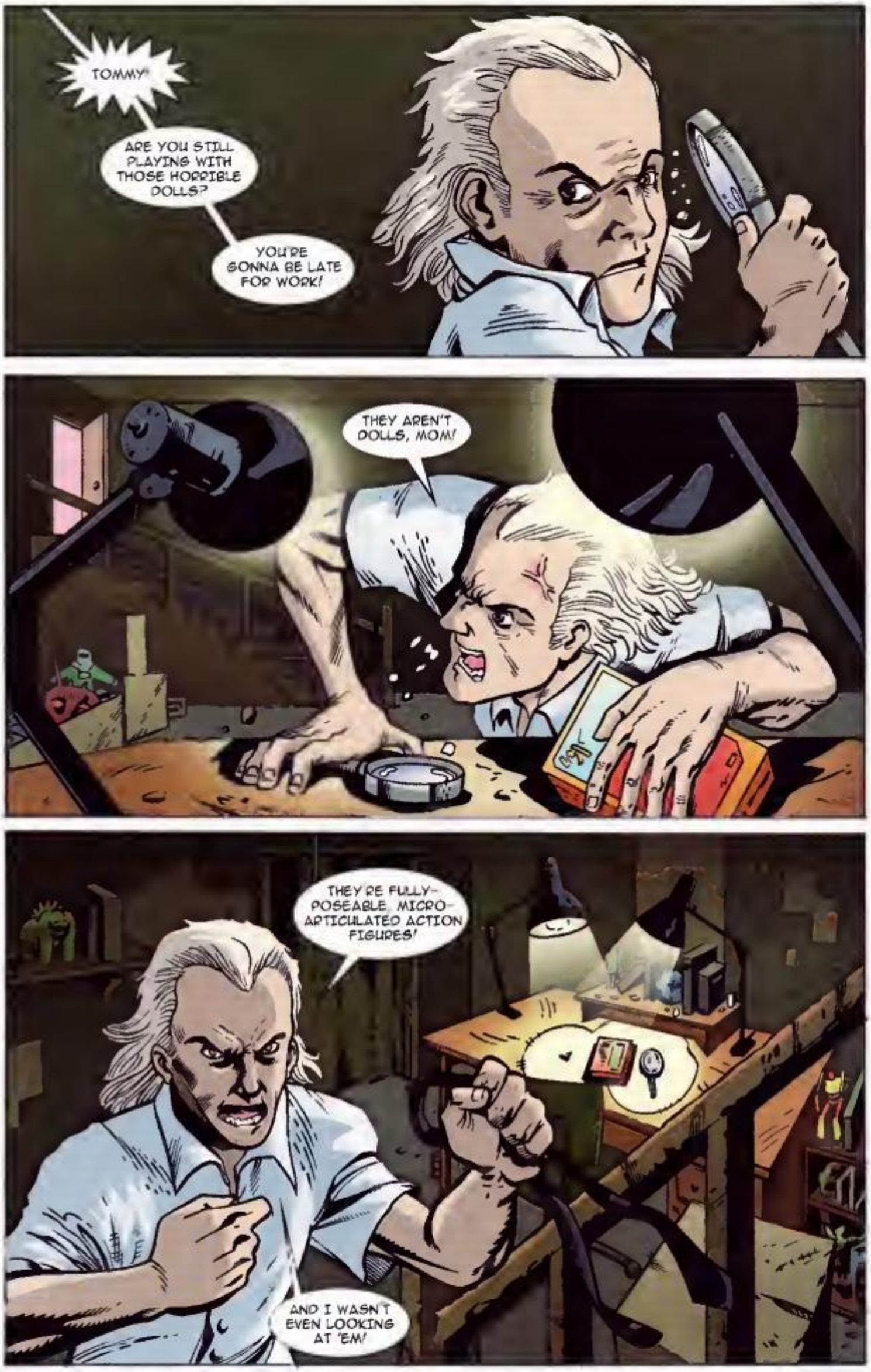
THE NEXT DAY THE POLICE FOUND MIKE AND LINDA DEAD. THEY'D BOTH HAD HEART ATTACKS. THE ODDS OF THAT HAPPENING, ACCORDING TO THE MEDICAL EXAMINER, WERE ASTRONOMICAL. THE PAINTINGS WERE RECOVERED, AND SENT TO JACK KROLL'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE; AN OLD AUNT, WHOM, FOR SOME REASON, THOUGHT THEY WERE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THINGS SHE'D EVER SEEN.

YOU GOT TO ADMIT, THOSE MORBID MASTERPIECES ARE WORTH DIEING FOR! EXCUSE ME FOR A SECOND AS I GET ALL *BIBLICAL* ON MY *CRYPT-GUESTS*...
>GASP!<
>CHOKE<
THERE! A LITTLE WISDOM OF SOLOMON NEVER HURT ANYONE! I HOPE THEY'VE LEARNED A VALUABLE LESSON...
CHING!
...JUST LIKE THOMAS DONALLEY WILL IN THIS TALE I CALL...
"FOR SERIOUS COLLECTORS ONLY!"

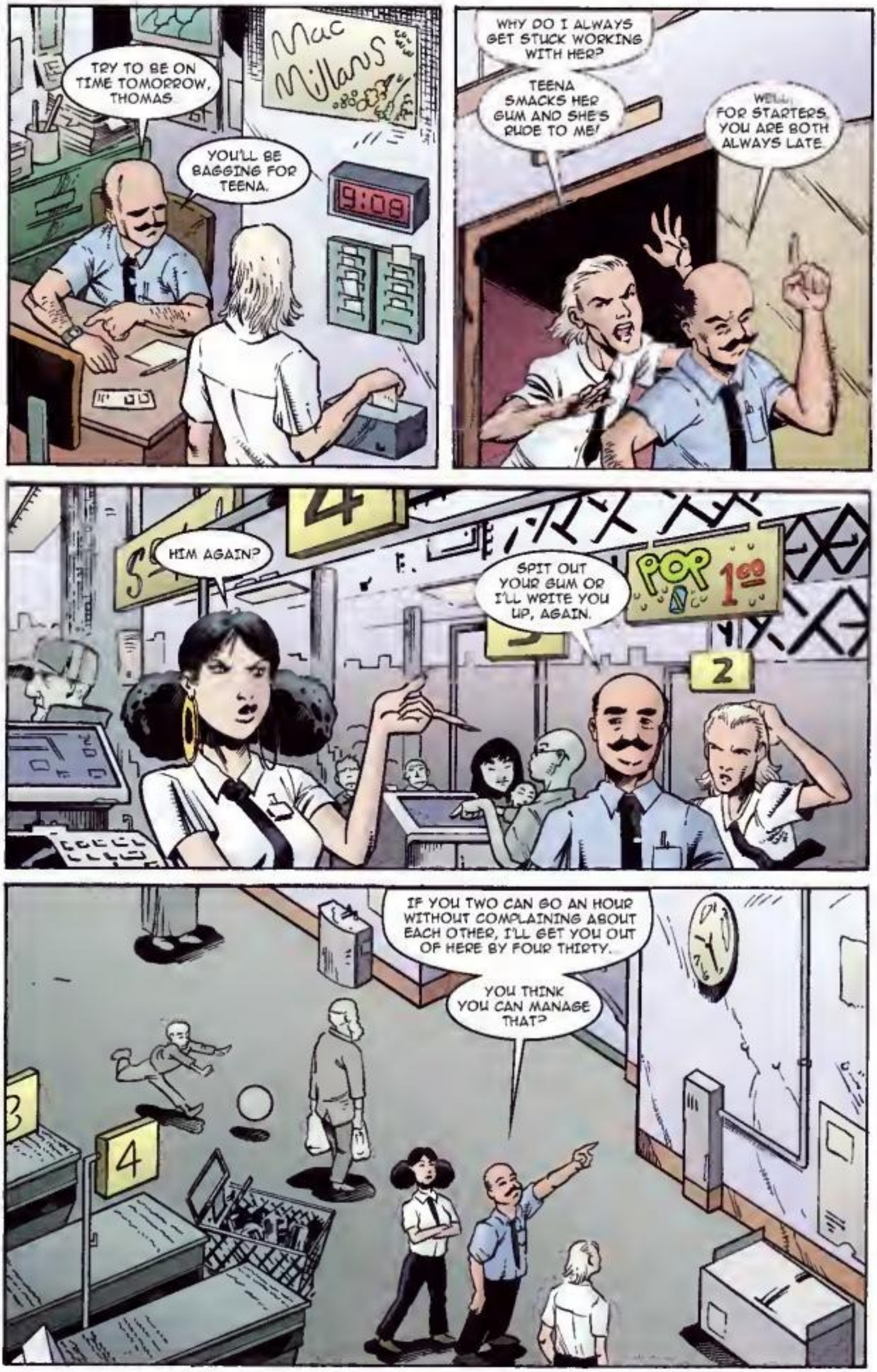
UP FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE BUBBLING SWAMPS..

AN ABOMINATION BORN OF NATURE, RADIOACTIVE WASTE AND EVIL!

250% 呪いレベルUP!
スーパーオニロボット
イキガエル! 家コワス!
NEW!
BEHOLD CROC-O-ZOID!


TOMMY!
ARE YOU STILL PLAYING WITH THOSE HORRIBLE DOLLS?
YOU'RE GONNA BE LATE FOR WORK!
THEY AREN'T DOLLS, MOM!
THEY'RE FULLY-POSEABLE MICRO-ARTICULATED ACTION FIGURES!
AND I WASN'T EVEN LOOKING AT 'EM!

TOMMY DONALLEY, YOU'RE GONNA LOSE YOUR JOB OVER DOLLS?!
WHATEVER! I'M NOT EVEN LATE!
THEY WOULDN'T FIRE ME ANYWAY.
MACMILLANS WOULD TOTALLY CLOSE IF I WASN'T THERE!
OH, YOU SOUND JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER RIGHT BEFORE HE LOST EVERY JOB HE EVER HAD. GOD REST HIS SOUL!
MAKE SURE YOU COME STRAIGHT HOME AFTER WORK, TOMMY.
YOU KNOW HOW I WORRY!
ALL RIGHT! JUST LET ME GO!


Mac Millans
TRY TO BE ON TIME TOMORROW, THOMAS
YOU'LL BE BAGGING FOR TEENA.
9:08
WHY DO I ALWAYS GET STUCK WORKING WITH HER?
TEENA SMACKS HER GUM AND SHE'S RUDE TO ME!
WELL, FOR STARTERS, YOU ARE BOTH ALWAYS LATE.
HIM AGAIN?
SPIT OUT YOUR GUM OR I'LL WRITE YOU UP, AGAIN.
POP 1.00
2
IF YOU TWO CAN GO AN HOUR WITHOUT COMPLAINING ABOUT EACH OTHER, I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE BY FOUR THIRTY.
YOU THINK YOU CAN MANAGE THAT?
3
4

5:15

OOOOH, I JUST HATE HER!

NO >HUFF< WAIT! >PUFF<

GREAT! NOW WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO FOR A WHOLE HOUR UNTIL THE NEXT BUS COMES ALONG?

DRAGON'S HOARD
NANCY DREW
HARDY BOY

CRUD! THAT CREEPY GUY IS WORKING TODAY!
I HATE THE WAY HE TALKS LIKE HE KNOWS EVERYTHING!
COMICS

>GASP<
O, SWEET PLASTICKY THING OF PENULTIMATE EXCELLENCE, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN MY WHOLE LIFE?

THE PACKAGING ALONE LOOKS BETTER THAN MOST OF THE FIGURES I ALREADY OWN!

A HAIKU
MY CUP
EMPTY BEFORE THIS MOMENT.
ROBOT COMPLETE ME.

YIKES!

AH. I SEE YOU'VE FOUND OUR LATEST IMPORT PIECE

EXQUISITE, ISN'T IT?

IT'S OKAY IF YOU ARE INTO FOREIGN STUFF, I GUESS.

IS IT ON SALE?

UH, NO.
PROBABLY BETTER IF WE DONT HANDLE IT. SERIOUS COLLECTORS WILLING TO DROP A HUNDRED BUCKS ON A PIECE LIKE THIS ARE PICKY ABOUT CONDITION
I CAN FIND A DOZEN OF THESE ONLINE FOR HALF THAT!
BE MY GUEST
I'LL BE PRICING UP YO-GI-MON CARDS IF YOU NEED ANY MORE HELP
スーパー忍ロボット
生きカエル
家コワス!
250%呪い
BUT LATER THAT NIGHT...
I CAN'T EVEN FIND A PICTURE OF IT!
WHY DIDN'T I ASK HIM WHAT THE STUPID THING WAS CALLED?!
TOMMY! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO GO TO BED!
I WON'T SLEEP A WINK IF I HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WHAT YOU ARE UP TO DOWN HERE!

HEY, WILL YOU LOAN ME A HUNDRED BUCKS UNTIL PAYDAY?

A HUNDRED DOLLARS?!

WHAT DO YOU NEED A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR?

IT'S FOR MY COLLECTION!

C'MON! I'LL PAY YOU BACK!

ABSOLUTELY NOT! YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH DOLLS AS IT IS!

IF IT WAS ONE OF YOUR STUPID CUTIEZ FIGURINES, YOU'D GIVE IT TO ME!

WATCH YOUR MOUTH, YOUNG MAN, OR I'LL START CHARGING YOU FOR FOOD AGAIN!

NOW GO TO BED!

I DON'T CARE WHAT SHE SAYS!

I'VE GOT TO GET THAT MONEY SOMEHOW!

THE NEXT DAY AT WORK.

HEY, DOOFUS, I'M TAKING A BREAK.

DON'T BE A JERK IF WHATSHIS-NAME COMES BY, JUST TELL HIM I'M HELPING AN OLD LADY OR SOMETHIN'.

SHE LEFT HER REGISTER CARD!

2.99

HA! HER DUMB LUCK IS MY GAIN!

4

AND IF TEENA GETS FIRED, WELL, THAT'S WHAT SHE DESERVES FOR BEING RUDE TO ME!

WHO'S THE SERIOUS COLLECTOR NOW, MISTER CONDESCENDING COMIC BOOK STORE GUY?

ARE YOU HOME FROM WORK, TOMMY?

YEAH, MOM!

THE HOURS SEEM TO FLY BY AS THOMAS EXAMINES HIS ILL-GOTTEN GAIN UNTIL...

>UGH< I'M TOO TIRED TO KEEP MY EYES FOCUSED ANY LONGER

JUST ONE MORE DAY OF WORK TO GET THROUGH AND THEN I'LL HAVE THE WEEKEND TO LOOK AT IT AS MUCH AS I LIKE

"NO NEED TO BE GREEDY. I'VE GOT MY WHOLE LIFE LEFT TO ENJOY IT"

THIS IS VERY SERIOUS

DO YOU STILL HAVE THE MONEY YOU STOLE?

I--

WELL, I MEAN...

YOU'RE FIRED.

I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO RETURN THAT MONEY BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE

HE'S NOT TO BE ALLOWED ON THE PREMISES AGAIN WITHOUT AN ESCORT.

SEE YA LATER, DOOFUS!

EVEN IF THE DRAGON'S HOARD WILL GIVE ME HALF OF WHAT I PAID FOR THAT IMPORT FIGURE, I STILL WON'T HAVE ENOUGH TO PAY MACMILLANS BACK BY TOMORROW!
MAYBE THEY'LL BUY SOME OF MY OTH-
EEP!
NOOOOOOOOOO!

HOW COULD YOU?

HOW COULD YOU?

TOMMY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!

I'M GONNA SHOW YOU HOW IT FEELS!

ISN'T THIS YOUR REALLY RARE CUTIEZ FIGURINE, MOM?!

TOMMY, HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?! PUT THAT DOWN!

RRRAAAGH!

>UGK<

WE'VE GOT YOUR STATEMENT.

WE'LL CALL YOU IF WE HAVE ANY QUESTIONS.

IN ANY EVENT, WE'RE SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.

ALSO, DON'T LEAVE TOWN.

UH, THANKS.

I MEAN, I WON'T.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THOSE STUPID COPS NEVER SUSPECTED A THING!

KRASSHH

HEY, WHAT'S THAT?!

HELLO?!

THMP

AAAGH!

ALRIGHT WHOEVER YOU ARE!

I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS!

AAAAAAGH!

GET OFF OF ME!

TAKE THAT! OW!

AND THAT! OW!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

AAAAGH!

ET TU, CROC-O-ZOID?

ET TU?

NOOOOOO!
YOU!
YOU BROUGHT THEM TO LIFE SOMEHOW!
HOW COULD YOU TURN MY OWN FULLY-POSEABLE, MICRO-ARTICULATED ACTION FIGURES AGAINST ME?
STAY AWAY!
GOOD LORD! NO! NOOOOOO!

NOOOOOOOO!

NOOOOOOOO!

Translation
"SUPER EVIL DEMON ROBOT!
"COMES TO LIFE!
WRECKS YOUR HOME!
"NOW 250% MORE CURSED!"
スーパー鬼ロボット
250%

FOR SERIOUS COLLECTORS ONLY"
250%呪いレベルUP!
THE END

HA! HA! HA! TOMMY GOT MORE ACTION FROM HIS FULLY-POSEABLE, MICRO-ARTICULATED FIGURES THAN HE BARGAINED FOR!
KLIK KLIK
SEE, KIDDIES— ALWAYS BE SURE TO READ THE LABEL! OR DO YOU JUST THINK THAT'S JUST A CROC-O-ZOID?
SERIOUS COLLECTORS ARE NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH! THAT'S WHY WHEN I LIST MY WORTHLESS JUNK ON EEKBAY...
...I MAKE SURE TO ACCURATELY DEGRADE! AFTER ALL, IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU LEARN IN A CRYPT, IT'S HOW TO GET YOUR COLLECTIBLES SLABBED! AND I CERTAINLY MADE SURE TO PACK EVERYTHING SECURELY! I FIND THAT PINE BOXES WORK BEST FOR ME-- ALTHOUGH THE SHRED-EX GUY DOESN'T SEEM TO APPRECIATE IT!
THUMP KNOK KNOK
THUMP KNOK KNOK
SO, LET'S NOT WAIT A HALF CENTURY UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN! BE BACK IN JUST SIXTY DAYS FOR MORE TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

The Return of TALES FROM THE CRYPT

It's one of the biggest surprises in the world of comics and graphic novel publishing! Shortly before the 2007 New York Comic Con, Papercutz announced that we would be publishing all-new TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics. After more than 50 years, EC Comics' legendary flagship title returns with all-new shocking SuspenStories, narrated by the original Crypt-Keeper, Old Witch, and Vault Keeper. Each issue will feature two 20-page tales of terror in the EC tradition!

Reactions ranged from excitement –from fans thrilled to see the most famous horror comicbook ever return after over fifty years, to shock–that it was to be coming from a publisher primarily known for its graphic novels such as Nancy Drew and The Hardy Boys which contain material suitable for all-ages, as the HBO TALES FROM THE CRYPT series certainly contained a fair amount of adult content.

"People forget that the original TALES FROM THE CRYPT comicbook, published by the EC Comics back in the 50s, was also intended for all-ages, and its primary readership was young boys," Papercutz Editor-in-Chief Jim Salicrup is quick to point out. But that may be exactly what fans find so controversial. The original TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics, featuring stories dreamed up by EC publisher William M. Gaines and his editor Al Feldstein, and drawn by Feldstein, as well as Graham Ingles, Jack Davis, Jack Kamen, Joe Orlando, Wally Wood, Harvey Kurtzman, Bill Elder, Reed Crandall, Johnny Craig, Al Williamson, George Evans, and colored by Marie Severin, started a horror comics craze that soon drew the attention of psychiatrist Dr. Frederick Wertham.

Wertham reacted to horror comics' popularity with children by writing a book called "Seduction of the Innocent," which maintained that comics led to juvenile delinquency and even worse behavior. Parents were understandably alarmed, and soon the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency was taking a hard look at comicbooks. EC Comics publisher Bill Gaines spoke before the Subcommittee, but was unable to convince them that his comics were entertaining stories told in good taste. Ultimately, comicbook publishers adversely affected by the negative puhlicity created the Comics Magazine Association of America which would review comics and award a seal of approval to assure parents that the comic's contents were safe, wholesome entertainment.

Unfortunately, it was too late for many publishers, as the negative publicity had so hurt sales of comics that many comicbook companies went out of business. EC Comics, tried to hang in there, but despite canceling their horror comics, and creating new titles such as "Valor" and "Psychoanalysis," only MAD comics, in a new magazine format, survived.

The question is, was TALES FROM CRYPT really all that bad? "Of course not!" Salicrup insists. "Ironically, many of the original stories would be approved by today's revised Comics Code, but sure, there were some stories that still wouldn't get by. The point here is that the stories that Papercutz will be creating will be aimed at readers age 10 and up. Instead of excessive blood and gore, we'll be sticking to the TALES FROM THE CRYPT tradition of stories filled with interesting characters, lots of dark humor, and of course, the trademarked EC "shock" endings!"

But ultimately it's you who will decide if we succeeded or failed. Send your comments to us at salicrup@papercutz.com or to THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER, PAPERCUTZ, 40 Exchange Place, Ste. 1308, New York, NY 10005. We'll run the most interesting comments in our next issue, which is coming your way in just 60 days.

When reached for comment, The Crypt-Keeper said, "It's good to be back, boils and ghouls–and it's about time! Ahahahah!"

TERROR

PAPERCUTS

NO. 2

ALL-NEW!

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

$3.95

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FEATURING...

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

02

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELCOME TO MY "OPEN CRYPT" BOILS AND GHOULS! SINCE SHIPPING OUT THE OLD WITCH AND THE VAULT-KEEPER I'VE BEEN LOOKING TO RENT OUT MY TOMB-WITH-A-VIEW!
MY ONLINE POST ON CRAZED'S LIST HAS GOTTEN TERRIFIC RESULTS! JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE APPLICANTS DYING TO RENT SPACE IN MY COZY CRYPT!
REMINDS ME OF A TALE I CALL...
The TENANT
HELL

NUMBER 613 IGER AVENUE HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS.

THROUGH GRIMY WINDOWS, ITS TENANTS WATCH SNOWFLAKES COVER THE STREETS WITH A FINE WHITE COAT, KNOWING THAT THE SNOW HERALDS A COLD THAT WON'T BE HELD BACK BY SHODDY INSULATION AND IRREGULAR BLASTS OF HEAT.

YES, LIFE AT 613 IGER AVENUE IS HARD IF YOU ASK ANYONE... ANYONE EXCEPT JAMES WINCHELL, ITS CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD.

'EY! WHEN YOU GONNA FIXXA HEAT? AIN'T BEEN WORKIN' FOR DAYS!

--TWO-YEAR LEASE AND YOU WANT TO RAISE US BY *THIRTY PER-CENT?*

MISTER WINCHELL! WE BEEN WAITIN' ONNA NEW FRIDGE FOR A WEEK!

PEOPLE, PEOPLE--

IGER AVE.

613

MANNION

--HEYHEY***HEY!*** TAKE IT UP WITH THE SUPER!

THE SUPER'S A LAZY BUM! HE SLEEPS ALL DAY AND BARELY LIFTS A--

HEY, LISTEN! IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT--

--MOVE!

COMPLAIN, COMPLAIN, COMPLAIN... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I COME DOWN HERE ANYMORE!

IT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE I'M FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON.

WELL, YOU SURE AREN'T FILLED WITH GUILT.

WHAT?

YOU COME DOWN HERE IN YOUR FANCY CAR AND HAVE THE NERVE TO OVERCHARGE US FOR BROKEN FLOORS AND FAULTY HEAT

YOU PUT OUR MONEY INTO YOUR POCKETS INSTEAD OF BACK INTO THE BUILDING WHICH NEEDS IT MORE THAN EVER

MRS WILKES IN 2-B IS EIGHTY-TWO. HER HEAT HASN'T WORKED IN A WEEK!

WHILE YOU'RE LIVING LARGE, SHE'S FREEZING TO DEATH!

WELL, SHE CAN WARM HERSELF WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT BY KEEPING THE HEAT LOW SHE'S SAVING ME MONEY AND HELPING PAY FOR MY FAMILY'S HOLIDAY GIFTS

NOT TO MENTION A NEW SUIT AND IVORY CUFFLINKS FOR ME!

THAT NIGHT, THE BOILER AT 613 IGER AVENUE IS IN RARE FORM.
THE BUILDING'S SYSTEM USUALLY CIRCULATES ENOUGH HEAT TO RELIEVE THE COLD.

MAYBE WINCHELL'S FROSTY DEMEANOR IS STILL IN THE AIR BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW MUCH THE RICKETY BOILER TRIES, THE TENANTS CAN'T GET RID OF THE MIDNIGHT CHILL

THE TENANTS MAKE DO WITH COVERS AND LAYERS, HUDDLING FOR WARMTH.

BUT NO AMOUNT OF BLANKETS CAN SAVE MRS. EUGENIA F. WILKES IN APARTMENT 3-B.

IN THE MORNING, SOMEBODY CALLS THE PARAMEDICS

THE PARAMEDICS, IN TURN, CALL THE POLICE

THE POLICE CALL ON MRS WILKES' GRANDSON

AND AFTER AN APPROPRIATE AMOUNT OF GRIEVING, MRS WILKES' GRANDSON CALLS HIS LAWYER.
613
IGER
AVENUE

FIVE TENANTS TESTIFY IN THE NEGLIGENCE SUIT BROUGHT AGAINST JAMES WINCHELL BY THE WILKES FAMILY.

EACH DESCRIBES THE AWFUL CONDITIONS AT 613 IGER AVENUE TO A HORRIFIED JUDGE AND JURY

THE JUDGE, MOVED BY THE TESTIMONY AND PHOTOS OF 613 IGER, HANDS DOWN A SPECIAL SENTENCE TO JAMES WINCHELL, CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD.

WINCHELL IS ORDERED TO LIVE IN ONE OF HIS PROPERTIES FOR AN ENTIRE MONTH TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HE'S DONE TO HIS TENANTS

EITHER HE LASTS THE MONTH IN A WINCHELL PROPERTY, WITHOUT IMPROVING ANY PART OF IT, OR THE LANDLORD LOSES EVERYTHING.

AS BAD AS 613 IGER AVENUE IS, THE BUILDING DOESN'T COMPARE TO NUMBER 666 COLT STREET

POORLY MANAGED, THE TWO-FAMILY BROOKLYN HOME IS BROKEN AND NEGLECTED--

--INCLUDING THE ADJACENT CEMETERY, FORGOTTEN BY BUSY RELATIVES AND AVOIDED BY LOCAL GANGS.

NO, AS BAD AS 613 IGER IS, FRIENDS, 666 COLT STREET IS FAR, FAR WORSE

666

THE BUILDING IS CURRENTLY EMPTY, AND JAMES WINCHELL IS PROUD THAT HE CONVINCED THE COURT TO INSTALL HIM IN HIS ONLY PROPERTY THAT HAS NO TENANTS

DESPITE ORDERS NOT TO IMPROVE THE PROPERTY, HE MOVES IN WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART GADGETS AND SEVERAL SPACE HEATERS, AND AS SUCH HIS FIRST FEW DAYS ARE A BREEZE

BUT ON THE THIRD NIGHT

ZZZTTTT***

COLDCOLD COLDCOLDCOLD COLD...!

MUST'VE BLOWN A FUSE...

OKAY. BOILER. BOILER. WHERE'S THE BOILER?

HOW HARD CAN IT BE TO GET SOME HEAT GOING? IF CAVEMEN CAN DO IT WITH TWO STICKS, I'M SURE I CAN DO IT

I SHOULD BE HOME IN MY TUB...BIG STEAK...A BOTTLE OF WINE...

...BUT INSTEAD I'M HERE TRYING TO FIX THE HEAT IN "MONSTER HOUSE"!

ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN MORE DAYS... WHOAAHGGH!

KRASSSHH

...OWCH

STUPID FLASHLIGHT. WHERE ARE YOU? OKAY, MATCHES, THEN.

SERIOUSLY, WHERE'S THE SUPER WHEN YOU NEED HIM?

LEMME KNOW IF YOU FIND HIM

I GOTTA COMPLAINT ABOUT THE NOISE

WANNA KEEP THE MUSIC DOWN, CHIEF? IT'S LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD

HEY, YOU LISTENIN', MAC?

HEY, WHERE YA GOIN'? I AIN'T FINISHED!

AAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!!

YOU GONNA FIXXA HEAT OR WHAT?

"'EY, MISTER---

"---WE'RE *FREEZING TO DEATH* OUT THERE!"

NOTHING.. IT'S NOTHING! I'M SEEING THINGS!

THE COLD'S GETTING TO MY BRAIN..YEAH, THAT'S IT!

IT'S BECAUSE OF THE COLD

BAM! BAM! BAM!

'EY! YOU COMIN' OUT OR WHAT?

AAAAAAHHHH!!!!

WE STILL AIN'T GOT HEAT!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

'EY, LANDLORD.. YOU BEEN DUCKING US FOR MONTHS AND WE GOT COMPLAINTS!

CELL PHONE? WHERE'S MY CELL? I CAN'T SEE IN THE DARK AH! HERE'S THE PHONE--! I'LL CALL THE COPS!

SERIOUSLY, YOU GOT TENANTS THAT GOT NEEDS

THE POLICE! THE POLICE WILL SAVE ME.

...NO DIAL TONE

CELL PHONE. WHERE DID I PUT IT?

JAMES WINCHELL NEVER FINDS HIS PHONE. NOR DOES HE GET A WINK OF SLEEP.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

HIS NEW "TENANTS" KNOCK AT HIS DOOR, EACH WITH HIS OR HER UNIQUE COMPLAINT.

THE KNOCKING GROWS LOUDER AND WINCHELL SHIVERS IN THE DARKNESS, AFFECTED BY THE COLD AND TERROR.

AND IN THE MORNING...

...THE KNOCKING STOPS.

666
THERE IS NO WAY I'M SPENDING ANOTHER NIGHT IN THIS HAUNTED HOUSE! NOT A CHANCE!
THE MINUTE I GET HOME I'M SELLING---

--LAST THE MONTH OR YOU LOSE IT ALL, MISTER WINCHELL!

"EVERY DOLLAR EVERY PROPERTY. EVERYTHING WILL GO TO THE WILKES FAMILY AND THE TENANTS OF 613 IGER AVENUE!"

NOT A CHANCE.
666

SO JAMES WINCHELL STAYS, DETERMINED TO FINISH HIS SENTENCE AT 666 COLT STREET.

HE TRIES TO FIX THE HEAT AND POWER—

BUT THE BUILDING IS IN SUCH DISREPAIR THAT NOTHING WORKS.

AND AS NIGHT FALLS AND BRINGS THE WINTER CHILL...

...ANOTHER OF WINCHELL'S TENANTS ARRIVES WITH A COMPLAINT.

NOK NOK NOK

HELLO? MISTER WINCHELL?

WE'VE HAVEN'T MET, BUT I FELT IT WAS PAST TIME.

MY NAME IS EUGENIA WILKES.

THERE'S A SLIGHT ISSUE WITH MY SPOT AND THE SUPER'S NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. SO I'LL NEED TO ENLIST YOUR HELP.

BUT YOU'RE... YOU'RE...D...

YOU'RE... *DEAD.*

--AHH! C...COLD..!

OH, NOTHING A HOT TEA WON'T FIX, MISTER WINCHELL.

THE SAME CAN'T BE SAID FOR THE CONDITIONS I'M LIVING IN, THOUGH. COME ALONG AND I'LL SHOW YOU.

--IT'S JUST DOWN HERE, DEAR... DO STOP DAWDLING OR WE'LL NEVER GET THERE.

...BUT. COLD... CAN'T FEEL..

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE COLD, MISTER WINCHELL...TRUTH BE TOLD, THE BROKEN HEAT NEVER BOTHERED ME.

BUT I WON'T ABIDE FILTHY LIVING CONDITIONS.. EVEN IF I'M DEAD.

SEE? DISGRACEFUL.

I LIKE A TIDY PLOT, MISTER WINCHELL IF YOU'D BE SO KIND...?

WH-WHAT? YOU WANT ME TO...?

THING

NO! I MEAN- NO, I CAN'T!... I WON'T! LEAVE ME ALONE!

BUT DEAR, IT'S YOUR JOB.

HEH...HAHAHA! NO, IT'S NOT! I'M THE LANDLORD... I JUST OWN THE BUILDING! I'M NOT THE CARETAKER.

YOU GOT A PROBLEM, TAKE IT UP WITH HIM!

OOOP!

CARETAKER DIED SIX MONTHS AGO.

SO FIX THE LADY'S GRAVE, EH?

FIX IT! FIX IT!

..TOO COLD..

NO... NO! GET AWAY! I WON'T DO IT! GET AWAY!

...WE GOT COMPLAINTS...

...TOO LIGHT...

--OH! OH, I'M SO--

IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, DEAR.

ALL I WANT IS A CLEAN, RESPECTFUL PLACE TO REST AND YOU'LL NEVER HEAR FROM ME AGAIN.

...NEVER?

NOT A PEEP, MISTER WINCHELL. FIX MY PLOT AND I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE.

O...OKAY.

AS LONG AS YOU'LL LEAVE ME ALONE

THERE. I'VE FINISHED.

THANK YOU, DEAR. IT'S LOVELY.

WILKES

YOU'RE FREE TO GO, MISTER WINCHELL. I WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN.

FINALLY! MAYBE I CAN GET SOME SLEEP.

'EY! WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN'?

WILKES

YOU AIN'T DONE. SOME PUNK PAINTED OVER MY HEADSTONE AND TURNED UP THE DIRT. IT'S FREEZIN' IN THERE!

WHAT ? BUT MRS. WILKES' SAID IF I FIXED HER PLOT I'D BE LEFT ALONE!

JOJO

SHE SAID THAT SHE'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE. NOBODY SAID ANYTHING ABOUT US.

EITHER GET TO WORK OR WE'LL HAUNT YOU ALL NIGHT, EVERY NIGHT UNTIL YOU FINALLY AIN'T THE LANDLORD HERE...

...BUT ONE OF US TENANTS.

GOT IT?

PAINT

AND SO JAMES WINCHELL CLEANS AND JAMES WINCHELL FIXES

HE REPAINTS HEADSTONES, TILLS MOSS AND CLEANS EACH GRAVE

HE CLEANS EACH GRAVE AND HOPES THAT HIS TENANTS WILL LEAVE HIM BE.

A MONTH GOES BY AND JAMES WINCHELL RETURNS TO HIS COMFORTABLE LIFE AND FANCY APARTMENT..

. BUT EACH MORNING HE RETURNS TO 666 COLT STREET TO FIX THE PLOTS, MORGUES AND CRYPTS

EACH DAY THE LINE BLURS A LITTLE MORE BETWEEN TENANT AND LANDLORD AS JAMES WINCHELL ASSUMES HIS FATE AS BOTH CARETAKER AND LANDLORD TO THE DEAD

AND SO WE LEAVE JAMES WINCHELL, CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD OF 613 IGER AVENUE AND 666 COLT STREET, MAKING UP FOR A LIFETIME OF POOR CARETAKING BY FINALLY LEARNING TO DO IT PROPERLY, DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT...

BECAUSE IF HE DOESN'T, LIKE MANY OF HIS PROPERTIES, HE'LL NEVER AGAIN SEE BETTER DAYS.

WILLIS RENSIE RIP 1917 —

LEW MESKIN

WILS RIDE

TOO BAD WINCHELL DIDN'T HAVE A CONSIDERATE TENANT LIKE MINE!

SEE HE'S EVEN A *HEAD* IN THE RENT!

BEEP BEEP BEEP

SKRUNK!

BEEP BEEP BEEP

WHAT THE WERTHAM--?!

ShredEx

KLONK!

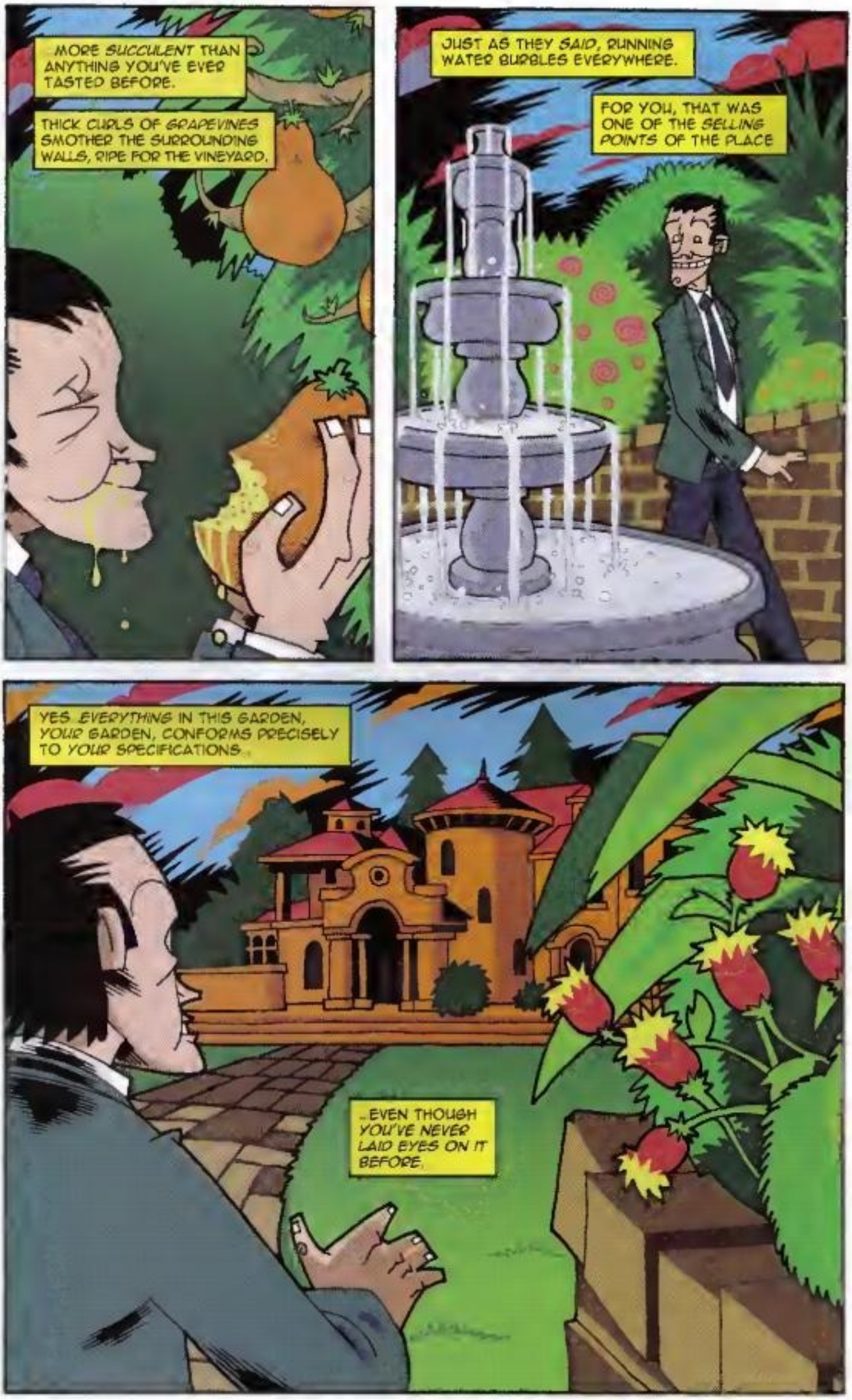
THESE BOXES ARE TO BE RETURNED TO SENDER SORRY ABOUT HITTING YOU, THE REGULAR GUY'S OFF TODAY, I'M THE *BACK-UP* DRIVER. SIGN HERE, PLEASE...

THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN A *HIT-AND-PUN* DRIVER! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN I COULDN'T GET RID OF THOSE TWO THAT EASY!

MAYBE RICHARD HAS BETTER LUCK FINDING PARADISE IN THIS TERROR-TALE I CALL...

THE GARDEN

THE GATE DOESN'T CREAK WHEN YOU OPEN IT. FOR SOME REASON THIS FACT LEAPS OUT AT YOU AS SOON AS YOU ARRIVE, DOESN'T IT, RICHARD?
THE HINGES ARE WELL OILED, A FRESH COAT OF PAINT GLISTENS, AND THERE'S NOT A SPOT OF RUST ON IT.
THE SWEETNESS OF WILDFLOWERS BOBBING IN THE SUN TICKLE YOUR NOSE. THE CHIRPING OF TINY SONG-BIRDS COMFORTS YOUR EARS
THE TREE BOUGHS, THEY DROOP WITH FRUIT...


...MORE SUCCULENT THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER TASTED BEFORE.
THICK CURLS OF GRAPEVINES SMOTHER THE SURROUNDING WALLS, RIPE FOR THE VINEYARD.
JUST AS THEY SAID, RUNNING WATER BURBLES EVERYWHERE.
FOR YOU, THAT WAS ONE OF THE SELLING POINTS OF THE PLACE
YES. EVERYTHING IN THIS GARDEN, YOUR GARDEN, CONFORMS PRECISELY TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS...
...EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE NEVER LAID EYES ON IT BEFORE.

YOU TOOK THE BUS TO YOUR NEW HOME.

YOU PACKED LIGHTLY FOR THE TRIP

YOU HAD PLANNED FOR THE JOURNEY FOR WEEKS, MADE ALL OF THE ARRANGEMENTS, SET THE AFFAIRS OF YOUR OLD LIFE IN ORDER...

BUS STOP

...BUT STILL WHEN THE MOMENT OF EMBARKATION WAS SET RIGHT BEFORE YOU, WHERE YOU COULD SEE IT PLAIN

_YOU HESITATED

WHO WOULDN'T?

C'MON, MAN, I'M BEHIND SCHEDULE AS IT IS

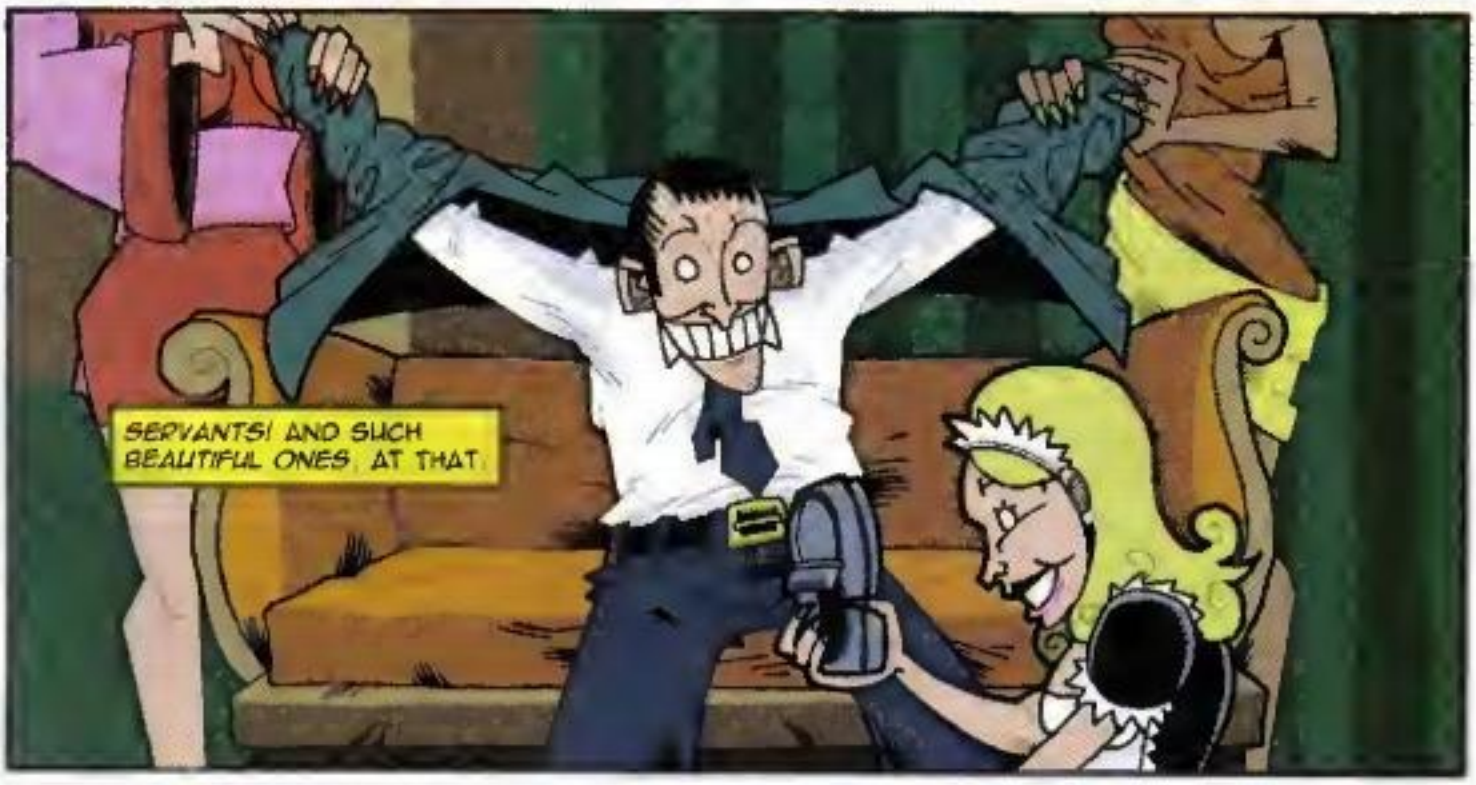
IN OR OUT?

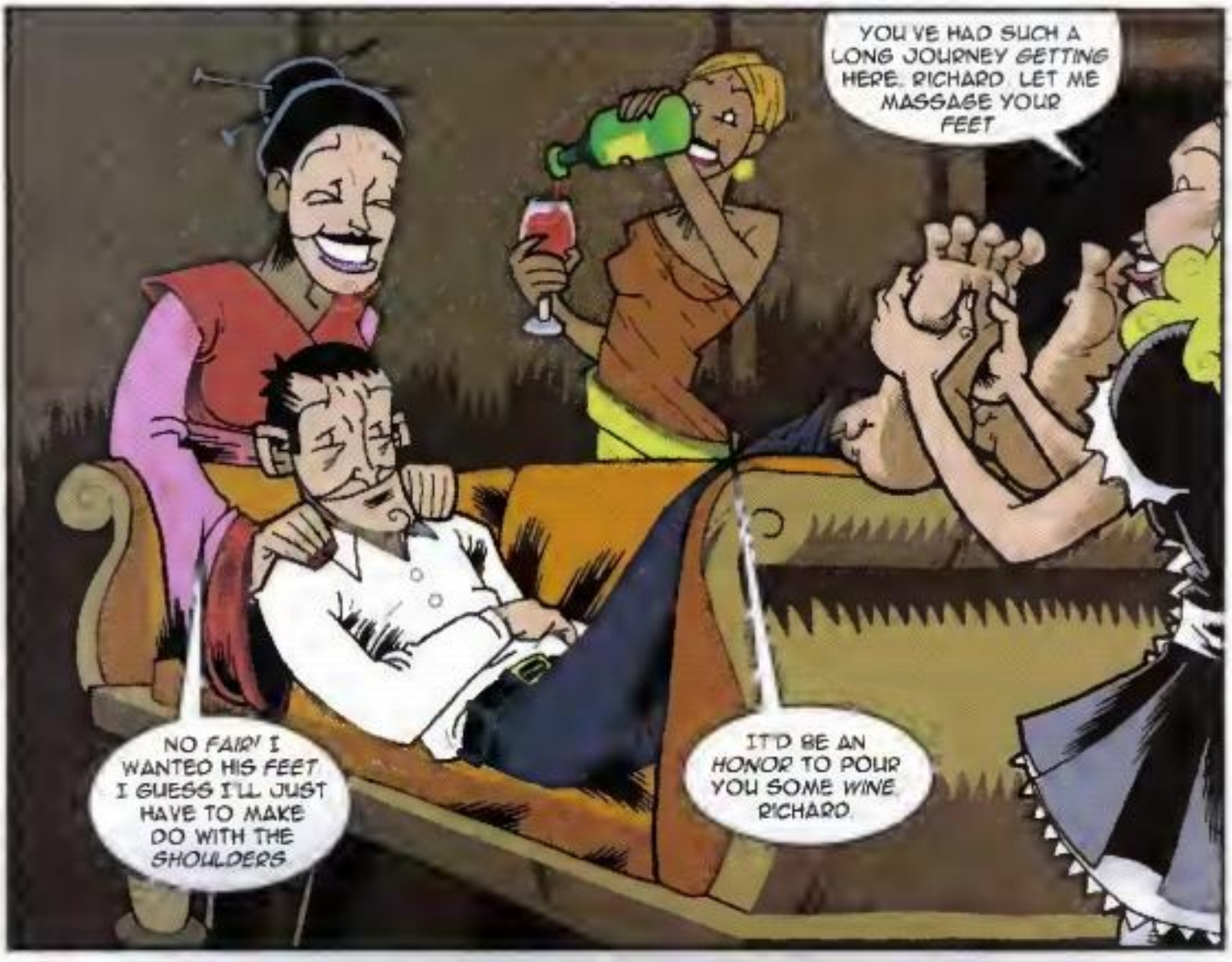
BUT YOUR MOMENT OF HESITATION WAS ONLY THAT.

A MOMENT

OF COURSE, YOU WERE IN
HOW COULD YOU NOT BE...

...KNOWING THIS WAS YOUR DESTINATION?
RICHARD...
AT LAST YOU'VE COME, RICHARD...
WE'RE SO GLAD TO FINALLY MEET YOU, RICHARD


SERVANTS! AND SUCH BEAUTIFUL ONES, AT THAT.


YOU'VE HAD SUCH A LONG JOURNEY GETTING HERE, RICHARD. LET ME MASSAGE YOUR FEET.
NO FAIR! I WANTED HIS FEET. I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH THE SHOULDERS.
IT'D BE AN HONOR TO POUR YOU SOME WINE, RICHARD.

IN YOUR OLD LIFE, YOU NEVER COULD HAVE AFFORDED SERVANTS.
BUT ALL THAT TOIL AND UNCERTAINTY IS FINALLY BEHIND YOU!

FROM NOW ON, EACH MOMENT TO THE NEXT WILL BE FILLED WITH NOTHING BUT...

LUXURY?

AAAAH!!

WHAT-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, RICHARD?

AM I NOT HITTING THE RIGHT SPOT?

DID YOU NOT LIKE YOUR WINE, RICHARD?

I'M SO DISAPPOINTED.

SO VERY, VERY DISAPPOINTED.

JUST HOLD STILL, RICHARD--

--AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT CRICK IN YOUR NECK FOR YOU!

NO--

NO!!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP! YOU WORK FOR ME!

I--I COMMAND YOU TO STOP!!

>GASP!<
>CHOKE!<

IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THE ROOM, RICHARD!

THE ONLY WAY!

THAT IS...

THAT'S IT, RICHARD. KEEP GIVING US ORDERS.

KEEP BOSSING US AROUND. WE LOVE IT, RICHARD.

YES, WE LOVE IT.

...UNLESS YOU COUNT THIS ONE.

DIDN'T *THINK* SO!

IT'S EVEN *MORE* PAINFUL THAN YOU *THOUGHT* IT WAS GOING TO BE. WHICH YOU DIDN'T THINK POSSIBLE

JAGGED GLASS CUTTING, SLICING, TEARING...

YOUR THROBBING FEET *SLIP* AND SLIDE AND SKID ON THE SUDDEN *SLICKNESS* OF THE FLOOR!

YOUR PURSUERS, HOWEVER ARE NOT SO *HINDERED*

THIS IS NO TIME TO CATCH YOUR *BREATH*, RICHARD! YOU CAN HEAR THE CRUNCHING OF THEIR HEAVY BOOTS ON THE GLASS *RIGHT BEHIND YOU!*

KEEP RUNNING, RICHARD!!

DON'T STOP...

...UNTIL YOU FIND HELP!

PLEASE, I'M THE NEW MASTER OF THIS PLACE, I NEED YOU TO HELP ME.

THE MAIDS HAVE GONE INSANE! THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME!

ARE THEY, NOW?

WELL. THAT IS A REAL SHAME...

...THE "TRYING" PART, THAT IS!

AAAH!

THIS

SHOULDN'T

BE

HAPPENING!!

IT'S NOT FAIR!

THIS ISN'T WHAT *THEY* TOLD YOU YOU'D *FIND* HERE WHEN YOU *SIGNED UP!*

YOUR NEW FRIENDS, WHO YOU MET *ON-LINE*. *LIKE-MINDED* PEOPLE WHO WERE JUST AS DISSATISFIED AS *YOU* WITH THE *CORRUPTION* OF THE WESTERN WORLD. THE MINDLESS PURSUIT OF POWER. LUST. MATERIAL *STATUS SYMBOLS!*

WHEN YOU MET THEM FACE-TO-FACE, THEY MADE YOU AN *OFFER* YOU SIMPLY COULD NOT *REFUSE!*

YOU'LL BE REWARDED WITH A LUSH GARDEN, RICHARD, COMPLETE WITH BEAUTIFUL *MAIDS*... EVERY *SERVANT* YOU COULD THINK OF, TO WAIT ON YOU HAND AND FOOT!

AND WHAT THEY ASKED IN *RETURN* WAS SO VERY *SIMPLE*

AND YOU HELD UP *YOUR* SIDE OF THE BARGAIN TO A T!

SO WHY IS THE OUTCOME SO.. *CONTRARY* TO *EXPECTATIONS?*

I'VE GOT HIM!!

OVER HERE, BY THE **REFLECTING** POOL--

SHUT UP, KID!

NOW SHOW ME THE QUICKEST WAY OUT OF THIS NUTHOUSE, OR I'M GONNA--

..GONNA..
HE LOOKS .. HE LOOKS FAMILIAR SOMEHOW

BUT HOW CAN THAT BE?

DID YOU SEE HIM ON THE RIDE OVER HERE, PERHAPS?

BUT IT'S NOT POSSIBLE THAT HE GOT HERE BEFORE YOU

IS IT?

YES.. IT'S SINKING IN, NOW, ISN'T IT, RICHARD?
HOW CRUELLY YOU WERE DECEIVED?

ESCAPE! THAT'S ALL THAT BURNS IN YOUR BRAIN NOW!

YOUR DREAMS OF LUXURY--FORGOTTEN!

PAST GLORIES--CRUMBLED INTO DUST!

NO! THE GATE, WHICH OPENED SO SMOOTHLY AND QUIETLY WHEN YOU FIRST ARRIVED, IS LOCKED FIRMLY SHUT NOW.

..AND WILL NOT BUDGE, RATTLING HOLLOWLY NO MATTER HOW FEROCIOUSLY YOU SHAKE, MOCKING YOUR SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART!

YOU HAD NO SUCH CHANGE OF HEART ONCE YOU WERE ACTUALLY ON THE BUS, THOUGH, DID YOU, RICHARD?

NO ..YOUR NEW FRIENDS HELPED YOU MAKE THE *VIDEO* THE NIGHT BEFORE, THE ONE WHERE YOU TOLD THE NEWS MEDIA...

..AS WELL AS YOUR PARENTS, WHO NEVER QUITE UNDERSTOOD YOU. THE GIRLFRIENDS WHO DRIFTED AWAY FROM YOU AND YOUR COLDNESS..

..THE NEIGHBORS WHO SHUNNED YOU AS SOME KIND OF WEIRDO...THE CO-WORKERS, THE BOSS WHO NEVER SAW YOU AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN A FACELESS COG...

..ALL THE WAY UP TO THE POLITICIANS AND THE GENERALS, THEIR HANDS DRIPPING WITH THE BLOOD OF INNOCENTS...

..THE PURVEYORS OF SMUT THAT PASSES FOR ENTERTAINMENT THESE DAYS...

...YOU TOLD THEM ALL IN YOUR VIDEO, DIDN'T YOU, RICHARD? YOU TOLD THEM THE COMMITMENT YOU HAD MADE!

SO YOU COULDN'T LET YOURSELF BE ARRESTED NOW COULD YOU, BEFORE YOUR TASK WAS COMPLETED? WITH THAT VIDEO AS CONCRETE EVIDENCE OF YOUR FAILURE?

THE HUMILIATION WOULD BE WORSE THAN ANYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE--

--THE SHAME THAT YOU HAD BOTCHED THE ONE, SIMPLE DUTY YOUR NEW FRIENDS, YOUR FELLOW WARRIORS HAD ENTRUSTED YOU WITH--

--TO BECOME A SUICIDE BOMBER!

NO..IT'S NOT *FAIR*...

...THEY SAID..IF I DID WHAT THEY SAID...I'D GAIN...AUTOMATIC ENTRY...

...INTO *PARADISE*...

INCREDIBLE! THE WOUNDS ON YOUR FEET--THEY *HEALED* ALMOST AS SOON AS YOU *RECEIVED* THEM.

BUT THEN, PERHAPS...THAT *WOULD* STAND TO REASON.

AFTER ALL, NO ONE CAN *DIE* IN THE *AFTERLIFE*

FOR THE AFTERLIFE IS WHAT THIS IS.

BUT *PARADISE*?

APPARENTLY NOT.

FOR THEY'RE HERE.. THEY'RE ALL HERE, RICHARD...

...EVERY SINGLE PERSON YOU MURDERED ON THAT BUS IS HERE, RICHARD..

..AND BECAUSE ALL THE WOUNDS YOU RECEIVE WILL QUICKLY HEAL, THEY CAN SHOW YOU HOW.. GRATEFUL THEY ARE TO YOU FOR SENDING THEM HERE

..FOREVER

POOR RICHARD—GOT MORE THAN HE *BARGAINED* FOR! BUT I ALWAYS DELIVER ON MY PROMISES! HERE'S THE VIEW I PROMISED MY TENANTS...

SHE'S *BRINGING SCARY* BACK!

IS THAT A *BOMB* YOU'RE WEARING OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?

TIME FOR THESE SEWER-SIDE EMBALMERS TO GO *BACK* TO THEIR TOMBS! SEE YOU AGAIN SOON!

TERROR

PAPERBACK

NO. 3
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A MURDERIN' IDOL!

AS *NOT* SEEN ON TV!

WASSUP WITH THE *CRYPT-KEEPER?!*

GLAD YOU AXED! HE'S BEEN *READING* THE *ONLINE REVIEWS* OF HIS LATEST *CRYPT COMIC!* HEH HEH!

EITHER HE'S SO *SELF-ABSORBED* THAT'S HE'S *GHOULGLED* HIMSELF TO *DEATH* OR THE REVIEWS ARE WAY *SCARIER* THAN HIS STORIES --HE HASN'T BUDGED IN HOURS!

WELL, *OLD WITCH*, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY-- *EC* COME, *EC* GO!

HEY, THAT'LL LOOK *GROOVY* IN MY VAULT!

OL' C-K REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER DESPERATELY NEEDY *NINCOMPOOP* NAMED *JAYSAN!* HE TOO WANTED TO BE *LOVED* BY *MILLIONS!* THAT'S WHY JAYSAN HOPED TO BECOME THE *POPSTAR IDOL!* HERE'S A *FRIGHTENING FABLE* FROM MY *WITCH'S* CAULDRON CALLED...

A Murderin' Idol

IN A RATTY TENEMENT FLAT A WANNABE SUPERSTAR HAS OVERSLEPT.
I'M HERE AT THE FIRST DAY OF TRYOUTS FOR NEXT SEASON'S EDITION OF POPSTAR IDOL--
OH, NO! WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME UP?! YOU KNEW I WANTED TO BE THERE, GLORIA!
--AS YOU CAN SEE, THE CROWD IS IMMENSE! MANY HAVE BEEN IN LINE FOR DAYS TO GET THEIR CHANCE TO AUDITION FOR THE HIT SHOW!
OH, JAYSAN! LOOK HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE THERE! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE OF GETTING IN!
I'VE GOT TO TRY! THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE TO BE A SUPERSTAR!
I KNOW I'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BE THE NEXT IDOL! EVEN THOUGH I HAVEN'T SUNG PROFESSIONALLY, I'VE GOT THE LOOKS, THE MOVES AND AN INCREDIBLE SINGING VOICE!
MY MOM TOLD ME SO!
YOU SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR A REAL JOB INSTEAD OF LIVING IN YOUR FANTASY WORLD!

DAMN HER! SHE HAS NO FAITH IN MY TALENT! IF SHE WASN'T PAYING THE RENT, I'D KICK HER TO THE CURB! IF SHE MAKES ME MISS MY CHANCE I'LL KILL HER!

GOOD LORD! LOOK AT THE LINE! THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF JERKS TRYING TO GET ON THE SHOW!

HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, KID?

I WANT TO AUDITION FOR POPSTAR IDOL!

YEAH, YOU AND A MILLION OTHERS! THE TRYOUTS ARE CLOSED FOR TODAY! COME BACK TOMORROW!

DEJECTED BUT DETERMINED, THE POTENTIAL POPSTAR WANDERS BACK HOME..
DARN IT! I'M GONNA GET IN LINE LATER TONIGHT TO MAKE SURE I GET IN! I'D SELL MY SOUL TO GET ON THAT SHOW!
PREOCCUPIED WITH HIS THOUGHTS, HE DOESN'T NOTICE A LARGE BOOK BLOCKING HIS PATH AND STUMBLES OVER IT..
OOF!
THUMP
WHAT TH--?! WHERE DID THAT DARN THING COME FROM?
BOOK OF DREAM FULFILLMENT? THIS THING LOOKS ANCIENT AS HELL!
DREAM FULFI

LITTLE REALIZING HOW TRUE HIS STATEMENT IS, HE FLIPS THROUGH THE TOME...

IT'S IN SOME *WEIRD LANGUAGE*... THOUGH I'M STARTING TO ***UNDERSTAND*** IT!

I GUESS IT IS IN ENGLISH AFTER ALL! IT LOOKED ***FOREIGN*** AT FIRST, BUT NOW I CAN READ IT! IT'S SOME SORT OF BOOK OF ***MAGIC SPELLS*** THAT CAN MAKE ANY WISH COME ***TRUE!***

WELL I DON'T *NEED* IT! I HAVE ***ALL*** THE RAW TALENT I NEED TO MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE!

HOWEVER, IT COULDN'T HURT TO HAVE A LITTLE *HELP, I GUESS!*

JAYSAN TAKES THE BOOK HOME, AND WHILE GLORIA IS AT WORK, HE PORES THOUGH ITS PRIMORDIAL YELLOWED PAGES...

ACCORDING TO THIS, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SCRIBBLE SOME STRANGE DOODLES ON THE FLOOR AND PERFORM SOME SORT OF >GULP< ***SACRIFICE!***

COPYING THE ARCANE FIGURES FROM THE BOOK, HE CONTEMPLATES HIS NEXT STEP.

I'M SUPPOSED TO GIVE A **BLOOD OFFERING** TO SUMMON A **DEMON** TO GRANT MY WISH. B-BUT I CAN'T **KILL** SOMETHING...OR CAN I? I'VE **GOT** TO WIN ON **POPSTAR IDOL!**

PLACING A MOUSETRAP ON THE RUNE, HE LOADS IT WITH HEAPS OF PEANUT BUTTER...

GLORIA'S BEEN **BUGGING** ME ABOUT GETTING RID OF THE MICE IN THE APARTMENT, SO I'LL MAKE HER WISH COME TRUE, TOO!

PEANUT

HIDING IN THE SHADOWS, JAYSAN DOESN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG...

HA! IT WORKED! NOW WHAT?!

SNAP!

SQUEEE!!!

BEFORE HIS ASTONISHED EYES, THE DEAD MOUSE IS CONSUMED IN FLAMES AND A STRANGE SMOKE RISES WITH AN OFFENSIVE SULFURIC SMELL!

HUH? IS THAT IT? WHERE'S THE DEMON?

DOWN HERE YOU DOPE!

HEY!

YOU'RE A DEMON?

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT WITH SUCH A PATHETIC SACRIFICE? NOW, WHY DID YOU SUMMON ME?

I WANT TO WIN POPSTAR IDOL!

PFFT! THAT'LL TAKE A LARGER PAYMENT THAN THE LIFE OF A SMALL RODENT! MAKE A MORE MODEST WISH AND MAYBE I'LL GRANT IT!

CAN YOU MAKE SURE I GET THE CHANCE TO *AUDITION* AT LEAST?

IT IS *DONE!*

FWOOSH!

AND TRUE TO THE DEMON'S PROMISE, JAYSAN AUDITIONS BEFORE *SLYMON BOWELL*, *APAULA O'DOUL*, AND *RENELL JAXON!*

OH, BOY, HERE'S ANOTHER NUT!

GIVE HIM A *CHANCE!* GO AHEAD, GUY!

OOOH, BABY, BABY!

PATHETIC!

HE'S KINDA *CUTE!*

I AM SO INTO YOU, MY BABY LOVE, OOH YEAH!

AND IT ALWAYS HELPS TO HAVE A KINDA *GOOFY* ACT ON THE SHOW, DAWG!

SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I THINK I'VE HEARD BETTER SOUNDS COMING FROM A *GARBAGE TRUCK!*

OH, SLYMON, DON'T BE SUCH A *BRAT!*

WE'LL LET YOU KNOW IF YOU *MADE* IT, DAWG!

THAT DIDN'T GO SO WELL! IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT POMPOUS BRIT, SLYMON BOWELL, I WOULD BE A SHOE-IN!

MAYBE THEY WILL ACCEPT ME...AND I HAVE A WAY TO MAKE **SURE** THEY WILL IF I *HAVE* TO!

BUT WHEN THE UPSET SINGER RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT...

WHAT ARE YOU **DOING?!**

CLEANING UP THIS **HORRID MESS** YOU MADE! WHAT WERE YOU *THINKING*, PAINTING THIS ON MY FLOOR?

I DID MY AUDITION FOR **POPSTAR IDOL** TODAY! I'M SURE I'M GONNA WIN!

OH, GET REAL, JAYSAN! YOU'RE **NO** SINGER! YOU HAVE TO THINK ABOUT GETTING SOME **REAL** WORK!

YOU'VE *NEVER* BELIEVED IN ME! I CAN **DO** IT! I'VE GOT THE **TALENT!**

DON'T MAKE ME **LAUGH!** YOU **DON'T** HAVE WHAT IT TAKES! LET **GO** OF ME!

PULLING FREE FROM JAYSAN, GLORIA SLIPS ON SOME SOAPY WATER AND...

OHHH!

CRACK!

OH, NO! GLORIA! ARE YOU OKAY?

THERE IS NO RESPONSE AS HER LIFELESS BODY STARTS TO IGNITE ON TOP THE DEMONIC SYMBOLS!

GLORIA!

A BIGGER DEMON!

YOU SUMMONED ME. WHAT IS YOUR WISH?

I-I DIDN'T WANT HER TO *DIE!*

IS IT YOUR DESIRE TO BRING HER *BACK* TO LIFE?

ER, UH... *NO!* I WANT TO *WIN* ON THE *POPSTAR* SHOW!

IT WOULD TAKE A STILL *GREATER* SACRIFICE TO REALIZE YOUR DESIRE!

CAN YOU MAKE SURE I GET *ACCEPTED* ON THE SHOW?

IT IS *DONE!* AND MAY I MAKE A *SUGGESTION?* DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT *HAIR!*

I'M SORRY GLORIA'S GONE, BUT SHE DIDN'T *BELIEVE* IN ME! NOW MY TALENT WILL CARRY ME TO THE *TOP*...AND I'LL HAVE NO SHORTAGE OF *GIRLFRIENDS!*

ROCK

AND SO BEGINS JAYSAN'S SEEMINGLY INEXPLICABLE RISE ON THE SHOW DESPITE HIS QUESTIONABLE TALENT. HE GETS A CADRE OF SCREAMING FANS .. SIMPLY BECAUSE HE IS ON TV!

OH, BABY, CAN'T LI-I-I-VE WITHOUT YOU--!

AYSAN
OCKS

JAYSAN! JAYSAN!

EEEEEEEE!

THE MEDIA CLIMBS ON THE BANDWAGON, PUSHING THE UNLIKELY IDOL IN NEWSPAPERS AND ON TV...

AYSAN

JAYSAN WINS: POPS FAVORITE

JAYSAN C
WITH C

WEIRD WINS

HAIR APPARENT

EVEN THE CELEBRITY JUDGES ARE IMPRESSED.. MOST OF THEM!

Y'GOTTA ADMIT, HE GETS THE CROWD *GOING!*

AND HE KEEPS GETTING A *LOT* OF PHONE VOTES FROM THE AUDIENCE!

YECCH! WHAT A *NOISE!* HIS CONTINUED SUCCESS IS SURELY THE WORK OF THE *DARK ARTS!*

WE'LL SEE HOW THE VOTING GOES *TONIGHT.* AMERICA CAN'T BE SO STUPID AS TO MAKE HIM THE *POPSTAR IDOL!*

THE VOTES ARE ALL IN! THE JUDGES AND THE PEOPLE HAVE DECIDED--- CEDRIC, YOU'RE *SAFE!*

"—AND FOR THE FIRST TIME FACING ELIMINATION, JAYSAN!"

WHAT?!

IT CAN'T BE! I CAN'T LOSE! I JUST CAN'T!

IF ONLY I HAD TIME TO MAKE ANOTHER SACRIFICE! I CAN'T BE DEFEATED NOW WHEN I'M SO CLOSE!

CEDRIC, YOU'RE SAFE! NOW IT'S DOWN TO BERTHA AND JAYSAN! WHO WILL BE GOING HOME TONIGHT?

JAYSAN...YOU... YOU ARE COMING BACK NEXT WEEK!

JAYSAN!!!

WE ♥ JAYSAN!

JAYSAN ROCKS!

MAKE MINE JAYSA

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT, SLYMON?

UNBELIEVABLE! I'VE HEARD MORE MUSICAL-SOUNDING CAR ACCIDENTS!

IF THAT SLYMON BOWELL DIDN'T SLAG ME EACH WEEK, I'D HAVE MORE VOTES! HE'S OUT TO GET ME!

FOR NEXT WEEK'S SHOW, WE START PAIRING FINALISTS FOR DUETS. JAYSAN AND CEDRIC, YOU'LL START REHEARSING TOGETHER TOMORROW!

THAT LOSER CEDRIC COULD CRAMP MY STYLE AND BRING ME DOWN WITH HIM!

GREAT!

THE COMPETITION IS PRETTY TIGHT ON THE SHOW THIS SEASON AND YOU ALMOST GOT THROWN OFF TONIGHT. DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU'LL WIN?

WHY, OF COURSE! I'VE GOT IN THE BAG!

PRESS

BUT JAYSAN DOES HAVE HIS DOUBTS...

I'LL HAVE TO MAKE *SURE!* I'LL MAKE ANOTHER OFFERING SO BIG I'LL *HAVE* TO WIN!

THE NEXT DAY AT REHEARSAL...

EVEN THOUGH IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF, GOOD LUCK, JAYSAN! I--WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

ER, I'M AN *ARTIST* IN MY SPARE TIME AND THIS IS A *GOOD LUCK SYMBOL* I LIKE TO DRAW!

HEY, WHATEVER! IT'S KINDA *ODD*, BUT IF IT WORKS FOR YOU--

WHOMP!

ACCGK!

I KILLED HIM! AND THOSE FLAMES WILL CONSUME ALL EVIDENCE OF WHAT I DID!

FWOOOSH

WOW! THIS IS THE BIGGEST DEMON YET! HE'S SURE TO GRANT ME MY ULTIMATE WISH!

I WANT TO WIN POPSTAR IDOL!!!

NOT SO FAST!

THOUGH THIS MAY BE YOUR GREATEST OFFERING YET, IT IS STILL NOT ENOUGH! ALL I CAN GUARANTEE IS THAT YOU WILL BECOME A FINALIST. THE REST IS UP TO YOU!

WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO? MURDER THE WHOLE AUDIENCE?

KNOCK KNOCK

SORRY TO INTERRUPT... ISN'T CEDRIC HERE WITH YOU? AND WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

UM, NO. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM...AND I'M AFRAID I HAVE A LITTLE GAS PROBLEM WHEN I'M NERVOUS!

O-O-KAY! WELL, IF CEDRIC DOESN'T SHOW UP SOON, HE'S *OUT* OF THE COMPETITION!

THAT'S A *SAFE BET!*

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING POPSTAR CONTESTANT MAKES HEADLINES WHICH FUELS JAYSAN'S SUCCESS AS THE SHOW MUST GO ON

MYSTERY OF MISSING

CAN J BE #

BACKSTAGE ON THE NEXT TO LAST SHOW.

DO YOU THINK THEY'LL *EVER* FIND CEDRIC? WHAT COULD'VE *HAPPENED?*

OH, HE PROBABLY COULDN'T TAKE THE HEAT AND *FLAKED OUT!*

AFTER TONIGHT, ONLY *TWO* OF YOU WILL BE LEFT! GOOD LUCK TO YOU *ALL!*

LUCK IS FOR LESSER MEN! I DON'T *NEED* IT!

I'M GOING TO BE A FINALIST BUT TO MAKE SURE I WIN, I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT WHO WOULD MAKE THE GREATEST SACRIFICE POSSIBLE TO MAKE MY DREAM COME TRUE!

SURE ENOUGH, WHEN THE LAST TWO FINALISTS ARE ANNOUNCED, ONE OF THEM IS...

--JAYSAN!

YAYY!!

WHOO-HOO!!!

JAYSAN!!!

THE AUDIENCE LOVES ME!

MAYBE I CAN WIN ON MY OWN WITHOUT ANY MORE DEMONIC HELP!

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE FINALISTS, SLYMON?

AN UTTER TRAVESTY! WE'VE SEEN SOME REAL TALENT GET VOTED OFF IN FAVOR OF THAT CATERWAULING BANSHEE JAYSAN! IF HE WINS, IT'LL BE A NEW LOW FOR MUSICAL STANDARDS!

I WOULD WIN IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT BOWELL ALWAYS BAD-MOUTHING ME! HE JUST VOTED HIMSELF AS TOP FINALIST FOR THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE THAT WILL ASSURE MY VICTORY!

ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE FINAL SHOW, JAYSAN ARRANGES A MEETING WITH SLYMON..

THANKS FOR MEETING WITH ME. I *KNOW* YOU HAVEN'T MUCH BELIEF IN MY SINGING ABILITY...

THAT'S AN UNDERSTATE-MENT!

NEVER HAVE I SEEN SOMEONE WITH SUCH AN **ABYSMAL** LACK OF TALENT GO SO FAR! THE VOTERS MUST BE **MAD** TO HAVE TAKEN YOU TO THIS LEVEL!

ACTUALLY I'VE HAD A LITTLE HELP...

I *KNEW* IT! SOME COMPUTER PROGRAM TO MANIPULATE THE PHONE SCORES? SAY, WHAT'S *THIS* THING SCRAWLED ON THE FLOOR?

THE THING THAT'S BEEN **HELPING** ME!

WHAT--?!

YOUR DEATH WILL SUMMON THE MOST POWERFUL DEMON YET! AND WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY, THERE'S NO WAY I CAN LOSE POPSTAR IDOL!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

HUH? YOU'RE STILL ALIVE? HOW?!!

BEFORE JAYSAN'S HORRIFIED EYES, SLYMON BEGINS TO TRANSFORM.

FOOLISH BOY! HOW DO YOU THINK A TWIT LIKE ME COULD BECOME SUCH A POWERFUL FIGURE IN WORLD MEDIA?!

NO! YOU... YOU—
YES! I AM THE ULTIMATE DEMON! I HAVE USED MY POSITION OF PRODUCING TALENT SHOWS TO COLLECT NUMEROUS LOST SOULS!

AND CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'VE WON THE COMPETITION—
AHHHH!

...YOU ARE NOW POPSTAR IDOL OF HELL WHERE YOU WILL PERFORM YOUR SHRIEKING TO AN ADORING AUDIENCE... FOR ALL ETERNITY!!!
NO! NOOOOO!
THE END

HOO-HAH! FINALLY A "REALITY" TV SHOW THAT'S *TRUE* TO LIFE, AS SLYMON WAS ABLE TO *DEMON*-STRATE!

LOOK--I DUG UP ONE OF THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S RARE COMICS— IT'S *ENTOMBED* IN PLASTIC. SO IT MUST BE *VALUABLE!*

JUST TOSS IT IN WITH THE REST OF THE STUFF WE'RE TAKING OFF C-K'S HANDS!

JUST MAKES TO *NO SENSE* TO HAVE SO MUCH *AWESOME SWAG* IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO APPRECIATE IT!

AGREED! LET'S GO TO YOUR *VAULT* AND *APPRECIATE!*

GOOD *LORD!* I THOUGHT THEY'D *NEVER* LEAVE! HI *BOILS* AND *GHOULS*, LET ME TELL YOU THE *TERRIFYING TRUTH* BEHIND THAT COMICBOOK *THOSE* TWO *GHOULUNATICS RIPPED-OFF* WHILE I WAS LURKING IN MY FAVORITE *SCREAM-ROOM!*

JUST LIKE WHAT YOU CALL AN *OVER-PRICED* COMICBOOK *DE-GRADED* AND *IMPRISONED* IN PLASTIC, I CALL THIS *TERROR-TALE...*

SLABBED!

JUST-US LEAGUE
BEWARE, EVIL-DOER! WE'RE COMING FOR YOU! THEN IT'LL BE-- JUST US!
NO! PLEASE! PLEASE! I'M BEGGING YOU!
DERRICK! GIVE IT BACK! IT'S MY FAVORITE, MOST VALUABLE COMIC EVER!
WHAT COMIC? I DON'T SEE ANY COMIC! YOU MUST BE DREAMING!

OH YOU MEAN THIS?

JUST-US LEAGUE

I'VE HAD IT FOR YEARS! MY DAD GAVE IT TO ME AND HIS DAD GAVE IT TO HIM!

YEAH? AND SINCE THEY'RE BOTH DEAD AND YOUR MOM MARRIED MY DAD, I GUESS IT'S ONLY FAIR...

THAT YOU GIVE IT TO ME!

'SIDES, DON'T YOU KNOW THESE THINGS'LL ROT YOUR MIND?
OMF!
WOULDN'T WANT TO GROW UP LIKE ME...
...WOULD YOU?
WHUD!

RICO? Y-Y-YOU'RE *HERE* ALREADY?

YEAH

IS MY *MONEY* HERE, TOO?

N-N-NOT YET BUT I'M ON MY WAY TO S-S-SELL *THIS!*

JUST US LEAGUE #1. EH? NICE

BUT THAT THING LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN *READ* A LOT

AIN'T WORTH SO MUCH IF IT'S BEEN *READ* A LOT. SOMETHING COMES *OFF* THE PRICE

WHICH MEANS I MAY HAVE TO TAKE SOMETHING OFF *YOU*

NO, MAN, I CHECKED IT IN MY STUPID HALF-BROTHER'S PRICE GUIDE BOOK! IT'S WORTH $200!

BETTER BE! I'LL GIVE YOU TWO HOURS!
PHEW!

THAT CRAZY OLD COMIC DEALER I FOUND ON THE WEB IS ACROSS TOWN!
I'D BETTER BOOK!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
COME ON! COME ON! I HAVEN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!

CREAAAAKKKK
WELCOME... TO THE HALLOWED HALLS OF JUSTICE!

UH--ISN'T THIS DAVE'S COMICS?
THAT, TOO.

LIKE THE WORLD ITSELF, COMICBOOKS EMBODY THE PRIMAL, TITANIC FORCES OF GOOD AND EVIL!
UNLIKE THE WORLD, IN COMICS, JUSTICE CAN RULE!

MAN, THE OLD DUDE IS WACK! HE TALKS LIKE A COMIC HIMSELF!
THAT'S WHY I'VE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO GATHERING THESE FINE HEROES UNDER ONE ROOF!

I LIKE TO THINK THEIR COLLECTED ENERGY INFORMS THE VERY BRICKS WITH AN UNERRING SENSE OF JUSTICE!
UH...YEAH, YOU PAY CASH, RIGHT?

YEP! DON'T BELIEVE IN CHECKS!

WHOA, WHAT'S *THAT?*

IT'S SOMETHING ***NEW***. EVERY COMIC HERE IS DEVOTED TO ***HEROES***, EXCEPT THIS!

YOU ***LIKE*** IT, I CAN TELL!

SO I'LL ***SHOW*** YOU!

WHIRRRR

WOW! WHAT'S IT WORTH?
THE MOST VALUABLE COMIC IN EXISTENCE! PURE EVIL #1!
WORTH? YOU CAN'T MEASURE THESE THINGS IN DOLLARS!
PURE EVIL
BUT--LET'S JUST SAY THAT IF I SOLD IT, MY ENTIRE FAMILY COULD RETIRE IN LUXURY!
OF COURSE, THE ONLY WAY I'D EVER PART WITH IT WOULD BE IF I WERE DEAD! DEAD! HA-HA!

NOW LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT *YOU'VE* BROUGHT!

A WONDERFUL BOOK! ARCHETYPAL!

THE EYE-FOR-AN-EYE MORALITY IN IT RUNS *THICK* AND *DEEP!*

I'LL GIVE YOU *FIVE* BUCKS!

WHAT? BUT...BUT...

IT'S THE CONDITION! I'M SORRY, IT'S BEEN READ TOO OFTEN!
NOOO! I CAN'T GO BACK TO RICO WITH FIVE BUCKS! WHAT AM I GONNA DO?
MUCH OF THE ENERGY HAS BEEN DRAINED!
IT'S PRACTICALLY USELESS TO ME!
YEAH? JUST LIKE YOU'RE USELESS TO ME!
WHUD! WHUD! WHUD!

HE'S DEAD... GOTTA BE...
GOTTA FIND HIS CASH BOX... STEAL A BUNCH OF COMICS...

OR...JUST TAKE THE MOST VALUABLE COMIC IN THE WORLD!
finished
school?

PURE EVIL
WHUD! WHUD! WHUD!
UNGH! WHAT'S THIS MADE OF? ADAMANTIUM?

GOOD THING YOU SHOWED ME HOW TO OPEN IT, HUH?

YOUR SECURITY BOX WON'T *CARE* IF YOUR FINGERPRINT'S ALIVE OR DEAD!

IN FACT, I BET *NOBODY* CARES IF YOU'RE ALIVE OR DEAD!

SPACE COMMAND

GUILTY!

WILD WEST

YOUR FAMILY'D PROBABLY *THANK* ME FOR KILLING YOU!

NOW THEY CAN SELL THE REST OF THESE STUPID BOOKS AND *RETIRE*, LIKE YOU SAID!

PURE EVIL

BUT *THIS* ONE'S MINE!

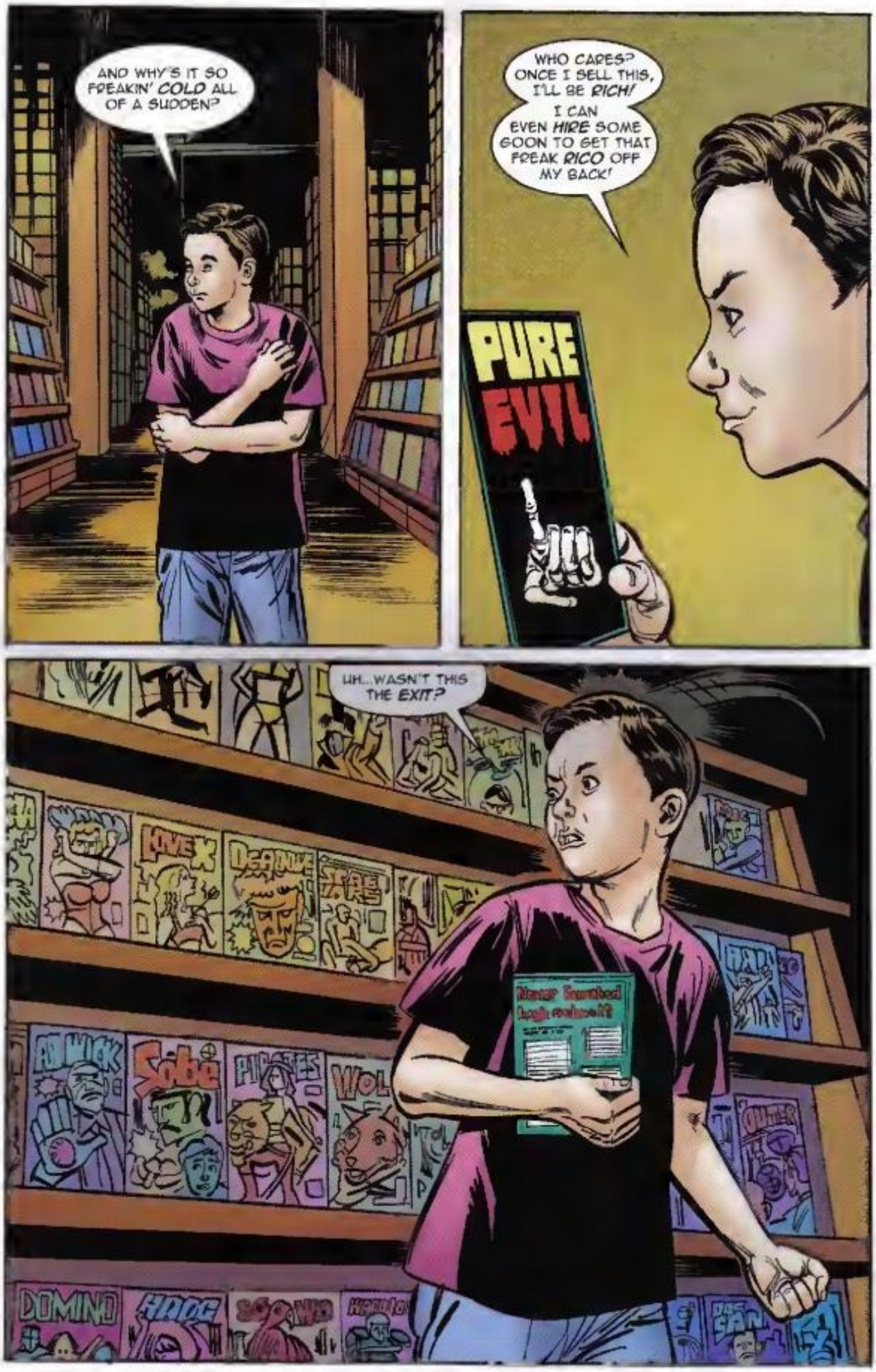
Never Invited back school?

WHUD!

EH? WHAT'S *THAT*?

SOO

SCHH


AND WHY'S IT SO FREAKIN' COLD ALL OF A SUDDEN?
WHO CARES? ONCE I SELL THIS, I'LL BE RICH!
I CAN EVEN HIRE SOME GOON TO GET THAT FREAK RICO OFF MY BACK!
PURE EVIL
UH...WASN'T THIS THE EXIT?

MURDER WILL OUT

GET THE BAD GUY

YOU MUST PAY!

PUNISH THE KILLER

EVIL NEVER WINS

YOU'LL GET YOUR

HA!

YOU COMICS TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY OR SOMETHING?

Never finished high school?

WELL, IT WON'T WORK!

PURE EVIL

SO QUIT STARING!
OOPS!
PURE
AHHHHHHHHHH!

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! THAT WAS THE OLD MAN'S FACE!

IT'S SOME KIND OF TRICK!

THAT'S NOT A WALL! IT'S SOME KIND OF *PLASTIC!*

I MUST BE DREAMING!
ANY SECOND NOW, I'M GOING TO WAKE UP! I KNOW IT!
SOMEONE WAKE ME UP!

AFTER A LIFETIME OF COLLECTING HEROES, I FINALLY FIGURED IT WAS TIME TO COLLECT A FEW *VILLAINS* TO BALANCE THINGS!

I'D NO IDEA HOW EASY IT WOULD BE!

HA-HA-HA-HA!

PURE EVIL

NO! PLEASE! PLEASE! I'M BEGGING YOU!

THE END

YOU KNOW, KIDDIES, IT'S *JUVENILE DELINQUENTS* SUCH AS *DERRICK* THAT GIVE COMICS A REALLY *BAD NAME!*

OH, NO! WHAT'S THIS?!

HELL

THOSE IDIOTS, THE OLD WITCH AND THE VAULT-KEEPER, *TRADED* THE *MOST VALUABLE* COMIC IN THE WORLD, TO GET INTO ANOTHER COMIC!

THEY'RE *DOWNGRADING* THAT COMIC TO *TORE-MINT CONDITION!*

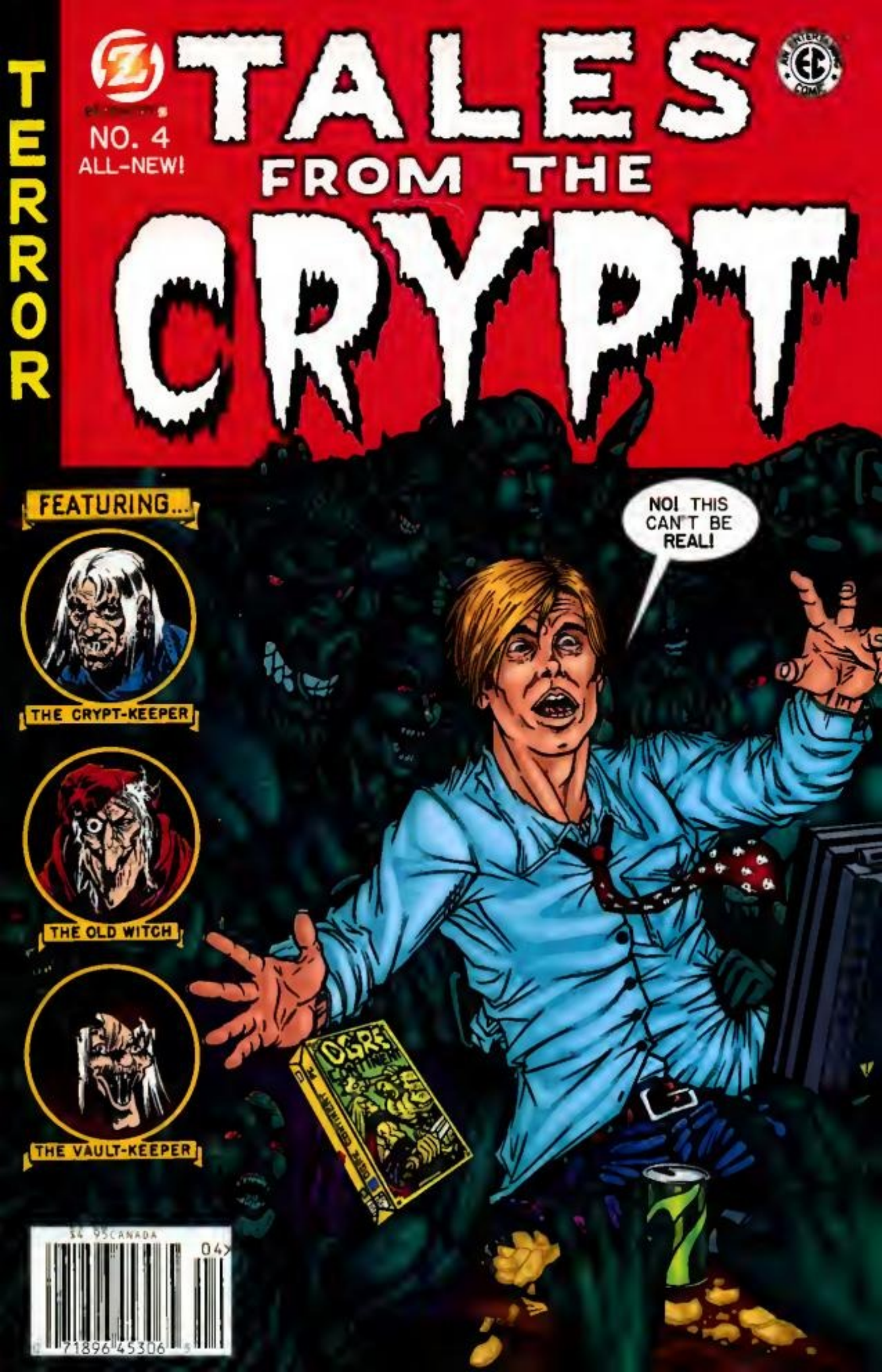
IF SHE DROPS THAT CAR, THEY'LL HAVE TO RE-TITLE THE BOOK *TRACTION COMICS!* OH, THE HORROR-- *THE HORROR!*

WITH US ON THE COVER WE SHOULD DRIVE PRICES UP, *UP AND AWAY!*

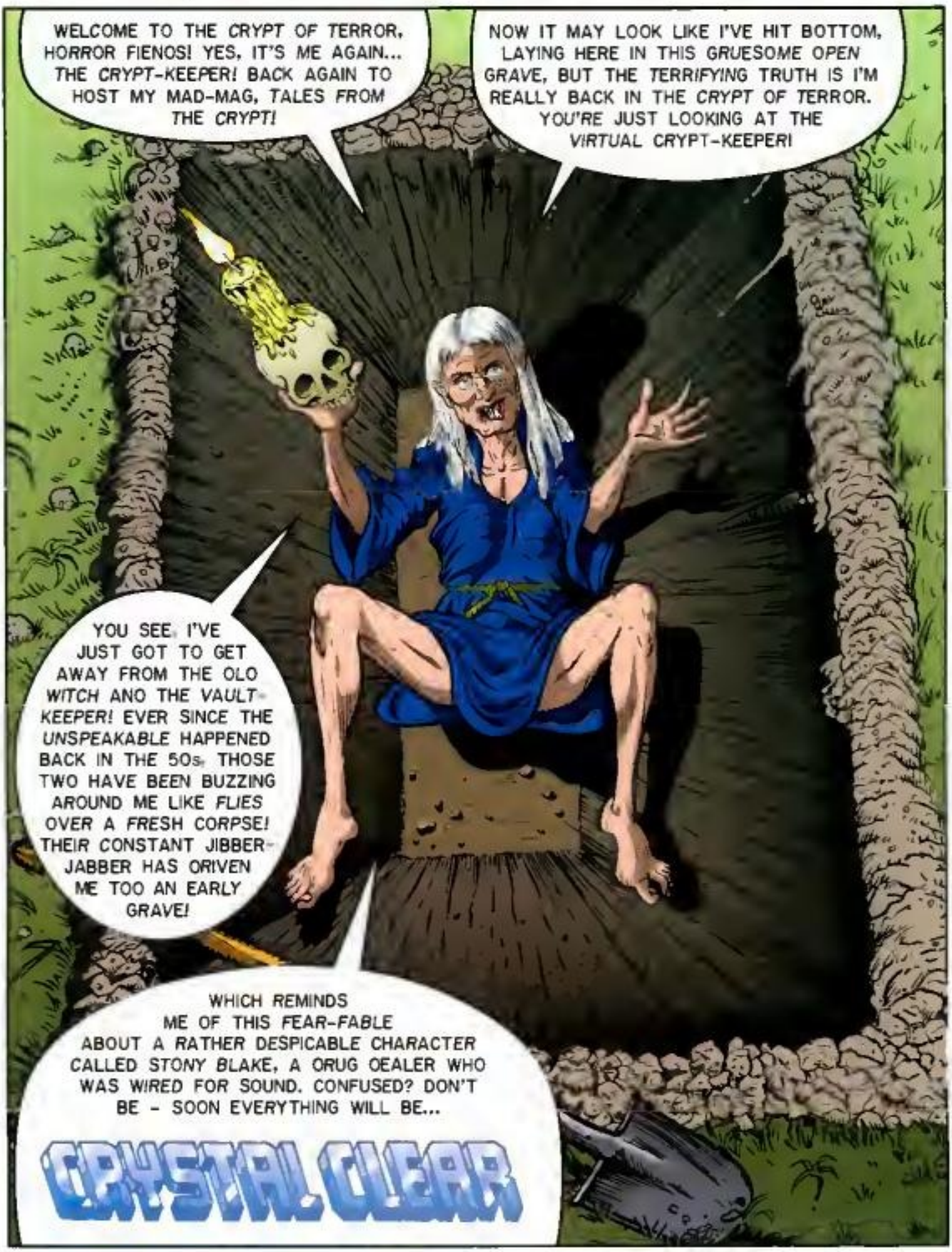
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN TO THE *FORTRESS OF ATTITUDE!*

HELL

UNLESS WE JUST DESTROYED THE COMICS INDUSTRY *AGAIN*—DON'T MISS THE *NEXT* SHOCK-FILLED, SUPER-SCAREFYING, *NIGHTMARE-INSPIRING, CRITIC-BAITING, COLLECTORS ITEM ISSUE OF TALES FROM THE CRYPT!*

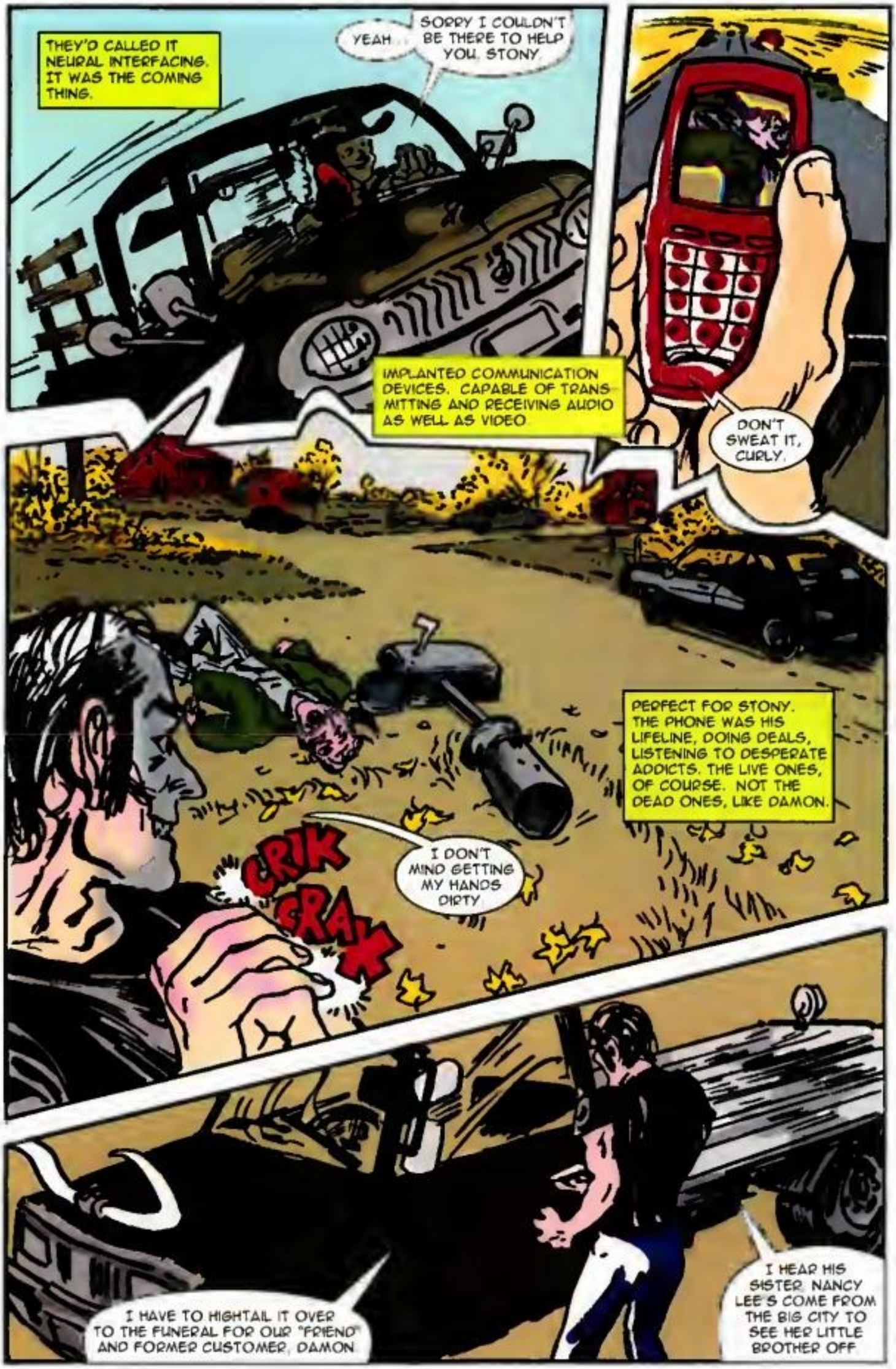

TERROR
NO. 4
ALL-NEW!
TALES FROM THE CRYPT
FEATURING...
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
NO! THIS CAN'T BE REAL!
OGRE
$4.95 CANADA
04
71896 45306

THE CRYPT OF TERROR


WELCOME TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR, HORROR FIENDS! YES, IT'S ME AGAIN... THE CRYPT-KEEPER! BACK AGAIN TO HOST MY MAD-MAG, TALES FROM THE CRYPT!
NOW IT MAY LOOK LIKE I'VE HIT BOTTOM, LAYING HERE IN THIS GRUESOME OPEN GRAVE, BUT THE TERRIFYING TRUTH IS I'M REALLY BACK IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR. YOU'RE JUST LOOKING AT THE VIRTUAL CRYPT-KEEPER!
YOU SEE, I'VE JUST GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THE OLD WITCH AND THE VAULT-KEEPER! EVER SINCE THE UNSPEAKABLE HAPPENED BACK IN THE 50s, THOSE TWO HAVE BEEN BUZZING AROUND ME LIKE FLIES OVER A FRESH CORPSE! THEIR CONSTANT JIBBER-JABBER HAS DRIVEN ME TOO AN EARLY GRAVE!
WHICH REMINDS ME OF THIS FEAR-FABLE ABOUT A RATHER DESPICABLE CHARACTER CALLED STONY BLAKE, A DRUG DEALER WHO WAS WIRED FOR SOUND. CONFUSED? DON'T BE - SOON EVERYTHING WILL BE...
CRYSTAL CLEAR

FOR STONY BLAKE, LIFE WAS GOOD.
HE COULD BEAT ONE OF HIS CRYSTAL METH CUSTOMERS TO A PULP WHO OWED HIM MONEY--
--AND BROADCAST THE IMAGE TO HIS RIGHT-HAND STOOGE AND ENFORCER, CURLY.

NOW, DRUGGIE, I GAVE YOU SOMETHING TO BE REALLY PARANOID ABOUT.
GET WHAT YOU OWE ME OR YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE ONLY GETTING HIT BY MY FISTS.
STAYING ALIVE ECONOMICALLY WASN'T A PROBLEM FOR A DRUG ENTREPRENEUR LIKE STONY, WHO LIVED MUCH OF HIS LIFE ON THE PHONE
STONY MADE A LOT OF CONTACTS FLYING HIS PLANE OVER BORDERS AND STATE LINES AND WHEN RETURNING TO HIS MID-WESTERN HOMETOWN, OVER FARMLANDS TRYING TO STAY ECONOMICALLY ALIVE.
A MAN WHO KNEW A MAN WHO KNEW A WOMAN TOLD HIM THEY'D PERFECTED A CELLPHONE FOR PEOPLE TO HAVE THE ULTIMATE COMMUNICATION
CINE-PHONE
CURLY, YOU CATCHING ALL THIS?


THEY'D CALLED IT NEURAL INTERFACING. IT WAS THE COMING THING.
YEAH...
SORRY I COULDN'T BE THERE TO HELP YOU, STONY.
IMPLANTED COMMUNICATION DEVICES. CAPABLE OF TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING AUDIO AS WELL AS VIDEO.
DON'T SWEAT IT, CURLY.
PERFECT FOR STONY. THE PHONE WAS HIS LIFELINE, DOING DEALS, LISTENING TO DESPERATE ADDICTS. THE LIVE ONES, OF COURSE. NOT THE DEAD ONES, LIKE DAMON.
I DON'T MIND GETTING MY HANDS DIRTY.
CRIK
CRAK
I HAVE TO HIGHTAIL IT OVER TO THE FUNERAL FOR OUR "FRIEND" AND FORMER CUSTOMER, DAMON.
I HEAR HIS SISTER, NANCY LEE'S COME FROM THE BIG CITY TO SEE HER LITTLE BROTHER OFF

STONY LOVED IT. HE DIDN'T HAVE TO FREEZE HIS FINGERS OFF IN THE COLD, HOLDING A CELL-PHONE TO HIS NUMB EAR.
KEEP TUNED, CURLY

A PHONE CALL DIDN'T STOP HIM FROM USING HIS HANDS FOR WHATEVER ELSE HE MIGHT BE DOING AT A GIVEN MOMENT
I SEE NANCY LEE NOW STILL LOOKING PRETTY GOOD
WAY I REMEMBER HER--
--FROM WHEN SHE WAS GROWING INTO A WOMAN. I'LL TEACH YOU SOMETHING HERE

STONY HAD THE STRAY THOUGHT THAT DAMON HAD HEARD VOICES IN HIS HEAD AT THE END, MAYBE SOME OF THE VOICES CRYSTAL METH-FED--
--WITH PARANOID PHRASES AND FANTASIES BECOMING DRUG-FED REALITIES

STONY WAS THE MASTER OF THE VOICES IN HIS HEAD.

HE DECIDED WHAT VOICES HE WOULD HEAR AND NOT HEAR,

WHAT HE WOULD SEE AND NOT SEE.

SEE YA, DAMON--HOPEFULLY NOT TOO SOON.

S ONY OULD ENVISION AMON'S EY IN HOSE T DAYS BEFORE HE DIED; HEAR THE HURRIED N TE THE DE NE TH LE ABLE YO NG DESPAIR FED BY PEC OF RYSTAL UG FROM STONY. HAD MASTERED OICES

THE CONSPIRACIES, THE ERODING SELF-ESTEEM, CONVINCING DAMON THAT PEOPLE DIDN'T LIKE HIM, WHEN IN FACT, MANY PEOPLE LOVED HIM--

--IN THE END, THE METH-ENFLAMED VOICES SCREAMED INCESSANTLY ALONG WITH DELUSIONAL NIGHTMARES IN DAMON'S HEAD--

--UNTIL DAMON SILENCED THE VOICES BY ENDING HIS LIFE

NANCY LEE, SO SAD WE HAVE TO MEET LIKE THIS I'M SO SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.
I'VE HEARD SO MANY STORIES ABOUT YOU, STONY. DOESN'T SOUND ANYTHING LIKE THE PERSON I GREW UP WITH
SMALL TOWN FOLKS LIKE TO GOSSIP, YOU KNOW THAT.
ME, I HEARD YOU'D BECOME A NURSE. THAT TRUE?
YES
SOME OF THESE RUMORS FLYING AROUND--
--PEOPLE ARE FLAPPING THEIR GUMS THAT YOU'RE SELLING DRUGS
I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW, I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT
TELL YOU WHAT--
WHY DON'T YOU LET ME TAKE YOU OUT TO DINNER, AND WE'LL TALK ABOUT DAMON AND YOU AND ME AND OLD TIMES

THE THREE OF US WERE SO CLOSE GROWING UP
REMEMBER WHEN WE USED TO SWING ON THAT OLD SWING DOWN BY THE MARSH EVEN WHEN WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO
YOU AND I DID A LOT OF THINGS WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO DO
WHY DON'T YOU COME SEE MY NEW SPREAD NANCY LEE?
I THINK WE COULD BOTH STAND NOT BEING ALONE TONIGHT

STONY LOVES IT!
HE REVELS IN SHOWING NANCY LEE HOW FAR HE HAS COME. THE ACRES OF LAND. THE IMPOSING HOUSE. THE EXQUISITE TRAPPINGS.
THIS LL GIVE CURLY A THRILL
MAKE HIM JEALOUS TO BEAT THE BAND
LET ME HOLD YOU NANCY LEE. LET ME BE WITH YOU THE WAY WE WERE WHEN WE NEVER KNEW LIFE COULD GET SO HARD
clik
?

STONY CAN'T QUITE FATHOM WHAT HAPPENED

THERE WAS NANCY LEE'S WARMTH AND CLOSENESS...

...AND THEN COLD AND DARK

WHAT IS THIS? HE CAN'T MOVE!

HE'S ON HIS OWN BED. AND HE CAN'T TWITCH A FINGER. MOVE AN ARM. MOVE A LEG.

THIS ISN'T HOW IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE.

AS SOON AS I RETURNED TO THIS TOWN AND SAW YOUR HOUSE, SAW ALL THIS, I KNEW ALL THE RUMORS WERE TRUE.
THIS PLACE.. EVERYTHING YOU HAVE..
IT WAS ALL BOUGHT ON DRUG MONEY.
MONEY THAT COST MY BROTHER HIS LIFE.
THAT'S WHEN I DECIDED YOU WEREN'T GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT.
I'D BEEN ENTERTAINING THE IDEA FROM THE TIME YOU WERE NUZZLING MY NECK AT THE RESTAURANT
THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT THIS ALONG ON OUR LITTLE DATE
A NIFTY DRUG THAT IMMOBILIZES THE BODY!
I LOVE WATCHING YOU TRY TO MOVE AND THE PANIC IN YOUR EYES AS YOU REALIZE YOU CAN'T!

IT'S BECAUSE OF YOU, YOU MAGGOT--
--DAMON'S IN THAT COFFIN.
BECAUSE YOU FEED ON HUMAN INSECURITY AND DESPAIR!
NANCY LEE, YOU LISTEN TO ME! LISTEN UP! YOU'VE GONE OUT OF YOUR MIND, DOING SOMETHING LIKE THIS
WHUMP
YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL.
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD GIRL
YOU'D EVEN FEEL GUILTY ABOUT SWINGING ON THAT SWING WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO SWING ON. REMEMBER?

STONY WANTS TO SCREAM SANITY BACK INTO HER HE WANTS TO SCREAM FOR RESCUE BUT KNOWS HE'S BUILT HIS HOUSE FAR FROM PRYING EYES AND EARS
YOU HEAR THIS, STONY! MY BROTHER--
--WON'T BE THE ONLY ONE--
--BURIED TODAY!

IF ONLY HIS CAMERA PHONE WERE ON. IF ONLY HE COULD GET THE THING TO SWITCH ON.
IT WOULD BE A WHOLE DIFFERENT STORY, THEN!
NANCY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
LET'S THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING, OKAY?
THMP
UAAH!
YOU CAN TAKE IT TO THE BANK, STONY... I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF THINKING.
NO ONE'S GOING TO HEAR YOU OR FIND YOU.
AND YOU KNOW IN YOUR HEART OF HEARTS, STONY--
--NO ONE HEREABOUTS IS REALLY GOING TO LOOK FOR YOU TOO HARD
UNF!

VRROOOMMMM
STONY, CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW? CAN YOU HEAR..?
I HEAR YOU, CURLY. CAN YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
YEAH. NIGHT SKY! WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S THE CRAZY SISTER, CURLY!
SHE'S GOT ME ZONKED OUT ON SOME KIND OF DRUG
I DON'T EVEN HAVE THE TWITCH OF A DEATH NERVE, THAT'S HOW STRONG THIS STUFF IS!
STONY!
STONY ALMOST HAS A HEART ATTACK WHEN HE HEARS CURLY'S VOICE, LOUD WITH CONCERN IN HIS EAR.
THE CAMERA PHONE! IT'S ON! MUST HAVE TRIGGERED THE MECHANISM WHEN HE WHACKED HIS HEAD INTO THE COFFIN BOTTOM!

WE'RE GOING OFF ROAD, CURLY! YOU SEE THAT?
WHAT I'M STILL SEEING IS JUST NIGHT SKY WHIZZING BY.
LISTEN, CURLY, THIS NUTSO'S GOT ME IN A COFFIN. YOU HEAR THAT?
YOU REALLY GOTTA HEAR ME NOW! NO FOOLING AROUND!
FIND ME!
YOU HAFTA GIVE ME SOMETHING TO GO ON!
I MEAN, FROM THE STARS APPEARS TO ME YOUR TRAVELING NORTHWEST
BUT THERE'S A WHOLE LOTTA NORTHWEST OUT HERE!

UH, OH.
SCREECH!
UH, OH, WHAT?
WE'RE STOPPING! I SMELL...SWAMP. MARSHLAND.
YOU GET THAT, CURLY?
YEAH. I GOT IT. BUT WHAT GOOD'S IT GONNA DO ME LESS YOU CAN GIVE ME SOME SORT OF LANDMARK.
THERE'RE MILES OF SWAMP AND MOSQUITOES

AH! I SEE YOU GOT YOUR PHONE WORKING AGAIN FOR A MINUTE I WAS AFRAID YOU'D LOST YOUR MIND AND WERE BABBLING TO YOUR-SELF

YOU KNOW ABOUT MY EMBEDDED CAMERA PHONE?

SINCE ABOUT THE TIME YOU WERE NUZZLING MY NECK FOR YOUR AUDIENCE

THAT'S GOOD

YOU'LL HAVE COMPANY TO SEE YOU THROUGH TO THE END

THEY'LL KNOW YOUR FATE!

THAT COULD BE A GOOD THING

MAYBE WHOEVER'S ON THE OTHER END WILL SEE THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS

REALIZE THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO LEECHES LIKE YOU!

OH, MAN, CURLY! SHE'S UP TO SOMETHING! SHE'S SHOVING THE COFFIN OFF THE TRUCK

YOU GIMME ONE CLUE THAT PINPOINTS WHERE YOU ARE, BOSS, AND I'M THERE!

I'M TRYING TO SEE!

THE COFFIN'S TILTING. MAYBE I'LL SEE SOMETHING THEN!

WAITAMINNIT!

I, I SEE SOMETHING

WHAT IS THAT?

SPLICH!

I KNOW WHERE I AM, CURLY! I KNOW WHERE IAM!

SO SPIT IT OUT, BOSS!

CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW, CURLY? I'M EXACTLY AT--

THIS SEEMS A FITTING PLACE FOR YOU TO SPEND ETERNITY, STONY!

THE PLACE WHERE WE GREW UP--

--BEFORE YOU BETRAYED US ALL! ENJOY!

ONLY ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND HE COULD BE SAVED

IT ISN'T FAIR! HIS MIND SCREAMS--

--BECAUSE HIS MOUTH CANNOT!

CURLY SQUINTS AT WHAT IS IN THE CENTER OF THE SMALL IMAGE. WHAT IS THAT?

A CHILD'S SWING?

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS HE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THAT IMAGE?

FRAME IT AS A USELESS NORMAN ROCKWELL SCENE? FOR CURLY, IT'S ABOUT AS FAR REMOVED FROM HIS WORLD AS THAT PAINTING. IT MEANS NOTHING. NOTHING AT ALL

CAN YOU FEAR ME NOW?
GOOO ONE, OLO WITCH! I REALLY OUG IT - AND STONEY'S HEAO-PHONE, TOO!
I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT C-K ISN'T A PARTICULARLY GRACIOUS HOST. WHEN HE'S ONLINE IT'S AS IF HE'S IN ANOTHER WORLO! I SUSPECT HE'S AVOIOING US!
I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR HIS NEXT SCARY STORY! MAYBE I'LL JUST LOOK INSIOE THIS ISSUE OF TALES FROM THE CRYPT #4 - IF I CAN JUST GET IT OUT OF THIS PLASTIC CASE...!
NOOOO! VAULT-KEEPER, YOU OLO ROTTING IGNORAMUS! YOU'RE TAMPERING WITH REALITY! WE CAN'T EXIST IN MORE THAN ONE WORLD AT A TIME!
THEN FORGET IT!
PLOP!
JUST CHECK OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO ANOY OABBSTEIN WHEN HE GETS MIXEO UP WITH HAVING AN...
EXTRA LIFE!

I VE BEEN DEAD FOR HOURS

KILLED BY MY FRIENDS, ROBBED OF EVERYTHING I OWNED, I'M THE LATE, ONCE-GREAT, ANDY DABBSTEIN.

AND SITTING HERE ?? SCARED AND SWEATING-- ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS HOW TO STOP IT FROM HAPPENING AGAIN

HOW TO STOP IT FROM HAPPENING FOR REAL

I WAS BORN ANDREW FRANCIS DABBSTEIN BUT I HAD A SECOND NAME. ANOTHER LIFE.

LIVING TWO LIVES WASN'T EASY. ALMOST LIKE A CHEATER. JUGGLING TO KEEP A WIFE AND GIRL-FRIEND APART.

I NEVER CHEATED ON ***CAMMY***, THOUGH. SHE KNEW EVERY DETAIL ABOUT MY LIFE...AND MY OTHER LIFE.

EVEN THE WOMEN THERE

CAMMY'S GONE NOW AS ARE THE OTHER WOMEN. THEY'RE GONE AND I'M DEAD.

I WAS HONEST TO THEM ABOUT MY DUAL LIVES AND BECAUSE OF THAT, MY WORLDS COLLIDED.

BECAUSE OF THAT I WAS KILLED ON THE BALROGTH PLAINS.

ONLINE, I WAS *EVENBLADE*, A LEVEL TEN PALADIN

EVENBLADE ROAMED THE OGRE CONTINENT, SEARCHING FOR ADVENTURE

12

2111

OFFLINE, I WAS ANDY. WORKER ANDY. LOYAL BOYFRIEND ANDY. GOOD OL' NOBODY ANDY.

I HATED ANDY.

I SPENT MORE TIME IN MY EXTRA LIFE THAN WITH ANDY'S APARTMENT, ANNOYED GIRLFRIEND AND TEDIOUS JOB.

EVENBLADE HAD A LOYAL FELLOWSHIP OF FRIENDS. EVENBLADE HAD A CAVE OF RICHES. EVENBLADE HAD HIS ADMIRING GIRLFRIEND, *KYRA RAVENHAIR*.

22

I HAVE NONE OF THOSE THINGS NOW. ANDY'S *OR* EVENBLADE'S.

AND SOON... SOON, I WON'T EVEN HAVE ME.

CAMMY DIDN'T LIKE EVENBLADE. SHE WAS AN ANDY GIRL

THAT SUNDAY, THOUGH, SHE *HATED* ANDY HIS LACK OF DRIVE. HIS LACK OF INITIATIVE.

I NEVER UNDERSTOOD THAT. EVENBLADE HAD INITIATIVE AND SHE HATED EVENBLADE.

SHE COULD BE SO *FRUSTRATING!*

2

6000

THAT NIGHT IT WASN'T EVENBLADE WHO KILLED FIFTY BALTHSORIAN OGRES AND WON 800 GOLD P

IT WAS *ANDY*

THAT DAY, FOR THE FIRST TIME, ANDY WALKED THE BLASTED LANDS. . . AND SINCE OUR FELLOWSHIP SHARED A BOND, I UNBURDENED MYSELF TO THEM.

22 6051

AS OUR PARTY EXPLORED THE OGRE CONTINENT, I EXPLAINED THE CAMMY SITUATION.

AND EVENBLADE PAID THE PRICE.

HIS GUARD DOWN, SOMEONE LIFTED 600 GOLD P FROM HIS CHAINLINK BELT.

22 5251

ANDY'S WALLET WENT MISSING THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

WITHOUT A METROCARD OR CAB FARE, I HAD TO WALK TO WORK.

CAMMY WOULDN'T LOAN ME THE CASH. SHE WAS STILL ANGRY.

SHE BLAMED ME FOR LOSING THE WALLET, CALLING ME CARELESS AND IRRESPONSIBLE.

ANDY GOT A SOOOBYE KISS

LATER THAT NIGHT, AS CAMMY SLEPT, ANDY UNBURDENED HIS HEART TO KYRA RAVENHAIR.

I REVEALED PERSONAL SECRETS I HADN'T TOLD ANYONE, EVEN CAMMY.

22

4411

BY THE NEXT MORNING, EVERYTHING WAS FINE.

CAMMY AND I MADE UP.

ANDY GOT A GOODBYE KISS.

AND EVENBLADE EMBARKED ON A WRAITH HUNT.

KYRA JOINED THE FELLOWSHIP AS WE SEARCHED FOR BLOODWRAITH GOLD AND VAMPIRE BATS.

12

8111

WE ENCOUNTERED A WRAITH PACK IN THE THIRD CAVERN.

HORKUN THE MINOTAUR AND KYRA RETREATED. BUT *STEELHEART67* AND I FOUGHT ON, EARNING 400P EACH.

12

8411

WHILE WE WAITED FOR THE REMAINING WRAITHS TO TIRE AND WANDER OFF, WE PASSED THE TIME.

AND THEN STEELHEART STARTED JOKING ABOUT SECRETS FROM ANDY'S PERSONAL LIFE.

SECRETS I HAD TOLD KYRA IN CONFIDENCE THE NIGHT BEFORE.

KYRA SAID SHE ASSUMED THE SECRETS WERE FAIR PLAY, LIKE WHEN I TOLD THEM ABOUT CAMMY...BUT I WAS *ANGRY!*

I WANTED TO KEEP ANDY'S AND EVENBLADE'S WORLDS AS SEPARATE AS POSSIBLE

STEELHEART67 WAS SO ABSORBED IN OUR ARGUMENT...

...THAT HE NEVER NOTICED THE WRAITHS SNEAKING UP THE SIDE OF THE CAVERN

HORKUN AND I FOUGHT THEM BACK, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE

MY PROBLEMS HAD COST STEELHEART67 HIS ARM.

AND THE NEXT DAY, HE WAS GONE.

WOUNDED AND DISILLUSIONED, STEELBLADE67 RAN A SOLO CAMPAIGN AND WAS KILLED BY A HORDE OF GOBLINS.

12

8211

KYRA AND I AVOIDED EACH OTHER. SHE WAS MORTIFIED AND I FELT BETRAYED.

BOTH OF ME.

FEELING UNINSPIRED, I LEFT EARLY FOR WORK.

CAMMY'D BEEN GONE FOR HOURS AND SINCE WE COULDN'T SHARE A CAB, I TOOK THE A TRAIN.

MY HEAD WAS SO FILLED WITH KYRA'S BETRAYAL THAT I DIDN'T NOTICE PEOPLE LAUGHING AT ME UNTIL THE TRAIN PULLED INTO THE STATION.

ONE OF THE MEN BEHIND ME WHISPERED SOMETHING TO HIS FRIEND, A LITTLE SECRET JOKE

BUT IT WAS NO SECRET TO ME

HE WAS WHISPERING A PRIVATE FANTASY I'D TOLD KYRA THE OTHER NIGHT. ONE OF THE SECRETS THAT HAD COST STEELBLADE67'S LIFE

FUMING, I ASKED HIM HOW HE KNEW?! WHO HAD TOLD HIM?

DID HE WALK THE OGRE CONTINENT? DID HE KNOW KYRA? WAS HE STEELBLADE67?

BUT HE JUST LAUGHED AT ME

THE HARDER HE LAUGHED, THE ANGRIER I GOT

ANDY WAS HURT AND BETRAYED

EVENBLADE WAS HURT AND BETRAYED

AND, LIKE STEEL-HEART67, SOMEONE ELSE PAID THE PRICE.

SOMEONE IN ANDY'S WORLD DIED AT EVENBLADE'S HANDS.

SOMEONE DIED BECAUSE I COULDN'T KEEP MY LIVES APART

MY SECRETS HAD KILLED TWO PEOPLE, EACH IN A DIFFERENT WORLD.

EVENTS IN EVENBLADE'S LIFE WERE AFFECTING ANDY'S AND THE ANSWERS COULD ONLY BE FOUND ONLINE.

KYRA WASN'T IN THE PALADIN'S KEEP.

HORKUN CONFIRMED IT. AFTER OUR DISASTROUS HUNT, SHE'D CANCELLED HER OGRE CONTINENT SERVICE. AS FAR AS WE MATTERED, KYRA RAVENHAIR NO LONGER EXISTED.

THE STAFF HADN'T SEEN HER FOR HOURS AND HER OGREMAIL ACCOUNT WASN'T WORKING.

EVENBLADE'S GIRLFRIEND NO LONGER EXISTED.

...MY GIRLFRIEND NO LONGER EXISTED...

CAMMY.

CAMMY'S CELL PHONE DIDN'T WORK. NO SUCH NUMBER.

HER JOB HAD NO RECORD OF HER AND HER MOM DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS. SHE ASKED IF THIS WAS A JOKE. SHE HAD TWO SONS, NO DAUGHTERS.

ON MY WAY OUT, THREE PEOPLE CALLED ME BY A PRIVATE NICKNAME I'D ONLY REVEALED TO KYRA.

THE CRAZY OLD MAN WHO BEGS ON OUR STOOP ASKED AFTER HORKUN THE MINOTAUR.

DESPERATE, I WENT TO HER OFFICE BUT OF COURSE SHE WASN'T THERE.

I DEMANDED TO SEE HER DESK, SEE HER BOSS, SEE ANYTHING THAT WOULD PROVE ME WRONG.

HAD TO KNOW
HAD TO KNOW

HER DESK. I RAN PAST THE RECEPTIONIST, HOPING TO FIND CAMMY AT HER DESK.

INSTEAD, I FOUND TYLER.

TYLER WAS SITTING IN CAMMY'S DESK. HE SAID THAT HE'S BEEN OCCUPYING THIS DESK FOR TWO MONTHS.

AS SECURITY DRAGGED ME FROM THE BUILDING, TYLER GOT OFF THE TELEPHONE LONG ENOUGH TO SMILE, WINK, AND THROUGH THE ECHOING SILENCE IN MY EAR I HEARD HIM SAY:

TYLER STERNBERG
MARKETING

XIT

"GOOD TO MEET YOU, BUDDY."

"MY BEST TO EVERYONE AT THE PALADIN'S KEEP."

CAMMY'S THINGS WERE GONE BY THE TIME I GOT HOME.

AT FIRST I THOUGHT SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE TAKEN THEM... BUT THERE WASN'T EVEN ANY DUST, ANY FILTH LEFT BEHIND. IT WAS AS IF CAMMY HAD NEVER LIVED HERE.

AS IF SHE HAD NEVER EXISTED.

AFTER THAT, I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE BEING ANDY VERY MUCH.

NO SECRETS. NO MONEY. NO GIRLFRIEND. IT WAS HARDLY LIVING.

TO BE HONEST, I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE SPENDING TIME IN EVENBLADE'S LIFE, EITHER.

THERE WAS SO MUCH OF ANDY IN IT THAT IT HARDLY FELT ADVENTUROUS AND INSPIRING.

MY LIVES HAD INTERTWINED. MY WORLDS COLLIDED.

AND I COULD FIND NO SOLACE, NO COMFORT IN EITHER.

HORKUN DRAGGED ME ON A FEW QUESTS, BUT MY HEART WASN'T IN IT.

ANDY'S HEART WASN'T IN IT.

EVERY MOVE ON THE CONTINENT HAUNTED MY WAKING HOURS, AND SO I BARELY SLEPT.

I COULDN'T LEAVE THE HOUSE, FOR FEAR OF WHAT I'D FIND.

SALTY CHIPS

AND I WOULDN'T LEAVE THE GAME, AFRAID OF MISSING THE ANSWERS I HOPED TO FIND.

MY JOB FIRED ME THE FOLLOWING MORNING

I SEARCHED FOR A COROLLARY TO EVENBLADE'S LIFE BUT CAME UP EMPTY

MAP OF THE

IN FACT, HORKUN SUGGESTED WE REFILL OUR FELLOWSHIP AND CHEER ME UP WITH AN ADVENTURE.

AFRAID OF THE CONSEQUENCES, I SAID NO... BUT TO BE HONEST, I WAS BORED WAITING FOR ANSWERS THAT WEREN'T COMING.

AND, OF COURSE, NEVER WOULD.

IT WAS EVENBLADE THE PALADIN, EVENBLADE THE STRONG, WHO WENT INTO BATTLE...

BUT IT WAS ANDREW FRANCIS DABBSTEIN THAT DIED, STRUCK FROM BEHIND ON THE BALROGTH PLAINS

THAT WAS TWELVE HOURS AGO.

I'D DIED ON THE OGRE CONTINENT. ONE OF MY LIVES HAD BEEN KILLED.

AND IT WAS A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE SOMETHING CAME FOR THIS ONE, TOO.

I WAS ALWAYS HONEST ABOUT MY WORLDS. MY TWO LIVES...AND BECAUSE OF THAT, THEY COLLIDED.

BECAUSE OF THAT, CAMMY WAS GONE. BECAUSE OF THAT I'M DEAD.

ANDY IS DEAD. AND NOW, I FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS TO LIVE.

I WAS BORN ANDREW FRANCIS DABBSTEIN BUT I HAD A SECOND NAME. AN EXTRA LIFE.

MY NAME IS EVENBLADE AND ONCE I ROAMED THE OGRE CONTINENT.

TWELVE HOURS AGO, I LOST MY LIFE.

SITTING HERE, ARMED AND READY, ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS HOW TO STOP IT FROM HAPPENING AGAIN.

HOW TO STOP IT FROM HAPPENING FOR REAL.

END

YOU KNOW, KIDDIES, I CAN'T GET WHAT ANDY'S PROBLEM IS! WHO SAYS *REALITY* IS ALL IT'S *CRACKED UP* TO BE?
BUT I CAN'T *RECOMMEND* SOCIALIZING IN THE *OGRE CONTINENT* - THOSE OGRES CAN BE SUCH *BACK-STABBERS!*
NOW, THE *OLD WITCH*, SHE WASTES ENDLESS HOURS ONLINE IN THE *WORLD OF WARTCRAFT!*
I'LL JUST KEEP *AVOIDING* THOSE *GHASTLY GHOULUNATICS* BY HANGING HERE - AT LEAST UNTIL WE MEET *AGAIN* IN THE NEXT TOTALLY *REAL* ISSUE OF *TALES FROM THE CRYPT! HAHAHAHAHAH!*

Greetings, CRETINS! It's me again, the ol' Crypt-Keeper. Welcome to another go-round of CRAZED CRITICISM and BOMBASTIC BRICKBATS regarding our previous IGNOMINIOUS issues!

But before opening up that can of INVERTEBRATES, let's review the REVOLTING results of your voting on TALES FROM THE CRYPT #3. It was yet another CHILLINGLY CLOSE race, but somehow "A MURDERIN' IDOL" by MANIACAL Mort Todd and SHUDDERIN' Steve Mannion managed to eke out a victory as the issue's favorite SCARE-TALE over "SLABBED!" by Stefan Petrucha and Don Hudson.

If you somehow missed our TERRIFYING third issue, the EVIL GENIUSES over at Papercutz have already collected it and other FEAR-FABLES into paperback and hardcover collections entitled TALES FROM THE CRYPT #2 "Can You Fear Me Now?" It, along with TALES FROM THE CRYPT #1 "Ghouls Gone Wild!" should be on shelves of better BOOkstores now.

Subject: Tales From The Crypt #2

I have only caught up with you on the second issue and I can't tell you how delighted I am that you are back for a new run! Ever since I learned about EC comics a few years back I have been intrigued in reading some of those classic creepy comics, and it was a pity that Bill Gaines persistently refused to resurrect them. I am glad that somebody has finally done so.

I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Exes' artwork in "The Garden": I thought it gave the feel that the story was taking place in some bizarre video game. [SPOILER WARNING: Don't read the rest of this email if you haven't already read TALES FROM THE CRYPT #2]I liked the poetic justice that the suicide bomber committed his crime in order to get into paradise. He got his wish, but then found out it was really hell in paradise clothing!

It was an ingenious plot twist in "The Tenant" whereby the cheapskate landlord is forced to make improvements without breaking the conditions of his sentence that stipulate he must not do so: legally, the graveyard was not his property, so it was not breaking conditions to make improvements to the graveyard. Being forced to make these improvements was what really improved the landlord, but that did not save him from serving a sentence within a sentence.

I shall be looking forward to future issues.

Briony Coote
New Zealand

Thanks, Briony! "The Tenant" had a moral we can all appreciate -- that a tidy tomb is a happy tomb!

Subject: Hope and Fear for the Crypt series

Hi, I've been a longstanding EC fan-addict since I was 12 (now 33). When at a comicon I bought an original issue because the cover looked interesting - this was before the HBO series! I fell in love right away.

Yesterday I found your new series on the shelf at the comic shop. I felt an immediate thrill (Wow! New TALES FROM THE CRYPT stories!) and at the same time fear (Uh-oh, is this gonna be any good? Will it do justice to the original?)

After reading the first paperback (and I am about to start on issue 3 after I finish this email), my verdict was

somewhere in the middle. I so much want this to be the best comic it can be, because I love comics and I love the EC horrors especially. You have so much potential here! The only story I found up to par was "The Tenant" and judging by your letters in issue 3, that is the consensus. The first story in the book, "Body of Work" had me feeling especially frustrated. Such a good start, a great premise...then an ending that was just wasted! Why didn't you SHOW the faces of the corpses and their resemblance to the portraits? AND YOU MISSED AN OBVIOUS OPPORTUNITY FOR A GREAT GAG: The corpses should have taken the paintings back to the graveyard and hung them in the mausoleum! They could have given the artist (Jack Kroll) a post-mortem exhibit! And you know how the value of art goes up after an artist dies! His paintings would have sold out - no coffin should be without one!

I shall continue buying your "TALES" for a while at least, always optimistic to catch some of the magic.

Yakov Levi

Hey, Yakov as "a longstanding EC fan-addict" of 21 years, you have our permission to sit down already! But what makes you think we'd ever go for the "OBVIOUS" gag?

Subject: Crypt-Keepers Cornet!!!!!

Hey, what's up, y'all? We wanted to give your team a big thumbs up for having the guts to bring TALES FROM THE CRYPT back. What about THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE CRYPT OF TERROR, THE HAUNT OF FEAR? Man, that would be hot as hell if you published those as well. I'd buy 'em, actually any EC comic would be exciting, CRIME SUSPENSE, SHOCK SUSPENSE, etc. Now, my nephew and I are real excited about these comics, and hope you continue strong. My suggestion is if your going to have somewhat weak stories, and only 2 stories per mag you ate going to have to make up fot it in the quality of paper stock and frontr cover artwork. The artwork for issue 2 is absolutely awesome. I bought like 6 of that issue. Now, in regards to the paper stock – man, you guys ate cheap. I have to buy at least 2 of each issue because just reading your mag for a couple of minutes my fingerprints get etched into the ink and ruin the comic. The ink smears. Hey, when are you guys coming out with a hologram, foil, multi-colored variant and limited edition covers. Variant covers would be great, my nephew and I would buy all of em!!!!!!

Keep Up The Good Work !!!

Master Tillman Pink III
Manueal Mendoza
Los Angeles, Califotnia

Flattery will get you nowhere, Master Tillman and Manueal. TALES FROM THE CRYPT is the same comic as THE CRYPT OF TERROR, while we're watting to hear what other EC Fan-addicts think about revtving those other TERROR-TITLES. If you like STIFF covers, why not simply buy our HARDCOVER editions? As for limited edition coverı, starting with this very issue we have two different comicbook covers – one with a US price and the other with a Canadian price! I expect you and your nephew to keep your word and buy 'em both – even if it means a trip up North! As for HORRORgrams, SPOILED, and MUTILATED limtted edition coverı, I suspect there's no cheap sales gimmick those PINHEADS at Papercutz won't try!

Subject: new TALES FROM THE CRYPT

Hey, I heard about you on NPR. Any plans for the HAUNT or VAULT? I'll tell everyone I know. I'm sending the link to your site (www.papercutz.com) to my distribution list. Hope you can get some more airtime, like the bit I heard today on NPR. I'm a big CRYPT fan (comics, movies, and TV), have the Russ Cochran hardbound collections, am constantly checking Ebay for more and this was the fitst I had heard of your product.

Good luck. Taking subscriptions yet?

Bill Shaw

NPR? Around here that means NAUSEATING PULSATING REMAINS! You probably mean the ultra-short feature Nina GreGORY produced on Halloween for Morning Edition on National Public Radio, which featured my idiot editor, Jim Salicrup.

As for subsCRYPTtions, just send us a check or money order, in US funds only, for $24.00 for a one-year, six-issue subscription to TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Subscriptions begin with the next issue published after we receive your order.

Thus concludes another rousing intellectual DISSECTION regarding the greatest horror comicbook series ever! Don't miss next issue featuring the GROSSEST story yet – "Ignoble Rot" by Fred Van Lente and Steve Mannion, as well as "Queen of the Vampires" by Marc Bilgrey and Mr. Exes.

Keep those emails and letters coming! Tell us what you thought of this freaky, fan-offending fourth issue. Send your letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your savage commentaries or rage-filled reviews to our illiterate editor at: salicrup@papercutz.com.

TERROR

PAPERCUTS

NO. 5
ALL-NEW!

TALES FROM THE CRYPT®

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

FEATURING...

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

$3.95US

05

0 71896 45306 5

HEY, OLD WITCH, HOW LONG IS THE *CRYPT-KEEPER* GOING TO KEEP READING HIS *FAN MAIL?*

OH, LET HIM BE, *VAULT-KEEPER!*

IT KEEPS HIM FROM TELLING THOSE INSUFFERABLE YARNS OF HIS! NOW IF HE WERE AS GOOD AS MY FAVORITE HORROR WRITER, VICTORIA PRICE, I WOULDN'T MIND! TAKE FOR EXAMPLE, THIS TALE OF GREED AND BETRAYAL ENTITLED...

QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES

ALWYN IS A SMALL COLLEGE IN THE BERKSHIRE MOUNTAINS OF MASSACHUSETTS IT'S QUIET, PICTURESQUE AND VERY OLD. MOST OF THE STUDENTS ON CAMPUS TALK ABOUT THE USUAL THINGS THAT YOUNG PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

HEY, CHECK HER OUT

SHE'S HOT!

THESE BOYS ARE LIKE SO IMMATURE!

WHICH BRINGS US TO THE DORM OF TWO ROOMMATES, SALLY "SYBIL" MILLS AND TINA "TANITH" BENSON, WHO ARE TALKING ABOUT THEIR FAVORITE SUBJECT...

GUESS WHAT I GOT, TANITH? VICTORIA PRICE'S NEW VAMPIRE DUBOIS NOVEL, "BOUQUET OF BLOOD"!

THAT'S NOT DUE OUT TILL NEXT MONTH! HOW'D YOU GET IT?

IT'S AN ARC--AN ADVANCE READING COPY! I POSED AS THE ALWYN CAMPUS NEWS' BOOK CRITIC

YOU'RE BAD! C'MON LET'S READ IT!

VICTORIA PRIC
BOUQUET
BLOOD

WONDER WHY EVERYONE THINKS WE'RE WEIRD?

CAUSE WE'RE IN A CEMETERY AT NIGHT, DRESSED LIKE VAMPIRES? SEEMS PERFECTLY NORMAL TO ME

DAYS LATER AT THE LOCAL BOOKSTORE...

HEY, CHECK IT OUT!

VICTORIA PRICE

WIN AN EVENING WITH THE QUEEN OF HORROR, VICTORIA PRICE, AT HER MANSION

OH, I'M SO GOING TO WIN THIS!

I KNEW GOING TO COLLEGE WOULD EVENTUALLY PAY OFF

A MONTH LATER...

VICTORIA PRICE'S WEB-SITE IS ANNOUNCING THE CONTEST WINNER IN TWO SECONDS...

IT CAN'T BE..! IT'S ME! I WON!

VOID

YOU DON'T SEEM VERY HAPPY FOR ME, SYBIL

SPEECHLESS

JUST THINK. IN TWO WEEKS I'LL BE MEETING MY FAVORITE WRITER IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

AS THE WEEK WORE ON...

LOOK AT HER, TELLING ANYONE WHO'LL LISTEN ABOUT WINNING THE CONTEST

I SHOULD BE THE ONE WHO GETS TO MEET VICTORIA PRICE--NOT HER

IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY THAT I COULD GO THAT NIGHT INSTEAD OF TANITH

HMM... WHAT IF TANITH WAS TOO WICKED SICK TO GO? NAH. THAT WITCH WOULD GO EVEN IF SHE HAD PNEUMONIA AND A TEMPERATURE OF 110.

WHAT IF TANITH HAD SOME KIND OF ACCIDENT OR EVEN WORSE? BUT WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF THAT HAPPENING?

HMM... MAYBE I COULD GIVE FATE A LITTLE PUSH? MAYBE EVEN A GREAT BIG SHOVE?

I CAN ALWAYS GET ANOTHER FRIEND, BUT MEETING MY FAVORITE WRITER IS A ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY. WHAT IF TANITH SUDDENLY JUST 'VANISHED'? BUT WHAT WOULD I DO WITH HER BODY?

I KNOW, I KNOW! IT'S PERFECT! IT'S SO OBVIOUS I CAN'T BELIEVE I DIDN'T THINK OF THIS SOONER!

PROBLEM SOLVED. HEH. NOW I CAN FINALLY REST IN PEACE

FINALLY...

I'M SO EXCITED TOMORROW IS THE BIG DAY!

LIKE I COULD FORGET ABOUT THAT? C'MON, LET'S GO TO OUR SPECIAL PLACE AND CELEBRATE!

I'M KIND OF TIRED. I THOUGHT I'D MAKE IT AN EARLY NIGHT.

BUT WE HAVE TO GO! I, UH, MEAN, IT'S OUR RITUAL.

OH, YOU'RE SO SWEET. ALL RIGHT BUT LET'S MAKE IT QUICK TONIGHT.

OH, IT'LL BE VERY QUICK I GUARANTEE IT

A FEW MINUTES LATER... AT THE CEMETERY...

TO QUOTE THE VAMPIRE DUBOIS IN *COME DIE WITH ME*, "THE SWEETNESS OF VICTORY IS INFINITELY MORE DESIRABLE THAN THE BITTER AFTERTASTE OF DEFEAT."

MY FEET AREN'T BITTER.

A FARTHING FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, MY DEAREST SYBIL.

JUST THE USUAL, DEAREST TANITH; I PONDER THE ABSURDITIES OF LIFE...

...AND YOUR IMMINENT DEATH.

YOU, MY DEAREST SYBIL, ARE A RARE COMMODITY INDEED, IN THIS VEIL OF TEARS, A TRUE FRIEND.

AS ARE YOU, OH YE OF MUCH FAITH.

NOW, WHERE IS THAT SHOVEL I HID HERE EARLIER? AH!

BE STILL MY HEART! OVER THERE IN THE SHADOWS, IS THAT MY BELOVED, THE VAMPIRE DUBOIS?
WHERE, DEAREST SYBIL? I SEE HIM NOT.

CRACKKKK!

ALAS, POOR TANITH. YOU WERE ALWAYS TOO TRUSTING I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL PANGS OF SYMPATHY FOR YOU

BUT THEY PASSED LIKE A GUST OF SUMMER WIND

SINCE, DEAR FRIEND, NO ONE HAS BEEN BURIED IN THIS OLD CEMETERY SINCE THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, IT IS HIGHLY UNLIKELY THAT YOU WILL BE NOTICED

WELL, THAT'S IT, TANITH, DEAR. SORRY I CAN'T PROVIDE YOU WITH A SUITABLE GRAVESTONE. BUT I'M SURE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THE DELICATENESS OF THE SITUATION

THE NEXT DAY, SYBIL, ARMED WITH TANITH'S I.D., BEGINS THE DRIVE TO BOSTON

WISH ME LUCK, DEAR TANITH, WHEREVER YOU ARE AS THE VAMPIRE DUBOIS SAID, IN *CONNOISSEUR OF BLOOD*, WHEN HE DROVE INTO BOSTON, TO MEET THE ILL-FATED ELIZABETH VANDERVEER, THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE.

COLLEGE

"IN THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY, I SAVOR THE ANTICIPATION AS IF IT IS A FINE WINE TO BE IMBIBED IN VERY SMALL SIPS."

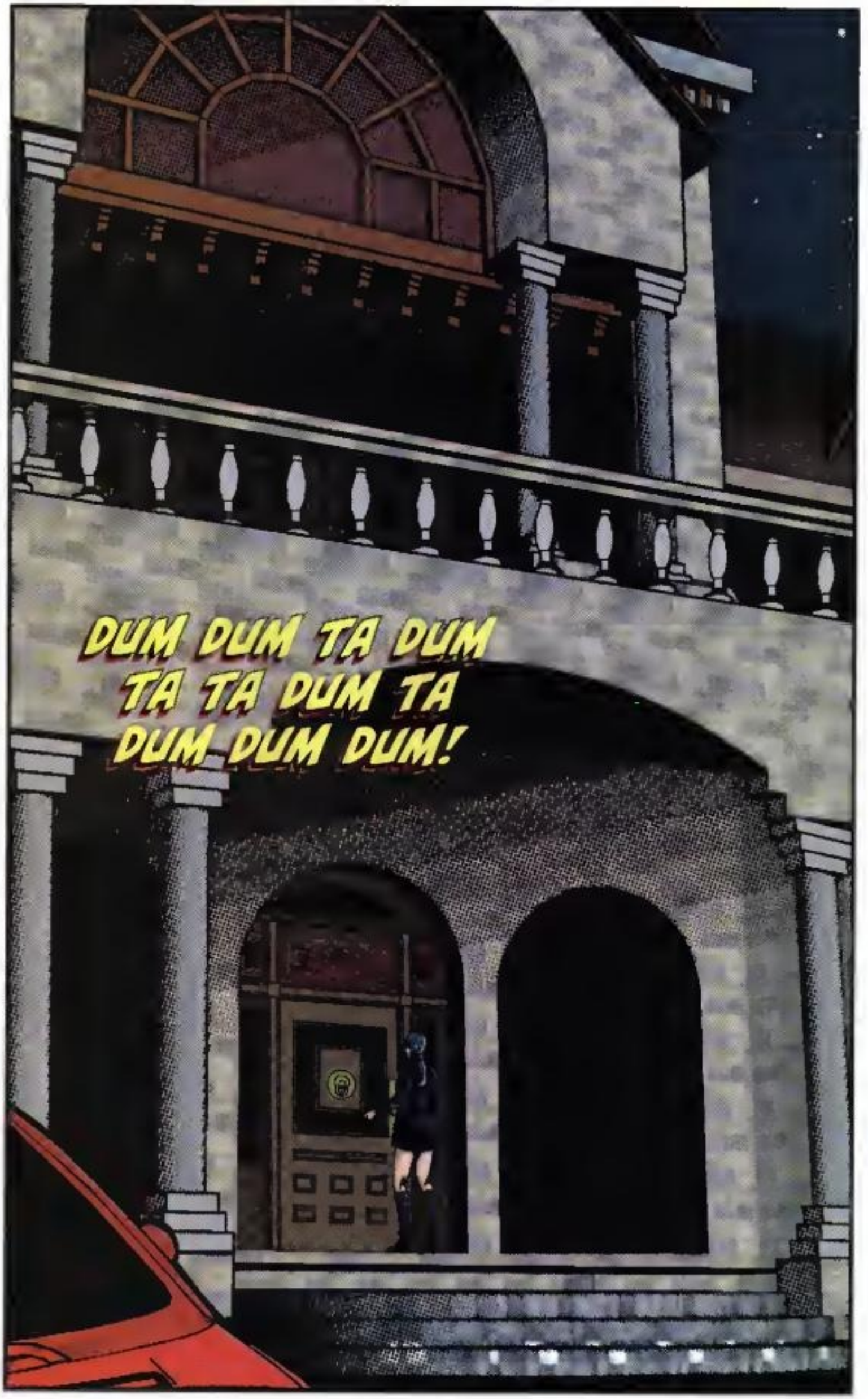
HOURS LATER...

"BEHOLD," SAID THE VAMPIRE DUBOIS. "THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY BECKON ME LIKE THE SIRENS OF ULYSSES. BUT I FEAR THEM NOT, FOR I AM THE ONE WHO SHALL TRIUMPH."

AND NOW TO SEEK OUT THE ROYAL RESIDENCE OF MY QUEEN. CERTAINLY, HER REGAL MANOR IS NOT AMIDST THE HUMBLE DWELLINGS OF COMMONERS

THIS DOCUMENT, HAND DRAWN, NO DOUBT, BY THE PALACE CARTOGRAPHER, REVEALS THAT I AM CORRECT IN MY ASSUMPTION: THOUGH, HER MAJESTY'S STATELY HOME IS NOT FAR, IT SEEMS, PERHAPS SHE WISHES NOT TO STRAY TOO GREAT A DISTANCE FROM HER SUBJECTS.

MY HEART IS ALL AFLUTTER! YONDER IS THE CASTLE OF SHE WHOM I HAVE PLEDGED MY ETERNAL ALLEGIENCE TO! AND WILL YOU LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT! YOU COULD FIT MY WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD IN THERE AND STILL HAVE ROOM FOR THE MALL AND TWO PARKING LOTS!


DUM DUM TA DUM
TA TA DUM TA
DUM DUM DUM!

YES?

YES, PLEASE COME IN, MS. BENSON. MISS PRICE IS EXPECTING YOU.

I'M TANITH, THAT IS, TINA BENSON.

YOU'RE A LITTLE EARLY, MS. BENSON. MISS PRICE WILL BE WITH YOU IN A FEW MOMENTS. SHE'S JUST PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON A CHAPTER FOR HER NEW NOVEL.

THAT IS SO WAY COOL! ER... I MEAN, OF COURSE. I SHALL PATIENTLY AWAIT HER PRESENCE.

LOOK AT ALL THESE AWESOME BOOKS ON VAMPIRES! AND ARE THOSE VIALS OF BLOOD? COOL

A LITTLE LATER...

MISS PRICE WILL SEE YOU NOW. IN THE LIBRARY.

ULP! THIS IS IT! MY QUEEN AWAITS!

THESE PEOPLE LOOK EVEN CREEPIER THAN MY RELATIVES.

COME IN. YOU MUST BE MS. BENSON, THE ILLUSTRIOUS WINNER OF MY LITTLE CONTEST. I'M VICTORIA PRICE

WELL, OF COURSE YOU ARE! THAT IS, UM, I'M SYB-- I MEAN, TAN--, TINA...I'M PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.

WHY, YOU'RE POSITIVELY SHAKING, MY DEAR! THERE'S NO REASON TO BE NERVOUS.

BUT, I'M YOUR BIGGEST--UH, I'M AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF YOUR LITERARY PROWESS.

HOW DARLING. COME WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU A BIT OF MY HOME.

A GUIDED TOUR! I'VE DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN!

THIS IS THE SOLARIUM. AND THAT'S MY RAFFLESIA BLOOM. IT'S THE BIGGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD. YOU'RE IN LUCK. IT ONLY OPENS ONCE A YEAR, AT NIGHT, FOR ONE WEEK.

EW. IT SMELLS LIKE ROTTING MEAT!

HOW ASTUTE. IT'S MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE CORPSE FLOWER.

THIS IS WHERE I KEEP MY AMPHIBIANS.

CUTE FROGS.

EACH ONE HAS ENOUGH POISON IN THEM TO KILL ONE HUNDRED PEOPLE. IT'S WHAT INDIGENOUS TRIBES USE ON THEIR BLOWGUN DARTS.

I SO HOPE YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS GLIMPSE INTO SOME OF MY DISTRACTIONS. FEEL FREE TO ASK ME ANYTHING AT ALL. TONIGHT I'M HERE FOR YOU.

UH, I WAS CURIOUS, HOW DID YOU COME UP WITH THE CHARACTER OF THE VAMPIRE DUBOIS?

AS IT HAPPENS, THE INSPIRATION FOR DUBOIS CAME FROM WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM. PLEASE, STEP INSIDE.

THERE'S NOTHING HERE, IT'S EMPTY.

CLICK!

WOOSH!

I DON'T UNDER-STAND. WHAT'S GOING ON?

IT'S SIMPLE, MS. BENSON...

YOU WERE CHOSEN AS THE CONTEST WINNER BECAUSE, AFTER A BACKGROUND CHECK, IT WAS DETERMINED YOU HAVE NO LIVING RELATIVES.

BUT, BUT... I'M NOT...

TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, WHAT INSPIRED MY CHARACTER DUBOIS...

...IS LIVING ON THE CEILING.

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING

SILLY GIRL! THEY ONLY COME OUT—

CLICK!

...IN THE DARK!

I PROMISED MY VAMPIRE BATS A SPECIAL MEAL TO CELEBRATE THE LAUNCHING OF MY NEW BOOK. IT'S A TREAT I GIVE THEM ONCE A YEAR. IT SEEMS TO BRING ME LUCK.
AND I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TO FEED THEM LATELY, AND THEY'RE OH, SO HUNGRY.
MY, MY, ALL THAT SCREAMING. I DO BELIEVE I'M GETTING ANOTHER IDEA FOR A NEW BOOK. I SO LOVE THE CREATIVE PROCESS, DON'T YOU?
END

WHAT A BATTY ENDING!

>GROAN<

YES, SYBIL PAID QUITE A *PRICE* TO MEET *MRS. PRICE!* JUST AS YOU'RE PAYING THE PRICE OF EATING TOO MANY *CHOCOLATE STUFFED FRUITY GRAIN BALLS!*

IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS THE OLD VAULT-KEEPER *VAULTING ABOUT!*

JUST CHECK OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO LITTLE JIMMY WHEN HE SKIPS BREAKFAST, IN THIS SHOCKER I CALL...

Kid TESTED MOTHER APPROVED!

WOW! AN "A" ON YOUR SPELLING TEST...

...HITTING A HOME RUN IN GYM CLASS...

... LANDING THE LEAD IN THE SCHOOL PLAY...

...AND A BLUE RIBBON AT THE SCIENCE FAIR!

I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT YOU MIGHT BE THE *GREATEST KID IN THE WORLD!*

AND I'M NOT JUST SAYING THAT BECAUSE I'M YOUR MOTHER

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I DON'T DESERVE SUCH A SWEET LITTLE GUY

AW, MA

I HOPE BECKY AND BUDDY KNOW WHAT A GREAT GUY THEY HAVE TO PAL AROUND WITH.

AW, GEE WHIZ CUT IT OUT.

OH, NO, I FORGOT TO BUY MILK LAST NIGHT DO YOU MIND EATING YOUR CHOCOLATE STUFFED FRUITY GRAIN BALLS DRY?

EWWW.

DRY CEREAL SUCKS, MOM.

I'LL SKIP BREAKFAST.

BUT THEY'VE GOT THE FRUITIEST CHOCOLATE TASTE IN THE LAND. IT'S GOT THAT WILD X-TREME FLAVOR BLAST THAT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!

IT'S THE MOST FRUITASTICALLY SUGAR BOMBED SWEETNESS EX-PLOSION EVER!

NO DICE, MA. I CAN'T EAT 'EM DRY

YOU ATE THEM DRY ALL THE TIME WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE. WHY, YOU'VE EATEN CHOCOLATE STUFFED FRUITY GRAIN BALLS EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE.

..WELL SINCE YOU'VE HAD TEETH.

MOM, I'LL BE OKAY. I DON'T NEED TO EAT THEM *EVERY DAY*.

JIMMY, YOU NEED A WELL-BALANCED BREAKFAST WITH THE SWEETNESS YOU *CRAVE* MELDED WITH THE VITAMINS, NUTRI-ENTS, AND MINERALS YOU *NEED* FOR STRONG BONES, A WINNING SMILE AND PEP AND AND VIGOR!

VIGOR-- YOU NEED *VIGOR!!*

BYE, MOM SEE YOU AFTER SCHOOL

YES. YES, YOU DO!

WHY AREN'T YOU GOING CRAZY WITH THE CHOCORIFFIC FRUIT SPASMS?

STOP IT, MA. YOU'RE FREAKING ME OUT.

YOU NEED YOUR BREAKFAST. JUST EAT *ONE!*

I GOTTA GO TA SCHOOL, MA. WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS LATER

WAIT...

LISTEN...

YOU DON'T KNOW...

WHAT'LL...

HAPPEN...

YOU'LL...

...

ELEMENTA SCHOOL

>SQUAAAWK<

PICK UP, MRS. STEVENSON.

>SQUAAAWK<

I SEE.

RIGHT AWAY.

YES, YES, EVERY BOY NEEDS TO START THEIR DAY THE HEALTHY WAY.

GO DIRECTLY TO THE NURSE'S OFFICE. DO NOT STOP AT THE REST ROOM. DO NOT STOP AT THE WATER FOUNTAIN. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

HALL PASS

YES, MA'AM.

C'MON IN, JIMMY. HAVE A SEAT. WE NEVER CHAT AND YOU'RE SUCH A GREAT KID

I'D HATE TO LET THE YEAR GO BY WITHOUT A LITTLE FACE TIME.

THANK YOU, SIR.

I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF ASKING YOUR MOTHER WHAT YOUR FAVORITE BREAKFAST CEREAL IS

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND.

SO, EAT UP, JIMMY! THE EARLY BIRD NEEDS HIS WORM. CAN'T FLY TO THE MOON WITHOUT FUEL. ONE THING EVERY BOY NEEDS IS A GOOD NUTRITIOUS BREAKFAST.

NO THANK YOU, SIR

I'M REALLY NOT HUNGRY AND LUNCH IS SOON ANYHOW

OH, BUT JIMMY, YOU SIMPLY MUST. A GROWING BOY NEEDS VITAMINS, AND MINERALS. HE NEEDS IRON AND POTASSIUM AND VITAMIN C AND...AND..STUFF

LOOK, I *SAID* I WASN'T HUNGRY

LET'S QUIT THE MOLLYCODDLING

SKIPPING BREAKFAST WILL HAVE AN IMPACT ON YOUR TENDER YOUNG METABOLISM AND MAKE YOU MORE LIKELY TO GET FAT

YOU DON'T WANT TO GET FAT DO YOU?

DO YOU?

NO

THEN EAT YOUR BREAKFAST!

NO.

RUTH, CALM DOWN. YOU DON'T WANT TO AGITATE THE BOY.

MMM. HE'S YOUR PROBLEM, BILL.

I PUT MY TWO CENTS IN ALREADY--AND YOU KNOW MY STANCE ON THIS *ISSUE*.

WHEN IT HITS THE FAN, DON'T COME CRYING TO ME.

BEEP BEEP BOOP

HELLO?

SORRY, JIMMY, I NEED TO TAKE THIS

I'LL BE BACK IN FIVE AND THAT BREAKFAST BETTER BE GONE, MISTER

HMMM.

WOW, YOU CLEANED YOUR PLATE. EVEN THE ORANGE PEEL! GREAT SHOW, JIMMY! YOU CAN GO BACK TO CLASS NOW.

DIDN'T YOU WANT TO TALK?

WE CAN CHAT SOME OTHER TIME.

JUST REMEMBER TO EAT A HEALTHY, WELL-BALANCED BREAKFAST EVERY DAY, OKAY?

O-KAY!!

...SO THEN HE LETS ME GO TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE LUNCH BELL GOES OFF. WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?

SOMETHING WEIRD IS GOING ON TODAY IF THEY WANT ME TO EAT THAT STUPID CEREAL SO BAD, THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T.

HEY, WHAT'S WITH YOUR VOICE?

YEAH, YOU SOUND REAL *MANLY*.

GOOD LORD! >CHOKE<

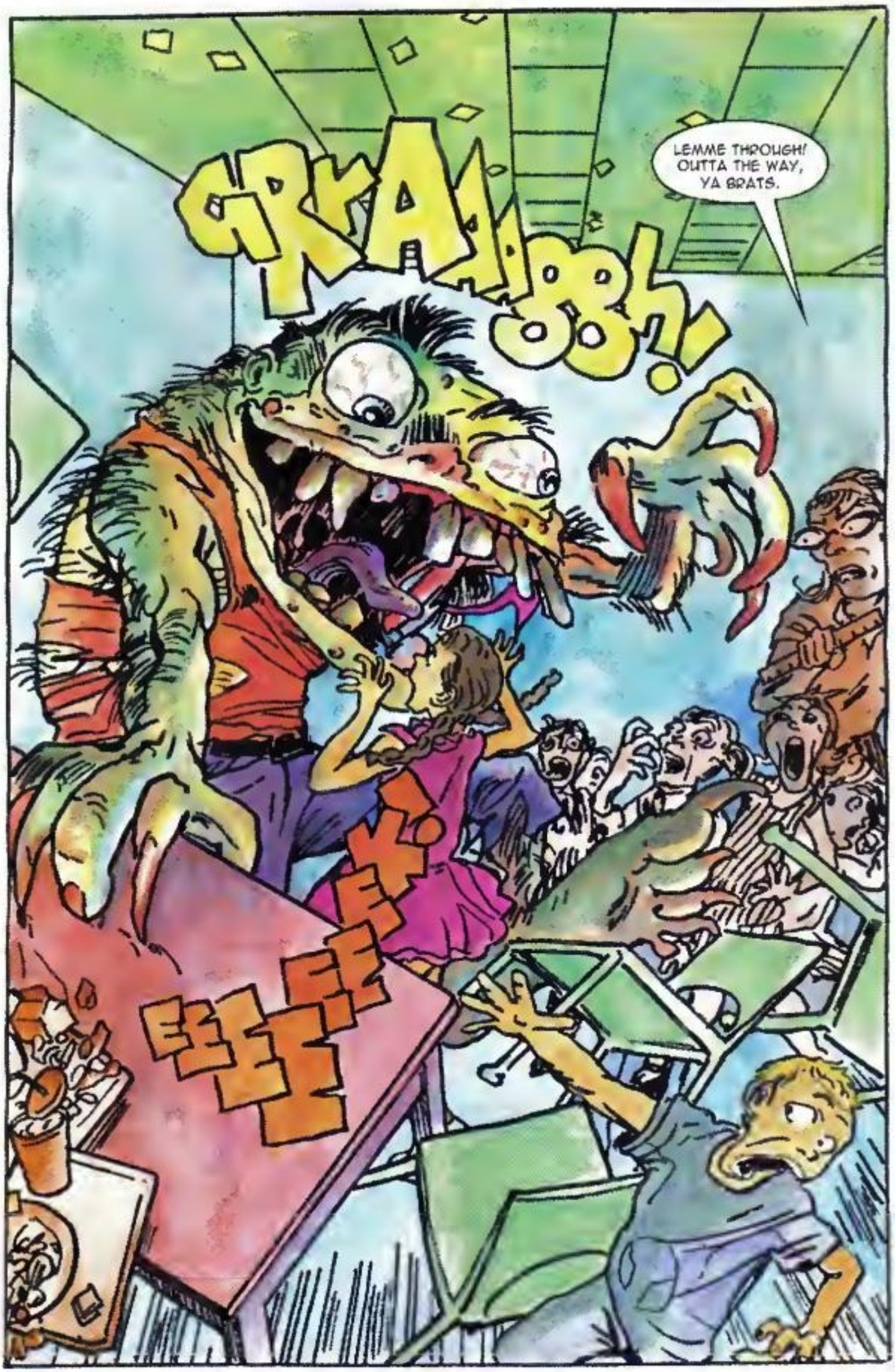
>GASP!< JIMMY? ARE YOU OKAY?

JIMMY?

YEEAAARRGGGH! THE PAIN!

HELP! MRS. THOMPSON! HELP! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH JIMMY!

GRRRARR IT...*BUUURNS!*


GRRA!
OOH!
LEMME THROUGH! OUTTA THE WAY, YA BRATS.

MRKYOWRR!

I'M OUTTA HERE!

BEST BUDS OR NOT, THIS IS TOO MUCH!

BBRRAAKK

NO, NO!!

RRRiP

BRRBWARR!

LEMME OUTTA HERE!

JIMMY'S GONE BANANAS!!!

BLARRGGH!

MEAT

NO! GET AWAY!

BEKEEEEE!

LOOK, I TOLD YOU THIS WOULD HAPPEN! ...YES,

HE ATE THE BREAKFAST!. WELL ...NO, I DIDN'T *SEE* HIM EAT IT.

YES, THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY. YES. NO...WELL, WE FIGURED TRANQS.!

WELL, THAT WOULD BE BETTER.

WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

JIMMY, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

CHK

WHAM

GROSS! MEAT! I'M GOING TO BE SICK...

BRAGHLE BARGLE BLATHER BLAFF!

SCRATCH!

AAAAAHHH!

--DENIES REPORTS OF A STUDENT SHOOTER...

AMID CHAOS AND TRAGEDY IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS, THE PUBLIC ASKS "WHAT ABOUT OUR CHILDREN?"

WE DON'T KNOW THE SITUATION WITH BECKY.

SEEING YOU MIGHT MAKE HIM FLIP AND ATTACK HER.

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE ONE CHILD!

NOT A ONE

WE NEED A DIVERSION TO GET HIM OUT INTO THE OPEN SO I CAN DELIVER A CLEAN SHOT.

I'LL GO. I'LL GET HIM TO STEP AWAY FROM HIS FRIEND AND BRING HIM OUT SO YOU CAN... >CHOKE<

SO YOU CAN SHOOT MY BABY

LADY, THAT THING IS NOBODY'S BABY

IT'LL ONLY HURT FOR A SECOND ANYWAY.

SWAT

YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. NONE OF YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND. HE IS A WONDERFUL BOY HEALTHY, INTELLIGENT, STRONG...

WELL, HE'S ALL GROWN UP NOW

SWAT

AAARRRSH!

STAY BACK, JIMMY STAY BACK! I'M SORRY I DANCED WITH BUDDY AT THE SPRING FLING, BUT I'LL HIT YOU IF I GOTTA!

EEYAAAAAAAAA

AERUNCH

GRYYRRR!

OH, JIMMY WE WERE SUCH GOOD FRIENDS. WHY?

STOP!

PLEASE, JIMMY PLEASE STOP THIS AND BE THE REAL YOU AGAIN. WE LOVE YOU, JIMMY. THE WAY YOU WERE. NOT LIKE THIS.

JIMMY.

COME TO MOMMY, JIMMY. MOMMY LOVES YOU, JIMMY.

MOMMY LOVES YOU, JIMMY

GGRRRRRRRRRR!

MOMMY LOVES YOU. MOMMY LOVES YOU.

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I DON'T DESERVE SUCH A SWEET LITTLE GUY.

RRRRRRRRRR

CHK

RRYYAAA

EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE OKAY, BABY.

YOU ARE THE BEST KID IN THE WORLD.

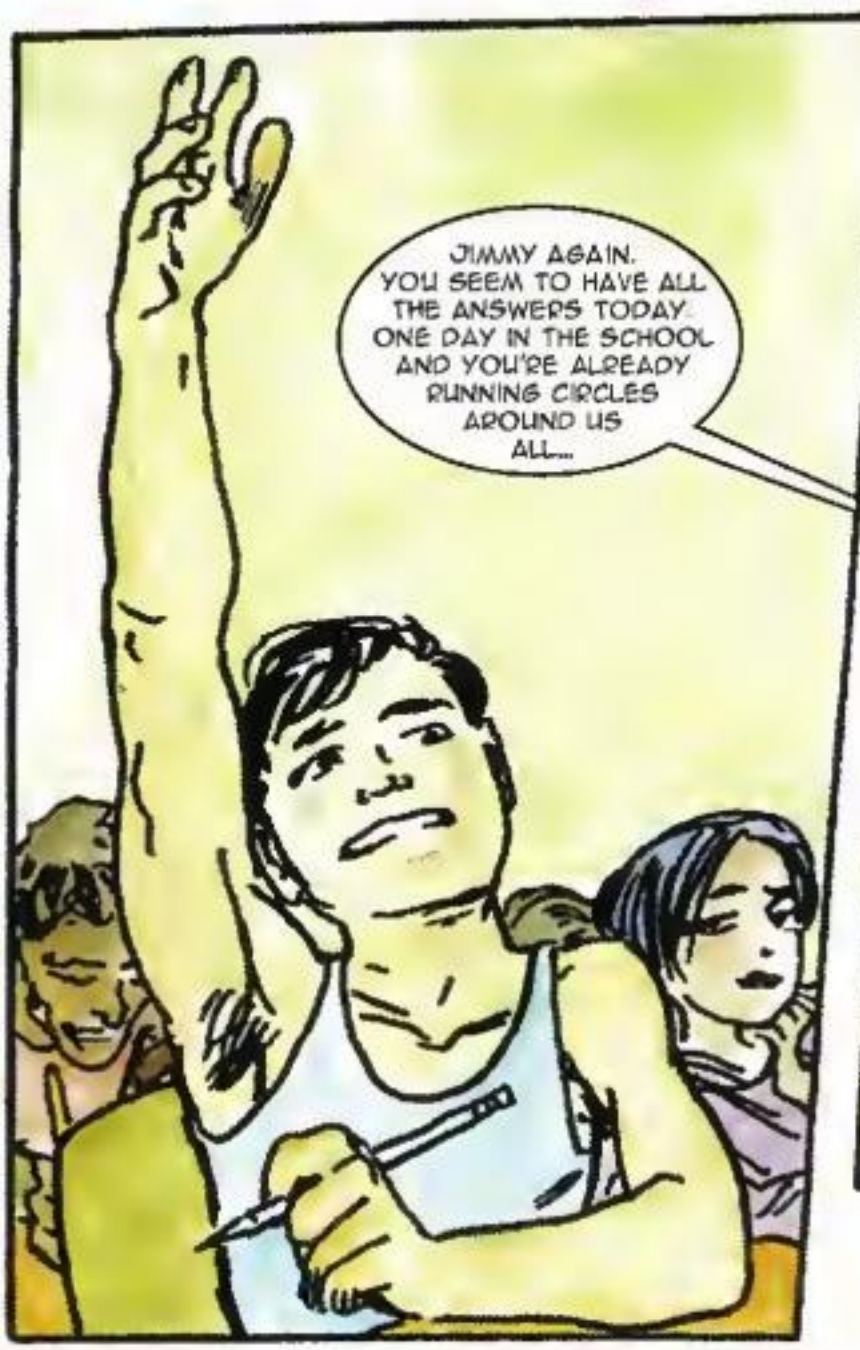
EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE GREAT.

YOU'RE GOING TO EAT A NUTRITIOUS BREAKFAST EVERY DAY.

FROM NOW ON I PROMISE NO MORE MISTAKES.

EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE JUST LIKE IT WAS BEFORE. I PROMISE.

SO. CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHY BREAKFAST IS THE MOST IMPORTANT MEAL OF THE DAY?


JIMMY AGAIN. YOU SEEM TO HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS TODAY. ONE DAY IN THE SCHOOL AND YOU'RE ALREADY RUNNING CIRCLES AROUND US ALL...

...YES, JIMMY YOU ARE CERTAINLY A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH.

END?

HA! AND THEY SAY WE'RE A BAD INFLUENCE ON KIDS!

HOO-HAH!

>GASP!< GOOD LORD! I'M ALL OUT OF >CHOKE< CHOCOLATE STUFFED FRUITY GRAIN BALLS!

HEE HEE!

LISTEN, V-K, YOU EAT *TOO MUCH* OF THAT STUFF! KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL NEED TO JOIN *JOHNNY CRAIG'S!*

I'M *OUTTA* HERE. I GOT MORE BACK AT MY *VAULT OF HORROR!* COMING?

LIKE I'M GOING TO STAY WITH C-K!?!

I THOUGHT THEY'D *NEVER* LEAVE!

WELL, KIDDIES, I'VE BEEN READING ALL YOUR WRETCHED *FANG MAIL* AND DECIDED WE SHOULD EMBARK ON A DARKER, SCARIER *NEW DIRECTION!* READ ALL ABOUT IN *THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER* AND BE SURE TO TELL US WHAT YOU THINK!

TERROR

NO. 6
ALL-NEW!

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

IN THIS ISSUE:
AN ALL-NEW STORY BY
JOE R. LANSDALE &
JOHN L. LANSDALE
TEXAS' TOP TERROR WRITERS!

FEATURING...

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

YouToomb
THE CRYPT KEEPER ADDRESSES HIS
IT'S ME--YOUR FRIENOLY NEIGHBORHOOD CEMETERY'S CRYPT-KEEPER. OOWNLOADING A OOOZY OF A SCARE-TALE!
HellBook

Jumping the Shark
WELCOME BACK TO "JUMPING THE SHARK" WHEN WE LAST LEFT YOU, CAITLIN WAS ABOUT TO EAT THIS JAR OF MAGGOTS.
EAT THE MAGGOTS! EAT THE MAGGOTS! EAT THE MAGGOTS!
SHE DID IT!!
GULP!
EEEEWWWW!
THE MAN WITH THE DARK SHADES IS PRODUCER LAZLO SLOAN. "JUMPING THE SHARK" IS HIS BABY
PHIL, YOU IDIOT! THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE THIS LATE WITH MY COFFEE YOU'RE FIRED!!
SORRY, MR SLOAN, SIR!
THE MAN WALKING AWAY... WELL, THAT'S ME. I'M PHIL RAFFERTY, LAZLO'S ASSISTANT.
SOME DAY THAT STUPID OLD COOT'S GOING TO GET HIS!

A COUPLE OF COMMERCIAL BREAKS LATER...

WHEN WE LAST LEFT YOU, RANDY HAD MADE IT UP TO THE FINAL LEVEL ON THE SHOW--*THE SHARK-INFESTED TANK!*

SNAP!

SPLOOSH!

...UH...
HEY! COME ON, PEOPLE! THIS IS NO BIG DEAL! PLEASE STAY IN YOUR SEATS!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPEN-ING!

THE VERY NEXT DAY...
WHAT HAPPENED TO RANDY EVANS WAS A TRAGEDY. BUT I THINK WE CAN ALL AGREE THAT HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS GETTING HIMSELF INTO. NO ONE PUT A GUN TO HIS HEAD AND SAID, "HEY YOU, SIGN THIS WAIVER!"
BUT MR. SLOAN--
NO MORE QUESTIONS!

GO TO RANDY'S FAMILY. WRITE THEM A CHECK-- LET THEM NAME THE AMOUNT...
MR. SLOAN-- THAT'S IMMORAL!
IMMORAL? WHAT IS THIS, KINDERGARTEN?! JUST SHUT UP AND GET THEM TO TAKE THE MONEY!!
THAT WAS THE LAST STRAW SOMEONE HAD TO TEACH HIM A LESSON...

AND SO...

HEY PHIL. WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS IDEA FOR A GAME SHOW?
IT'S CALLED "MILLIONAIRE HOBO" WHICH OF THESE FIVE HOMELESS MEN IS ACTUALLY THE HEIR TO A REAL ESTATE FORTUNE? WOULD YOU MARRY HIM JUST TO FIND OUT? IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST THING SINCE--

MOMENTS LATER...

AAHHH! WHERE AM I??

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS GOING ON?! IS THIS SOME KINDA SICK PRACTICAL JOKE?

PHIL??

YES, IT'S PHIL, YOUR PATSY ASSISTANT. WHO'S THE PATSY *NOW*, LAZLO?

OH, YOU ARE *SO* FIRED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LAZLO? SCARED? *NOW* DO YOU SEE HOW INHUMANE THIS SHOW IS?

INHUMANE? THIS SHOW ISN'T INHUMANE! I'LL PROVE IT!

LAZLO, WHAT ARE YOU DOING??

OKAY, LAZLO OLD BOY, THIS IS EASY...THIS IS EASY...

SWOOSH!

LISTEN TO YOU! "OH, THIS SHOW'S SO INHUMANE!" GIMME A BREAK!

OKAY LAZLO, YOU MADE YOUR POINT. NOW LET ME GET YOU DOWN FROM THERE

SEE? I DID IT! GET *YOU* COULDN'T DO IT WHY? CAUSE YOU'RE NOTHING, PHIL! YOU'RE JUST A NOBODY! JUST A PATSY, AND THAT'S ALL YOU'RE EVER GONNA BE! *HAHAHA!*

HAHAHAHAHA
SHUT UP!!
SPLOOSH!
AAAGHH! NO! NO!!
REND
GNAW
CRUNCH
LATER...
HE WAS UNDER A LOT OF PRESSURE, MR. WOLF. BUT I DIDN'T THINK HE'D COMMIT SUICIDE.
WOW. TAKING A HEADER INTO HIS OWN SHARK TANK. EH? SAD. SO SAD
WELL. WE CAN'T LIVE IN THE PAST FOR-EVER. AND THAT BRINGS ME TO YOU, PHIL.
ME??
CAN I BE CANDID? WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU LATELY. AND WE THINK

ARK
"...YOU'RE JUST THE RIGHT PERSON TO SUCCEED LAZLO SLOAN!"
PARDON OUR APPEARANCE
I'M GONNA DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY THAN LAZLO SLOAN! NO MORE INHUMANE STUNTS. NO MORE DANGEROUS SHARK TANKS! HIS DEATH WON'T HAVE BEEN IN VAIN!

IARK
YOU'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING, PHIL! THE RATINGS HAVE TAKEN A NOSE-DIVE! PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO SEE CONTESTANTS SWINGING OVER A TANK FULL OF JELL-O! THEY WANT DANGER! EXCITEMENT! AND IF YOU CAN'T GIVE IT TO THEM, WE'LL GET SOMEONE WHO CAN!

BUT THIS JOB IS MY WHOLE LIFE! MAYBE LAZLO WASN'T SO WRONG AFTER ALL...
THERE ARE GONNA BE SOME CHANGES AROUND HERE, FOLKS! SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT THAT LAZLO SLOAN'S STUNTS WERE DANGEROUS, INHUMANE. BUT NOT ME! I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A VISIONARY! AND HIS STUNTS WEREN'T TOO DANGEROUS...

"...THEY WEREN'T DANGEROUS ENOUGH!
YOU'RE WATCHING THE NEW JUMPING THE SHARK!
WHEN WE LAST LEFT MAX, HE WAS ABOUT TO SWING OVER THE CAGE OF STARVING GRIZZLY BEARS WITH CHAINSAWS STRAPPED TO THEIR HEADS THAT WAITS BELOW HIM! AND THE CAGE..HAS NO ROOF!
GREAT SHOW TODAY, MR RAFFERTY!
THANKS, TOMMY!
WHAT THE--? SOMEONE'S GOT A SICK SENSE OF HUMOR!

HELLO, PHIL! HOW'S SHOWBIZ?

L-LAZLO!

BUT...BUT...IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD!

YEAH YEAH, WHATEVER, JERKY. BUT REALLY, I'VE GOT THIS IDEA FOR A NEW SHOW AND I'M DYING TO TRY IT OUT ON YOU!

I KNOW WHAT THIS IS. THIS IS SOME KINDA PRACTICAL JOKE ISN'T IT? WELL, THAT'S A LOUSY LAZLO SLOAN MASK. DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE HIM! NOW, TAKE IT OFF!

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING! WHAT IF YOU TOOK A COUPLE THAT WAS MADLY IN LOVE AND HAD THEM LIVE FOR SIX MONTHS IN A HOUSE... ***WHERE IT'S RAINING INDOORS 24/7!*** HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE THEM TO BE AT EACH OTHERS' THROATS?

IT'S-- IT'S NOT A MASK!

ANYWAY, I CALL IT "COLD SHOWER," AND IT'LL BE THE HIT OF THE NEW FALL SEASON!

SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP!!
WELL... IF YOU DON'T LIKE THAT, I'VE GOT PLENTY OF OTHER IDEAS
HOW ABOUT A SHOW CALLED "SAW YOUR OWN LEG OFF"! YOU USE A HACKSAW TO CHOP OFF ONE OF YOUR LEGS BEFORE THE BUZZER GOES OFF...

...AND YOU WIN A WHOPPING $100 IN CASH AND PRIZES!
I SAID SHUT UP!!
I'VE...GOT... MORE...IDEAS --ACK!

I'D LIKE TO SEE LAZLO COME BACK FROM THAT!

NOBODY SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND HIM OUT HERE...

OKAY NOW, JOSH, YOU MAY WANT TO *FALL ON THE BED OF NAILS*, JUST TO SEE IF THEY'RE REALLY SHARP ENOUGH!

UM...GEE, MR. RAFFERTY...I'D RATHER NOT...

AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU CARED ABOUT QUALITY TELEVISION!

I'VE BROUGHT YOUR CAR AROUND, MR. RAFFERTY!

AH, THIS IS THE LIFE. AND TO THINK, I OWE IT ALL TO--

IT CAN'T BE!

THIS ISN'T HAPPENING... THIS ISN'T HAPPENING...

HONK!!

WHEW! GUESS I WAS JUST IMAGINING THINGS.

HOW ABOUT THIS?

WE GET POOR KIDS FROM ETHIOPIA AND TAKE THEM TO MCDONALD'S. SEE HOW FAST THEY CAN MAKE THEMSELVES FAT! I CALL IT...

NOOO!

SCREEE

WHOOM!

MAYBE THIS IS WHAT I NEED, A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET. AWAY FROM "JUMPING THE SHARK," AWAY FROM THINGS THAT REMIND ME OF--
SO HERE'S WHAT I'M THINKING

IT'S A QUIZ SHOW CALLED "ARE YOU SMARTER THAN A CORPSE?" WE ASK PEOPLE QUESTIONS THAT A CORPSE GOT WRONG WHILE HE WAS ALIVE. BUT THE TWIST IS, WHEN THE CORPSE WAS ALIVE, HE WAS ALBERT EINSTEIN!!
NURSE!!!!

HE'S HERE! HE'S THERE! HE'S EVERYWHERE!!
IT'S OKAY, MR. RAFFERTY. JUST CALM DOWN...

NOW COUNT TO TEN AND EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY...

BUT IT WASN'T OKAY FROM THEN ON. I WAS A JANGLY BAG OF NERVES.
ALWAYS ON EDGE...
SO THE CONTESTANT STICKS HIS HEAD IN HERE--WHERE THE WATERMELON IS-- AND THEN...
...FOREVER EXPECTING TO SEE *HIM* PEEKING OUT BEHIND EVERY CORNER
AAGH!
SLICE!
NEVER SEEN ANYONE GET SO FREAKED OUT BY A WATERMELON BEFORE!

IF MY DAYS WERE ANXIETY-RIDDEN MY NIGHTS WERE WORSE...
WAS I GOING MAD?

OR WAS THERE SOMETHING TO IT?
AND THEN IT HAPPENED...
...I SNAPPED
ALL RIGHT! THAT'S ENOUGH!
POWPOWPOW

NO NO NO!!
HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS? HOW DO YOU KEEP COMING BACK??

SILLY BOY..
...I'M A RERUN!

YO, SCARENTINO-- BACK IT UP!
VAULT-KEEPER, IF YOU WERE ANY CLOSER YOU'D BE BEHIND ME!
CHILL, C-K! YOU'LL RUIN MY YOU TOOMB VIDEO!
GRUESOME
WHAT?! IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET YOU TAKE CREDIT FOR ONE OF MY TALES, YOU'RE BATTIER THAN YOU LOOK! I'M SO OUTTA HERE!
GRUESOME
WHAT A DIVA! HOWZA 'BOUT YOU, OLD WITCH? GOT A THRILLER-CHILLER TO TELL?
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK! THIS ONE IS REALLY SPECIAL, SO GET READY FOR A...
CRYPT OF TIME

WONDER WHOSE POCKET SHE PICKED FOR THAT WATCH
WHAT ARE ALL THESE KNOBS ON THE SIDE?
POP!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS THING...PIECE OF JUNK.

'EY, YOU, SUVNER!

TWEEEEEET!

ZZZZZZZZZZZZ

SKRK

SMACK

VOTER REGISTRATION
WE SHALL OVERCOME
EQUAL RIGHTS
BIRTH CONTROL
NOW
BERLIN WALL
IRAN CONTRA
XII
I
II
III
IV
V
VI
VII
VIII
IX
X
XI

POP!

WOW! COOL. LIKE MONEY FROM HOME.

HALDEMANS PAWN SHOP

219

SOLD SILVER

:MANS SHOP

LOOK OUT GOOD, TIMES, HERE YOU COME.

HEY, BOB.
GOT ANYTHING INTERESTING FOR ME, HARRY?
NEED A WATCH?
GOT FOUR.
BUT I BET NONE OF THEM ARE VICTORIAN.
VICTORIAN?
THAT'S RIGHT. AND IT LOOKS TO HAVE A BUNCH OF DOO-HICKIES ON IT. NEVER SEEN ONE QUITE LIKE IT.
YOU'VE GOT A SALE.

H.G. WELLS ...SOUNDS FAMILIAR.

WE HAD THE MONEY YOU SPENT ON ALL THIS JUNK. WE COULD TAKE A REAL VACATION.

NO, SALLY!

NOW WHAT HAVE YOU GOT!

NO! NO! IT'S VICTORIAN!

VICTORIAN, VALEDICTORIAN, WHAT DO I CARE?!

WHAP!
TUNK
NOW GO FIX THAT DISHWASHER LIKE I TOLD YOU YESTERDAY.
NO MORE JUNK, BOBBY. I'M SICK OF IT!
COMICS
FAMILY TIME

LATER...
THAT WOMAN WHAT A HARPY!
THE WATCH IS LEAKING SOMETHING DAMN HER SHE'S BROKEN IT

?!?
WHAT IN THE WORLD?

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE BACK IN--
BUMP!
IT'S EVERY WITCH FOR HERSELF.
BOB! YOU COWARD! COME BACK!

QUITE A FALL.
NOTHING SEEMS BROKEN...
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM. BUT I LIKE IT.

THUD!

YUK!
PUNT!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
THUK

KRAASH!

BAM!
OH, MY.

WHAT A BREAK
PUF
PUF
THAT CAME OUT OF THIS WATCH? WHAT KIND OF WATCH IS THIS?
H.G. Wells
HUMMMM
SOUNDS LIKE A TIMER

WHAT THE HELL?

SUCK!

IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN BRING HIM BACK...AND I HAVE THAT CHARITY PROGRAM

RRRR

TWEEEEET!
I SAID 'OLD UP, GUV'NER
FWIP
PUD

I DIDN'T SEE 'IM, OFFICERS ..RUN RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF ME...WHAT?

BLIMEY

WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH I KILLED THE POOR BLOKE, I'VE DONE SQAUSHED HIS TIME PIECE

DON'T FEEL SO BAD, GUV NER THAT THERE WAS JACK THE RIPPER. BEST HE'S OUT OF TIME

THAT'S ENOUGH! GET OUTTA MY CRYPT!
YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS 'CAUSE MY TALE ROCKED!
YEAH, I'M SURE CERTAIN DEAD PSYCHOLOGISTS WOULD AGREE!
You Toomb
THE CRYPT KEEPER ADDRESSES HI
AND SPEAKING OF INCONVENIENT TRUTH --GOOD THING WE'RE JUST VIRTUAL, AS IN NOT REAL! AFTER ALL, WASN'T THE INTERNET INVENTED BY A DUDE NAMED GORE?!
HellBook
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

TERROR

NO. 7
ALL-NEW!

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

IN THIS ISSUE:
AN ALL-NEW STORY BY
JOE R. LANSDALE &
JOHN L. LANSDALE
TEXAS' TOP TERROR WRITERS!

FEATURING...

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

$3.95US
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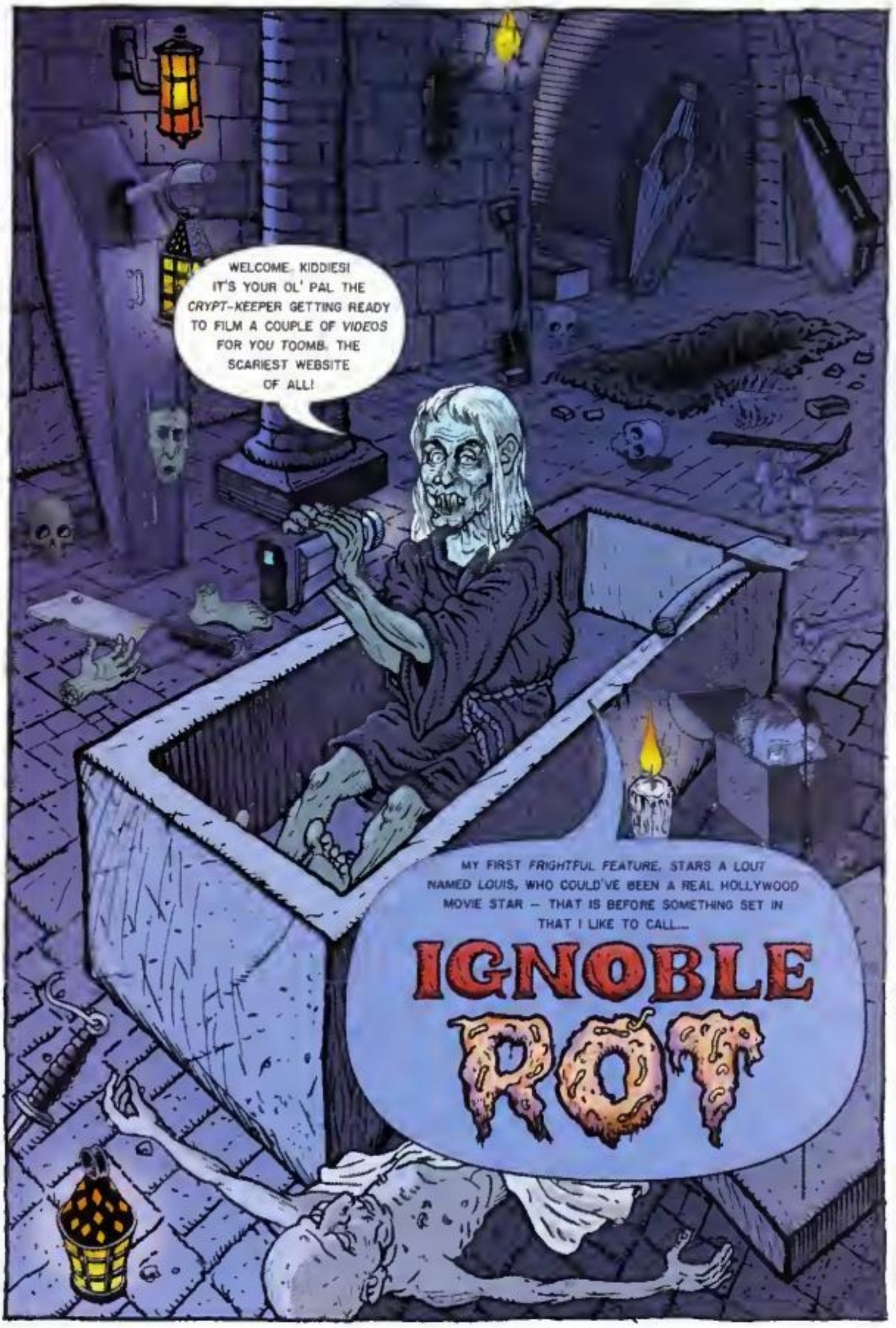
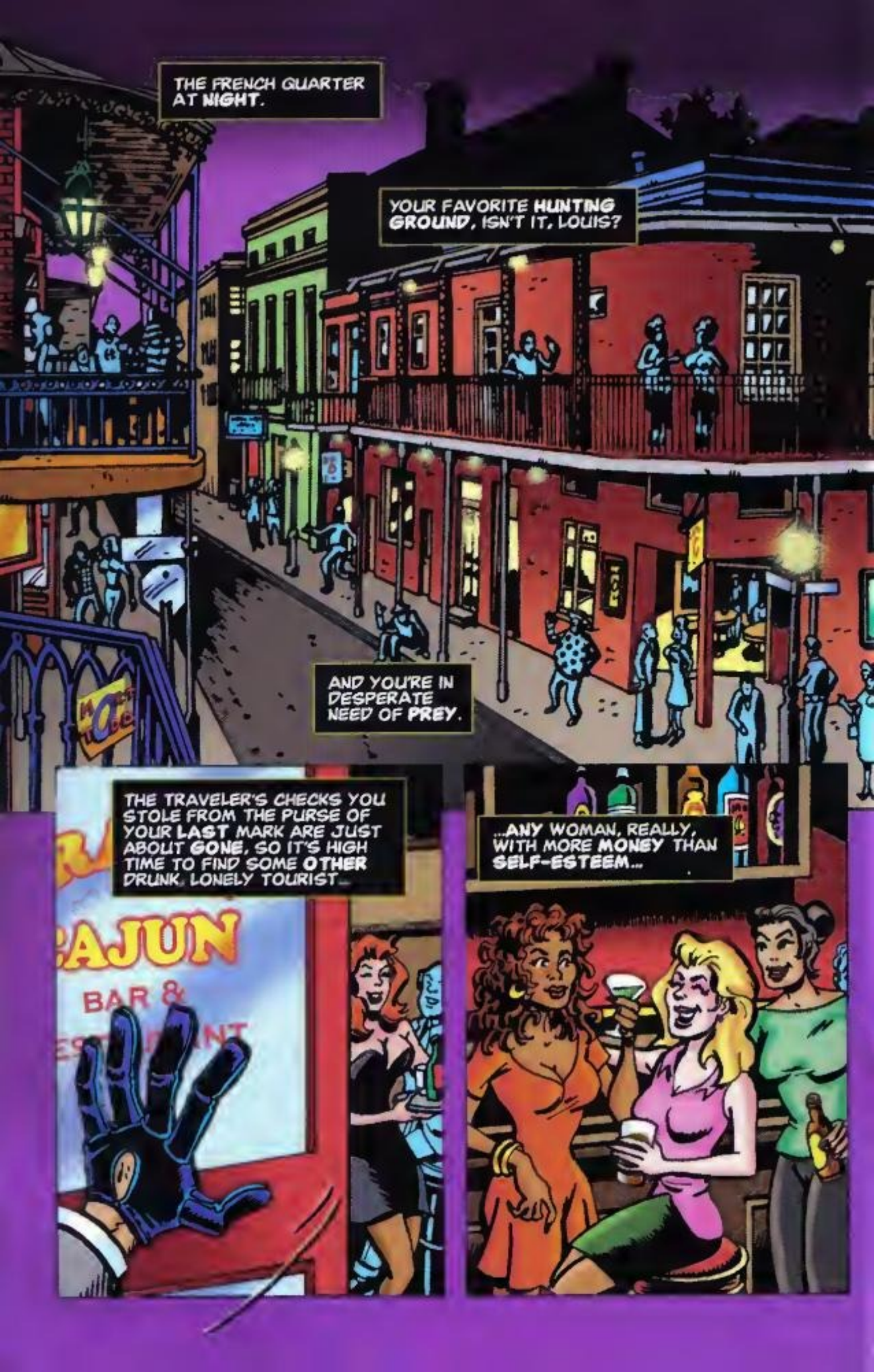

WELCOME, KIDDIES! IT'S YOUR OL' PAL THE *CRYPT-KEEPER* GETTING READY TO FILM A COUPLE OF *VIDEOS* FOR YOU *TOOMB*, THE SCARIEST WEBSITE OF ALL!
MY FIRST *FRIGHTFUL FEATURE*, STARS A LOUT NAMED LOUIS, WHO COULD'VE BEEN A REAL HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STAR — THAT IS BEFORE SOMETHING SET IN THAT I LIKE TO CALL...
IGNOBLE
ROT


THE FRENCH QUARTER AT NIGHT.
YOUR FAVORITE HUNTING GROUND, ISN'T IT, LOUIS?
AND YOU'RE IN DESPERATE NEED OF PREY.
THE TRAVELER'S CHECKS YOU STOLE FROM THE PURSE OF YOUR LAST MARK ARE JUST ABOUT GONE, SO IT'S HIGH TIME TO FIND SOME OTHER DRUNK, LONELY TOURIST...
...ANY WOMAN, REALLY, WITH MORE MONEY THAN SELF-ESTEEM...
CAJUN
BAR &

BON SOIR, LADIES!
I MADE QUITE A KILLING ON A '56 CHARDONNAY TODAY, SO STICK CLOSE, I'M BUYING ALL NIGHT LO---
GROSS!

STUCK-UP LITTLE...
TEE HEE
HA HA
...WITH YOUR GOOD LOOKS, CHARISMA, AND URBANE SOPHISTICA--

OH, @#@★!

NOT A PROMISING START TO THE EVENING, IS IT, LOUIS?
MEN
DON'T WORRY...

...IT GETS WORSE.
AT FIRST YOU WONDER WHAT THESE SLACK-JAWED OUT-OF-TOWNERS' PROBLEM IS...
THEN...
...YOU SEE IT FOR YOURSELF.
GASP!
CHOKE!

WHAT YOU SEE IS BAD ENOUGH...

...BUT IT'S WHAT YOU DON'T SEE THAT TERRIFIES YOU!

YOU DON'T SEE FOG ON THE MIRROR FROM YOUR BREATH! FOR NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU STRAIN YOUR LUNGS...

...YOU CANNOT BREATHE!

NOR IS THERE A PULSE BENEATH YOUR WRIST---

---AND THE SKIN IS COLD AND CLAMMY TO THE TOUCH--- LIKE RUBBER LEFT OUTSIDE OVERNIGHT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE EXPLANATION, NO MATTER HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT SEEMS:

I-I'M...

I'M DEAD!!!

BUT--- SOMEHOW, SOME WAY--- YOU'RE STILL MOVING AROUND---
---AND SO THE NAME COMES TO YOU INSTANTLY, BURNING AN INDELIBLE IMPRINT INTO YOUR BRAIN:
DEDE.
THAT HIDEOUS OLD WITCH-WOMAN. YOU KNOW SHE--- AND ONLY SHE--- MUST BE RESPONSIBLE.
HER MISTAKE, IF SHE TRIED TO KILL YOU FROM AFAR, FOR NOT FINISHING THE JOB!
BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE RIGHT OUT TO HER PATHETIC SWAMP TRAILER PARK AND BEAT HER INTO REVERSING WHATEVER HEX SHE'S---
@#@★!!
YOU ASSUME IT'S PART OF HER CURSE THAT YOU'VE BECOME SO CLUMSY ALL OF A SUDDEN--- THAT YOUR MUSCLES DON'T WANT TO DO WHAT YOU TELL THEM TO.

YOU'RE NO CORONER, OF COURSE. NOR DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU DIED WHILE NAPPING IN YOUR FLOPHOUSE OVER THREE HOURS AGO.
SO YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT WHEN THE HEART STOPS, GRAVITY IMMEDIATELY BEGINS TO PULL THE STAGNANT BLOOD DOWN. DOWN. INTO THE LOWER PARTS OF THE BODY...
...IN THIS INSTANCE. YOUR FACE. DUE TO YOUR SLEEPING POSITION.
THEY CALL THAT REDDISH-BROWN DISCOLORATION LIVOR MORTIS.
AND THE FACT YOU CAN'T MAKE YOUR MUSCLES DO WHAT YOU WANT THEM TO?
GET IN THERE... BLASTED KEYS!!
THAT THEY'RE SO LOOSE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE TRYING TO OPERATE A MARIONETTE WITH CUT STRINGS?
THAT WOULD BE "PRIMARY FLACCIDITY." FREED FROM THE BURDEN OF LIFE, ALL YOUR MUSCLES HAVE GONE COMPLETELY LAX.
INCLUDING YOUR BLADDER MUSCLES ...HENCE THE LITTLE "ACCIDENT" BACK AT THE BAR.
SKREEEECH

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW ANY OF THAT.
ALL YOU DO KNOW IS THAT THIS IS DEDE'S FAULT.
DEDE'S--- AND CECILE'S.

CECILE, EVEN MORE INSECURE THAN SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, WHO SAID SHE WAS AN OIL EXECUTIVE'S DAUGHTER TAKING A YEAR OFF FROM BUSINESS SCHOOL AT TULANE...
...THE PERFECT MARK.

IN NO TIME AT ALL, YOU HAD HER EATING OUT OF THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.
TASTE THAT DELICATE SWEETNESS?
THAT COMES FROM WHAT WE CALL "NOBLE ROT" IN THE GRAPE...
SHE WANTED YOU TO MEET HER PARENTS--- A GOOD SIGN. YOU'D BEEN MARRIED SIX TIMES BEFORE... ALL UNDER VARIOUS PSEUDONYMS...
...AND ALWAYS RESULTING IN DIVORCE SETTLEMENTS HIGHLY PLEASING TO YOUR WALLET.

BUT THERE'S NOTHING A PARASITE HATES MORE THAN A HOST NEEDIER THAN IT.
TURNS OUT CECILE WAS LYING ABOUT HER BACKGROUND--- SHE WAS REALLY WHITE TRASH FROM SOME CAJUN DUMP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BAYOU...

...COMPLETE WITH A CREEPY OLD GREAT-AUNT, TANTE DEDE, A TRAITEUSE, OR WITCH-WOMAN, WHO CLAIMED SHE HAD THE POWER TO "STRIKE YOU DOWN" IF YOU "DISRESPECTED" CECILE.
CECILE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D WANT HER IF YOU KNEW THE TRUTH!

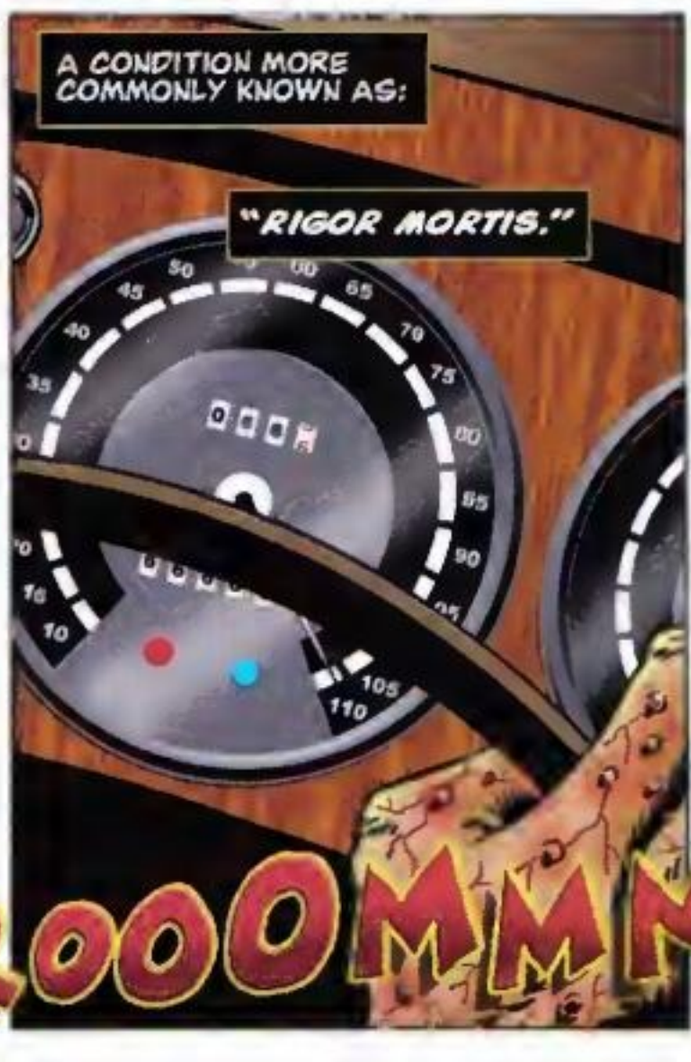
SHE GOT THAT RIGHT!
VRRROAR
REALLY, YOU WERE DOING HER A FAVOR--- SHE'D FIND OUT YOU HAD NO INTEREST IN BEING SOMEBODY ELSE'S MEAL TICKET EVENTUALLY!

BUT APPARENTLY OL' TANTE DEDE DIDN'T SEE IT THAT WAY...

SHE'S STRUCK YOU DOWN WITH SOME KIND OF DEATH CURSE.
SCENIC BAYOU AREA LAST EXIT
WELL, YOU'LL BE AT HER TRAILER WITHIN THE HOUR. THEN SHE'LL BE SORRY SHE EVER---

WHA--- ?!
MY EYES—!
OH, LOOK AT THE TIME--- HOW IT FLIES.

YOU'VE BEEN ON THE ROAD FOR A WHILE. IT'S BEEN SIX HOURS SINCE YOU DIED.
CHEMICAL CHANGES IN YOUR CORPSE HAVE CAUSED ALL ITS MUSCLES TO LOCK IN PLACE.
VRRRRRROOOMMM


A CONDITION MORE COMMONLY KNOWN AS:
"RIGOR MORTIS."

ZOOOMM

SMASH!

KRASH!

THUD
AND IT LASTS A WHILE.
YOU CAN'T SEE WITH YOUR EYELIDS CLAMPED SHUT. BUT YOU CAN FEEL THE RISING SUN BAKING WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU.
WAKING THE MICROBES--- COLSTRIDIUM PUTRIFIUM--- THAT HAD BEEN LIVING IN YOUR FLESH SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN...
...PATIENTLY WAITING FOR YOU TO DIE SO THEY CAN BEGIN DEVOURING YOU IN THE PROCESS OF DECOMPOSITION.

THE BACTERIA AT WORK GIVE OFF QUITE AN ODOR.
A FRAGRANCE REPULSIVE TO MOST...
...BUT IRRESISTIBLE TO OTHERS.

IT GOES ON FOREVER. OR SO IT SEEMS.
AND THOUGH YOU CANNOT MOVE A MUSCLE, YOU ARE TOTALLY, HORRIBLY AWAKE THROUGH ALL OF IT.
WHEN NOT SCREAMING IN SILENT HORROR...
...YOU FANTASIZE ABOUT EVERY CONCEIVABLE WAY TO KILL A CROW.
OF COURSE, BY THE TIME THAT HAPPENS...
...YOU ARE QUITE MAD.
YOU DON'T EVEN EXPRESS ANY GRATITUDE WHEN THEY RESTORE YOUR SIGHT TO YOU.

AFTER A **DAY** OR SO, *RIGOR MORTIS* FADES INTO **SECONDARY** FLACCIDITY.

SECONDARY FLACCIDITY IS NOT **PRIMARY** FLACCIDITY.

YOUR MOVEMENTS ARE NOT MUCH MORE THAN A **SHAMBLE.**

NGGGGEE GGEEEE...

YOUR MOUTH AND THROAT ARE TOO **WEAK** TO GIVE VOICE TO YOUR **PURPOSE.**

BUT IT **IS** THAT PURPOSE--- IN THE FORM OF A **NAME**, BRANDED ONTO WHAT **REMAINS** OF YOUR **ROTTING** BRAIN...

...THAT CONTINUES TO SPUR YOU **FORWARD**, LIKE AN **URGENT RIDER.**

YOU WILL LET NOTHING SLOW YOUR PROGRESS.
YOU KNOW NEITHER FATIGUE... NOR FEAR.
WOULD-BE PREDATORS...
...AVOID YOU.
THEY KNOW SPOILED MEAT WHEN THEY SMELL IT.

INSTINCT TELLS YOU WHEN YOU'VE REACHED YOUR DESTINATION...
...WHICH IS...
...WHERE, AGAIN?
SO HARD TO REMEMBER.
THE NOXIOUS FLATULENCE OF PUTRESCENT GASES ESCAPING YOUR BLOATED CORPSE DOES NOT HELP YOUR CONCENTRATION.
PFFFFT
POP
SSSSS

YES, YES, HERE YOU ARE. WHERE YOU WANTED TO BE. THAT MUCH YOU CAN RECALL.

HERE, WHERE YOU WANTED TO... TO DO WHAT?

BLAST! THAT'S THE PART YOU'RE MISSING.

COULD IT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT OLD WOMAN?

NO... PROBABLY NOT. YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE IN YOUR 'LIFE.'

NNGG EEEG GEE...

BEST TO RETURN TO THE SWAMP. THE PRIMORDIAL, ETERNAL STILLNESS OF THE SWAMP.

PERHAPS THERE YOU WILL FIND PEACE.

MGGGN NEEHH!!
SNAP!
TANTE DEDE! TANTE DEDE! YOU WERE RIGHT!
HE COME BACK FOR YOU--- JUST LIKE YOU SAID HE WOULD!
MNEHHH!!
I KNEW IT! I KNEW IF I STRUCK YOU WITH THE DEATH CURSE YOU'D COME AFTER ME--- YOU'RE THAT TYPE!
HAD TO LURE YOU BACK HERE---
---SO YOU CAN MAKE RIGHT WHAT YOU DID!
LEAD THE CITY SLICKER IN THERE, BOYS! DON'T WANT TO KEEP EVERYBODY WAITING!

YOU'RE GONNA MAKE AN **HONEST WOMAN** OF MY GRANDNIECE!

AFTER YOU **ABANDONED** HER---

---CECILE WENT AND **DROWNED HERSELF** IN THE **BAYOU!**

BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA GET OFF **THAT** EASY---

---LEAVING HER IN A **FAMILY WAY** LIKE THAT!

NNNEEE HHHH!!
NU-UH! YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE!
AIN'T NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN SOME RESPONSIBILITY!
YOU SWORE YOU'D NEVER BE ANYBODY ELSE'S MEAL TICKET, LOUIS! NOT ANY WOMAN'S--- CERTAINLY NOT ANY CHILD'S---
BUT NOW YOU CAN KISS YOUR PRECIOUS FREEDOM GOODBYE! MIGHT AS WELL SHED A TEAR FOR IT AS IT GOES.
DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY....
AFTER ALL, YOU ALWAYS CRY AT WEDDINGS.
UNFORTUNATELY, BY THIS TIME, CALLIPHORA VICINA, THE BLOW FLY, HAS LAID EGGS IN YOUR TEAR DUCTS.
SO ONLY MAGGOTS COME OUT...

NOW, THAT WAS A REAL *BADTIME STORY!*
MY NEXT ONSLAUGHT OF ONLINE *TERROR* IS THE *TAIL*, I MEAN *TALE* OF TWO *HIRSUTE HOUSEPETS*, ER, I MEAN *HOUSEMATES*...
GRR!
GRR!
AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE *VAULT-KEEPER* AND THE *OLD WITCH* IN THEIR *CHEAP RUBBER MASKS!*
GRR?
GIVE IT UP!
IT'S A STORY THAT STARTS ON THE CITY'S *MEAN STREETS*! I CALL IT...
MOONLIGHT SONATA

IT WAS A RARE HOME RUN FOR ROSCOE LITTLE. MUGGER BY PROFESSION. COWARD BY NATURE.
ROSCOE'S "CUSTOMER" IS ONE DRAGO SAVAGE. AN UPTOWN MAN TAKING A SHORT CUT ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE BUTCHER SHOP.
PERFECT SHOT. WHICH MEANS HE WON'T BE NEEDING HIS GOODS ANYMORE.
A HOUSE KEY AND A WALLET FULL OF MONEY. JACKPOT.

ADDRESS ON THE LICENSE PRETTY UPTOWN DISS. MIGHT BE WORTH CHECKING OUT.
LOOKS LIKE A PACKAGE OF MEAT... MIGHT AS WELL GO FOR THE WHOLE HOG.
LOOKS DARK.. MAYBE EMPTY. THAT WOULD BE GOOD.
ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

JACKPOT...
TIME TO CHECK OUT WHAT'S GOING TO THE PAWN SHOP
NICE... AND IF NO ONE'S HERE, THIS BED WILL BEAT SLEEPING IN AN ALLEY
ALL MEN'S CLOTHES... MUST LIVE ALONE. THIS GETS BETTER AND BETTER.

TIME TO FIND THE KITCHEN. CHECK OUT WHAT'S FOR DINNER
BEATS THE THROWAWAYS AT JOE'S GRILL
STEAKS! I NEED TO BEAN ME ONE OF THESE GUYS EVERY NIGHT.
MAN, THAT SMELLS GREAT.

AHHRO
OOO!
WHAT THE HELL?
AHROOOOOO!
GUY MUST HAVE A DOG
AHROOOOO!
BUT I NEVER HEARD A DOG LIKE THAT
AHROOOOOOO!
NOPE. NOT DOGS.

JUST LIKE IN THE HORROR MOVIES.. WERE-WOLVES
SO THAT'S WHO THE STEAKS WERE FOR

LATER...
THIS IS THE LIFE... EVEN GOT MY OWN EXOTIC PETS
THIS IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE LIKES OF YOU TWO
SURE BEATS THE CHEAP STUFF
AN EXPENSIVE WINE HANGOVER IS A LOT LIKE A CHEAP WINE HANGOVER

MORNING... ALREADY.
WHAT HAPPENED TO MY WERE-WOLVES?
THAT WOULD BE US.
WHERE'S DRAGO?

YOU SURE LOOK BETTER WITHOUT ALL THAT HAIR AND TEETH, HONEY. AS FOR DRAGO, HE AIN'T COMING BACK.
OH, NO. HE WAS OUR BROTHER. OUR PROTECTOR WHAT WILL WE DO?
I'M IN CHARGE NOW SO, YOU'LL DO WHAT I TELL YOU.
HAVE PITY ON US.
I'LL HAVE WHATEVER I WANT, AND THE FIRST THING I WANT IS TO KNOW HOW YOU COME TO BE THE FREAKS YOU ARE.

WILL YOU HELP US IF WE TELL YOU?
I MIGHT. YOU NEVER KNOW. TELL ME.
"WE'RE A FAMILY OF ARCHEOLOGISTS." LIKE OUR PARENTS. ALL EXCEPT DRAGO
"WE DISCOVERED AN UNDISTURBED TOMB IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS A LOCAL TOLD US OF THE PLACE HE WOULD ONLY TAKE US THERE WHEN IT WAS NEAR NIGHT.
IT'S THE SYMBOL OF ANUBIS.
MOST DEFINITELY

IT'S A CURSE OF SOME KIND. SAYS ANUBIS WILL SEND HIS MINIONS TO AVENGE HIM IF THE TOMB IS OPENED
RIDICULOUS, OF COURSE. OPEN IT.
TO HELL WITH ARCHEOLOGY! WE CAN MAKE A FORTUNE.
"WE WERE OVERCOME WITH GREED.
THE MOON IS UP AND YOUR PATH IS BLOCKED
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I AM A GUARDIAN OF THIS TOMB. NOW YOU WILL BE PUNISHED FOR YOUR INVASION.
!!EEEE!
"I WAS BITTEN.
"WE WERE BOTH BITTEN.

"BUT BY ACCIDENT WE FOUND THE BEAST'S ACHILLE'S HEEL.
"IT WAS SILVER.
"WHEN IT WAS DEAD, WE GAVE UP ON THE PLACE AND FLED.
"WHEN WE RETURNED HOME THE CURSE KICKED IN. AND WE BECAME AS YOU SAW US."

HOW COME YOU'RE IN THESE CAGES?
TO KEEP US SAFE, AND TO KEEP OTHERS SAFE. JUST BEFORE DAYLIGHT, DRAGO SETS US FREE.
BUT AT NIGHT, WE STAY IN THESE CAGES.
WELL, HE AIN'T HERE FOR THAT NOW, IS HE? I LIKE YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE.
AND IF YOU'RE A GOOD LITTLE BOY AND GIRL, I MIGHT JUST KEEP FEEDING YOU... SCRAPS, OF COURSE. MIGHT GET YOU MATCHING FLEA COLLARS.
HA! HA! HA!
BUT IN THE MEANTIME, I'M GOING TO LOOT THIS JOINT SIX WAYS FROM SUNDAY.

ROSCOE MADE A NUMBER OF TRIPS TO THE PAWNSHOP.
LAYAWAY
Up to 6 Months
HE WENT METHODICALLY FROM ROOM TO ROOM.
WHAT'S HE DO WITH ALL THESE BOOKS?

HEY, THIS IS ABOUT WERE-WOLVES AND VAMPIRES.
VAMPIRES CAN'T STAND CROSSES, DAYLIGHT AND THE WOOD FROM A HAWTHORN TREE. BUT WHAT I GOT IS WEREWOLVES... LETS SEE.
WEREWOLVES ARE SUBJECT TO DISPATCH BY ANYTHING SILVER.
HEY, THAT'S WHAT MISSY FANG SAID... BUT WHO CARES? THEY'RE IN A CAGE.
NOW, THIS WILL SELL.

HEY, THESE LOOK LIKE...
THEY ARE... THEY'RE SILVER. WELL, OLD DRAGO WASN'T ENTIRELY TRUSTING OF BUBBA AND SIS.
THIS PLACE IS ABOUT WORKED OUT.

NOW TO SEE IF THESE BULLETS WORK... DON'T WANT TO LEAVE ANY WITNESSES.
EVEN IF THEY ARE PART-TIME WERE-WOLVES.
RRRR RRARGH!
AND BEFORE I LEAVE I'M GOING TO GET ME ANOTHER BOTTLE OF THAT WINE!
LADY AND GENT, TIME TO SAY GOODNIGHT.
BLAM!
BLAM!

WELL, THAT'S THAT.
BECAUSE OF YOU, I HAD TO SLEEP IN A DUMPSTER TODAY.

YOU... HOW..? YOU'RE DEAD.
THE CLUB YOU HIT ME WITH... MUST HAVE BEEN HAW-THORNE
AND YES I'M DEAD. I'VE BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME.
SILVER BULLETS ARE FOR WERE-WOLVES
THEY'RE NOT FOR...
!!!EEEEE!!
...VAMPIRES!
THE END

ANIMAL LOVERS, PLEASE NOTE THAT NO *WERE-WOLVES* WERE ACTUALLY MISTREATED IN THE MAKING OF THAT VIDEO!
KILLED, YES! *MISTREATED*, NO!
WHA--?!
ENOUGH OF THAT, *SCARENTINO*!
GRAB!
IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD NIGHT, KIO-DIES!
BUT BEFORE WE PUT THIS ISSUE TO *DEATHBED*, I MUST *WARN* OUR *ROTTEN READERS* NOT TO MISS OUR NEXT ISSUE! IT FEATURES TWO *TERROR-TALES* YOU WON'T SOON FORGET!
GOOD NIGHT, KIDDIES! AND PLEASANT SCREAMS!
HAHAHA!

TERROR

PAPERCUTS

NO. 8
ALL-NEW!

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

1 of 2
COVERS

IN THIS ISSUE:
AN ALL-NEW STORY BY
JOE R. LANSDALE &
JOHN L. LANSDALE
CHAMPION MOJO STORYTELLERS!

FEATURING...

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

$3.95 US

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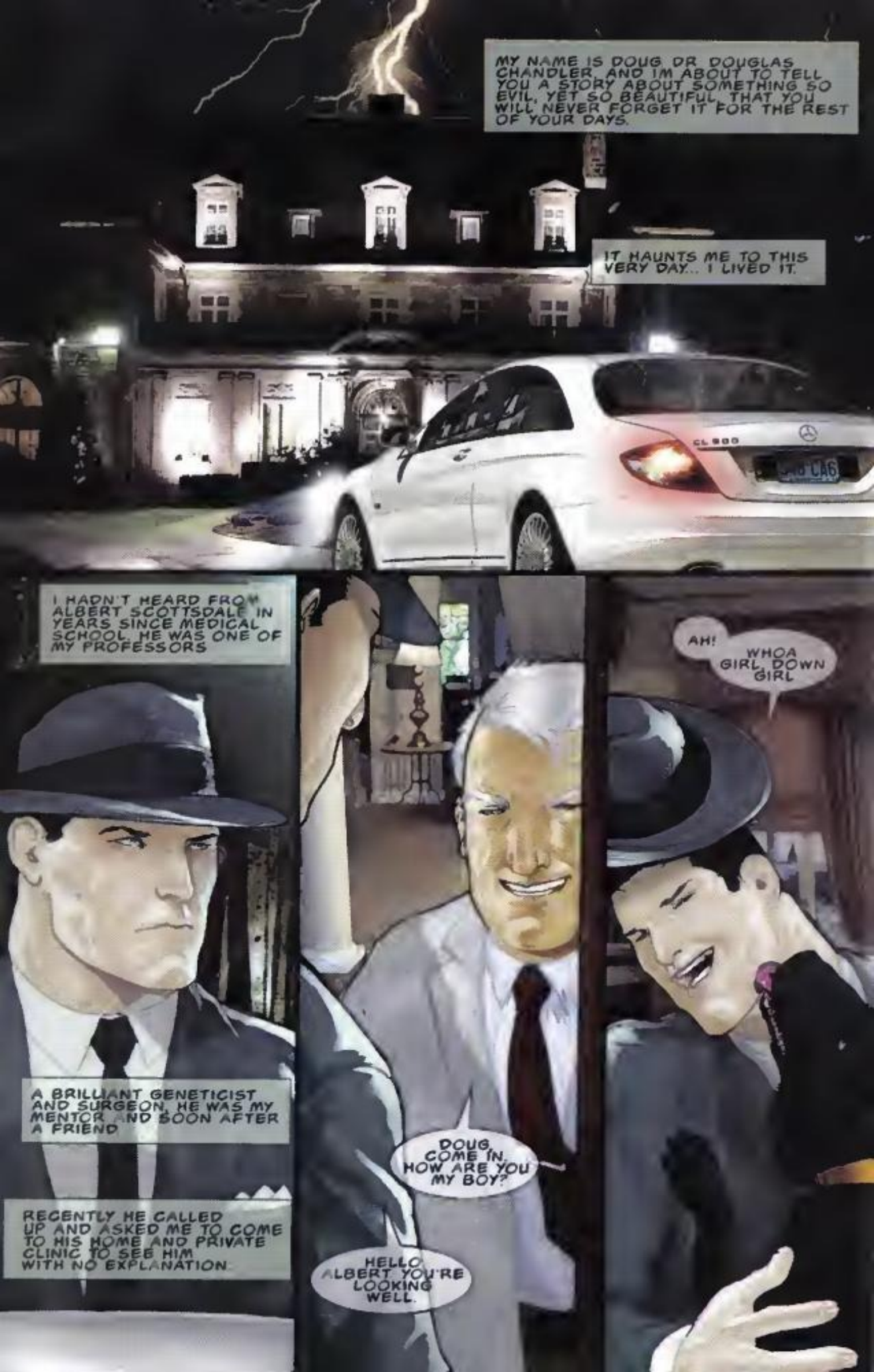
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

YOO-HOO. IS THERE A CRYPT-KEEPER IN THE CRYPT? I'LL EVEN SETTLE FOR A VAULT-KEEPER...?
IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, C-K, RUN FOR YOUR UNLIFE! IT'S THE OLD WITCH!
OH. IT'S JUST HER! I THOUGHT IT WAS SARAH PALIN!
AS SCARY AS THAT WOULD-BE BOOK BANNER CAN BE, SHE OOESN'T HOLD A CANOLE TO APEP NEPHTHYS...
SHE WHO WOULD RULE THE WORLD


MY NAME IS DOUG DR DOUGLAS CHANDLER, AND IM ABOUT TO TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT SOMETHING SO EVIL, YET SO BEAUTIFUL, THAT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET IT FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS.
IT HAUNTS ME TO THIS VERY DAY... I LIVED IT.
I HADN'T HEARD FROM ALBERT SCOTTSDALE IN YEARS SINCE MEDICAL SCHOOL. HE WAS ONE OF MY PROFESSORS
A BRILLIANT GENETICIST AND SURGEON, HE WAS MY MENTOR AND SOON AFTER A FRIEND
REGENTLY HE CALLED UP AND ASKED ME TO COME TO HIS HOME AND PRIVATE CLINIC TO SEE HIM WITH NO EXPLANATION.
HELLO ALBERT YOU'RE LOOKING WELL.
DOUG, COME IN, HOW ARE YOU MY BOY?
AH!
WHOA GIRL, DOWN GIRL

WAIT A MIN...
HER HIP, HER LEG, THEY'RE WORKING
ALBERT, HOW CAN THAT BE?
THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU HERE.
I'VE FOUND A WAY TO ALLOW A LIVING CREATURE TO ADAPT TO AUTOMATICALLY CHANGE AT A GENETIC LEVEL TO ADAPT TO ANY PHYSICAL DAMAGE, INJURY OR DISEASE.
BUT HOW?
HE LED ME TO HIS LAB BENCH AND BEGAN TO EXPLAIN IN DETAIL HIS DISCOVERY AND EXPERIMENTS. I WILL NOT REITERATE IT FOR I DARE NOT SHARE THIS WITH OTHERS AND ALLOW IT TO BE REPEATED, AS YOU WILL SEE WHY LATER IN MY STORY.
IN THE END I WAS SHOCKED AT HIS DISCOVERY, BUT NOT AS SHOCKED AS I WAS WHEN HE TOLD ME WHAT HE WANTED TO DO NEXT.
GOOD LORD, ALBERT, THIS IS INCREDIBLE.
I CALLED YOU HERE IN HOPE YOU WOULD HELP ME WITH THE NEXT STEP IN MY EXPERIMENT
WHAT'S THAT?
A HUMAN SUBJECT.

WHAT?!
WHAT?! ARE YOU MAD?!
CALM YOURSELF DOUG, I HAVE PLANNED AND THOUGHT IT THROUGH.
NOT ENOUGH OBVIOUSLY. YOU VERY WELL KNOW THIS IS NOT ETHICAL NOT TO MENTION ILLEGAL.
NOT IF SHE CONSENTS
SHE? MY GOD ALBERT, YOU MEAN YOU HAVE SOMEONE IN MIND?
YES. IN THE NEXT ROOM IN MY PRIVATE SURGERY
MY GOD, ALBERT!
WITH MY HEART RACING TO BURST OUT OF MY CHEST I RAN INTO THE SURGERY ROOM AND TO MY UTTER ASTONISHMENT, THERE A WOMAN LAY.
SHE MAY HAVE BEEN BEAUTIFUL ONCE BUT NOW NEARLY A CORPSE. PATCHES OF HAIR MISSING, SKINNY AS A SKELETON, HER SKIN A SHRIVELED MESS AS MUSCLE LOSS IS EVIDENT. SHE WAS WITHERING AWAY.
AIDS?
FINAL STAGES. SHE WAS A TRANSIENT, WALKED INTO MY MEDICAL OFFICE AND COLLAPSED. ALL SHE WAS ABLE TO TELL ME WAS HER NAME, APEP NEPHTHYS. ODD NAME, ISN'T IT? SHE WILL NOT LAST THE NIGHT.
MY GOD THIS IS GHASTLY
SHE IS DYING. WE WILL BE SAVING HER LIFE. YOU WISH TO LET HER DIE IF YOU CAN HELP IT? IS THAT ETHICAL?
I SUPPOSE NOT. OKAY, I WILL ASSIST YOU. BUT WE NEED HER WRITTEN CONSENT
I HAVE EVERYTHING PREPARED.

MISS NEPHTHYS, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY FRIEND AND ONE OF THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST YOUNG DOCTORS TODAY.
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE TRYING TO HOOK ME UP UGH A LITTLE LATE, DON'T YOU THINK DOC.
MISS NEPHTHYS, I..
HELL HEY HANDSOME
HUH.. WHAT'S THAT MISS NEPHTHYS?
UNGHH DON'T BE SO BASHFUL YOU ARE VERY HANDSOME
MISS NEPHTHYS, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE FULLY AWARE OF WHAT DR SCOTTSDALE IS ASKING OF YOU?
WH WHA WHAT ARE MY THE.. UHN ODDS?
ODDS? WELL, YOU MAY NOT SURVIVE THE NIGHT. IF IT FAILS, NOTHING CHANGES. BUT IF IT WORKS..
YOU SURE KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO CHARM A BIRL
IM ALL YOURS, HANDSOME
WH WHERE DO I SIGN UP?

THE SURGERY TOOK 7 HOURS. I COULDN'T BELIEVE HOW ALBERT CAME UP WITH HIS PROCEDURE. IT WAS FRIGHTENING IN ITS GENIUS. I JUST HOPED ALBERT WASN'T OUR MODERN-AGED-FRANKENSTEIN.
FOR APEP WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL TO BE A MONSTER.
OR SO I THOUGHT.

IT SEEMS SO IMPOSSIBLE. IT'S BEEN 48 HOURS NOW AND SHE SEEMS TO ACTUALLY BE GETTING BETTER. IS THIS THE SURGERY? OR JUST ONE OF THOSE RARE CASES OF REMISSION?
MY GOD. IT'S BEEN ONLY 3 DAYS AND SHE'S GETTING BETTER AND BETTER BY THE HOUR. IT'S MIRACULOUS. HER HAIR IS FULLER, HER SKIN LESS AND LESS GAUNT, COUGHING IS GONE AND HER IMMUNE SYSTEM IS ALMOST AT NORMAL.
WHAT IS MORE ASTONISHING IS HER RATE OF HEALING. ABRASIONS, SKIN PUNCTURES. ALBERT YESTERDAY TOOK A BLOOD SAMPLE. BEFORE HE HAD EVEN EXTRACTED ONE C.C. THE SKIN STARTED TO HEAL AROUND THE NEEDLE, AND AS HE PULLED THE SYRINGE OUT THE HOLE SEALED UP. WHAT TOOK SECONDS TO HEAL FOR HER, WOULD NORMALLY TAKE DAYS.
IT'S BEEN A WEEK AND TWO DAYS SINCE THE SURGERY AND THE HIV SEEMS TO BE COMPLETELY INERT. A CURE FOR AIDS, IT'S ALMOST UNFATHOMABLE, BUT SHE IS THE PROOF. HOW FAR CAN THIS GO?
I WILL NOT DISPUTE IT, ALBERT. THE EXPERIMENT HAS WORKED MIRACLES.
I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK. NOW WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HER UNDER OBSERVATION, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE CAN'T LET HER STRETCH HER LEGS AND TAKE IN SOME FRESH AIR.
ABSOLUTELY. SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA.
LET'S CALL HER DOWN. SHALL WE?

I'M ALREADY PRESENT, DOCTOR.
AH MISS NEPHTHYS, NICE TO SEE YOU UP AND ABOUT.
I FEEL EXCELLENT. THANK YOU.
OH HELLO, HANDSOME..
HELLO, APEP.
I HAVE SOME PLEASANT NEWS. DOUG HERE IS GOING TO TAKE YOU FOR A WALK IN THE PARK
OH?
YES DOUG IS DROPPING ME OFF AT THE HOSPITAL NEARBY AND YOU CAN TAG ALONG. SOUND GOOD MY DEAR?
ABSOLUTELY
OKAY YOU TWO; THE PARK IS ACROSS THE STREET.
APEP YOU JUST GO AHEAD. I'D LIKE TO TALK TO DOUG A MOMENT. IF YOU FEEL TIRED AT ALL THERE ARE NICE BENCHES THERE FOR YOU TO SIT AND REST.
GLADLY.
APEP MENTIONED HAVING NO FAMILY OR FRIENDS SO I AM GOING TO CONTINUE TO LET HER STAY AT THE HOUSE FOR A TIME.
THAT'S A FINE IDEA.

"WE CAN OBSERVE THE FURTHER EFFECTS OF THE PROCEDURE."
I CAN PAY HER ROOM AND BOARD AS WELL AS SAY 250 A WEEK, SO IT GIVES HER THE OPPORTUNITY TO START HER NEW LIFE ON A POSITIVE NOTE.
"YOU'RE RIGHT, ALBERT. SHE DESERVES IT AFTER THE ORDEAL SHE HAS GONE THROUGH AND IT WILL HELP HER FEEL BETTER ABOUT BEING OUR LITTLE GUINEA PIG."
"OKAY, AGREED. SPEAK TO HER ABOUT IT AS YOU TWO WALK THE PARK. AND I'M SURE SHE'LL ACCEPT."
"GO ON, CATCH UP WITH HER BEFORE SHE GETS HERSELF INTO TROUBLE ON HER FIRST DAY OUT."

BLAM
BLAM
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!
IT CAME FROM THE THE PARK.
OH, NO APEP!
OH, MY GOD, APEP!
YOU KNOW THIS WOMAN?
YES, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
PLENTY. YOUR GIRLFRIEND HERE TOOK MY GUN OUT OF MY HOLSTER AND SHOT A YOUNG WOMAN TO DEATH MORE MAY HAVE BEEN HURT OR KILLED IF I HADN'T STOPPED HER
THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE
YES, HERS. PRE-MEDITATED MURDER. COME ON SISTER, YOU'RE GOING DOWNTOWN
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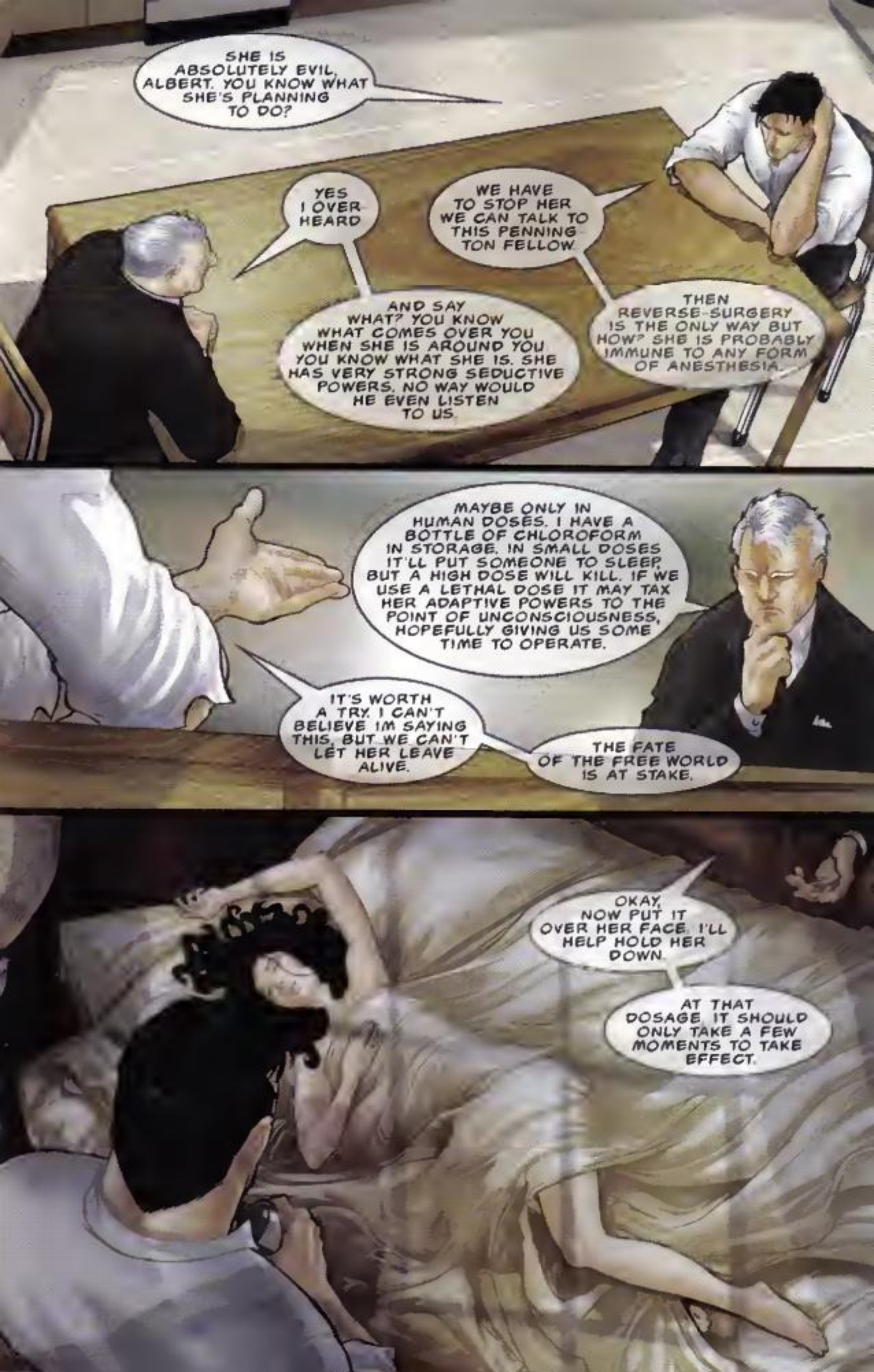
SO SHE JUST TOOK OFFICER O'ROURKE'S GUN AND...
...SHOT A WOMAN DOWN.
ACCORDING TO WITNESSES, SHE PULLED THE GUN OUT OF ITS HOLSTER, WALKED RIGHT UP TO THE GIRL, AND SHOT HER IN THE HEAD. TWICE.
WE HAVE THE WITNESSES READY TO IDENTIFY HER ALONG WITH O'ROURKE HERE AS SOON AS HER APPOINTED DEFENDER ARRIVES.
OH, MY LORD!
WHAT IS IT, O'ROURKE?
THAT'S NOT HER!
OFFICER, THIS NO TIME FOR JOKES.
SIR, IM TELLING YOU, THAT IS NOT THE WOMAN I ARRESTED

I'LL GET THE DOOR, ALBERT
EXCUSE ME? CAN I HELP YOU?
COME NOW, HANDSOME, IS THAT A WAY TO GREET A FRIEND?
DO I KNOW Y...??
APEP, BUT HOW...WHAT WAS..?
AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?
YES, YES OF COURSE BUT.. HOW DID YOU?
I ADAPTED. HANDSOME ISN'T THAT WHAT THE EXPERIMENT WAS ABOUT?
THEY LET YOU GO?
YES. THEY HAD THE WRONG WOMAN, OR SO THEY THOUGHT.

MY GOD, YOU MEAN YOU DID MURDER THAT WOMAN?!
MURDER!?
YOU CALL IT MURDER? DO YOU CALL A TIGRESS KILLING AN ELK, MURDER? DO YOU CALL A FALCON KILLING A RODENT MURDER?
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
WHAT IM SAYING, HANDSOME, IS THAT IT'S THE ORDER OF THE SPECIES. SHE WAS AS BEAUTIFUL AS I AND I DIDN'T LIKE IT. SHE WAS WEAK, I WAS STRONG, I WAS THE VICTOR. SHE WAS MY INFERIOR.
SO, YOU ARE SUPERIOR THEN?
YOU SHOULD KNOW, HANDSOME, YOU HELPED MAKE ME WHAT I AM NOW.
APEP HOW CAN YOU...?
SILENCE. I DO NOT WISH TO SPEAK OF IT ANYMORE. IM TIRED AND IM GOING TO APPROPRIATE DR. SCOTTSDALE'S BEDROOM.
I WATCHED HER WALK UP THE STAIRS AND THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW HER BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED.
THE NEXT MORNING SHE WAS GONE.

WE READ ABOUT HER EXPLOITS IN THE NEWS, AND FOUR YEARS LATER, WE SAW HER ON TELEVISION.
BEHIND ME IS THE WHITE HOUSE. WHERE NEWLY APPOINTED SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY, FORMER US ATTORNEY GENERAL NICK PENNINGTON IS IN CONFERENCE WITH THE PRESIDENT.
HERE WE SEE NICK PENNINGTON HIMSELF WITH HIS LOVELY FIANCE, APEP NEPHTHYS, OUTSIDE A BENEFIT GALA HELD LAST WEEK. AS YOU ALREADY KNOW PENNINGTON WAS APPOINTED AFTER THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF HIS PREDECESSOR
NATIONAL POLITICAL NEWS
NEW SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY NICK PENNINGTON
BEAUTIFUL MODEL FIANCE APEP NEPHTHYS AT NCAA
SHE'S BEEN MARRIED THREE TIMES IN THE LAST FOUR YEARS, TWO HUSBANDS MYSTERIOUSLY DIE AND ONE COMMITTED TO AN INSTITUTION, ALL LEAVING THEIR FORTUNES TO HER.
AMASSING THIS GREAT WEALTH, BUT TO WHAT END?
MOST DEFINITELY NOT A COINCIDENCE.
WITH HER NEW INVOLVEMENT WITH THIS NICK PENNINGTON PERSON, OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING THAT MAY THREATEN THE FREE WORLD.
IT'S JUST HARD TO THINK THAT I...
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF. YOU HAD NO IDEA THIS WOULD HAPPEN. IT'S ALMOST TOO UNBELI...
DING DONG
I'LL GO GET THE DOOR.

APEP!
HELLO HANDSOME. CAN I COME IN?
OF COURSE, COME IN.
DID YOU MISS ME?
YOU KNOW I HAVE. I...
..WHAT ABOUT YOUR FIANCE?
NICK? WE'RE GOING FOR A CONFERENCE IN IRAQ TO MEET WITH THE PRIME MINISTER. MORE TALK ON THE NEW DEMOCRACY.
FUNNY WORD IN A WORLD LIKE THIS ISN'T IT? PEACE IS NOT IN HUMAN NATURE I WENT ON AHEAD HE WILL CALL FOR ME HERE IN THE MORNING
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT. ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH HIM? DID YOU EVEN FEEL FOR ANY OF THE OTHERS?
BEFORE YOU DESTOYED THEM?
IF I WANTED LOVE I WOULD COME TO YOU, HANDSOME. DON'T LOOK SO BASHFUL. HOW COULD I NOT NOTICE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME?
THEN WHAT IS IT? THE MONEY?
MONEY? WHAT'S A GODDESS NEED WITH MONEY?
GODDESS? IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE?
THAT'S WHAT YOU MADE ME. IM THE MOST POWERFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD THANKS TO YOU AND DR SCOTTSDALE. I NOW DICTATE LIFE AND DEATH. I HAVE POWERS BEYOND NORMAL MAN. IS THAT NOT WHAT MAKES A GODDESS?
NICK PENNINGTON. HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE SOMEONE SO IMPORTANT. IN CHARGE OF KEEPING AMERICA SAFE. BUT TO ME HE IS ONLY A PUPPET AND I PULL THE STRINGS. WITH HIM I'LL HOLD THE FATE OF THE WORLD IN MY HANDS
IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE AFTER? THE WORLD?
IS IT NOT WHAT A GODDESS IS MEANT FOR? THE WORLD WILL BOW DOWN TO ME. WILL YOU RULE AT MY SIDE, HANDSOME?
APEP YOU'RE EVIL.
EVIL? TOO BAD YOU HADN'T REALIZED THAT WHEN YOU DECIDED TO HELP DR. SCOTTSDALE. APEP, IN MY NATIVE LANGUAGE, IS THE VERY PERSONIFICATION OF EVIL. MY MOTHER KNEW IT THE DAY HER EYES FIRST MET MINE. SHE NAMED ME AT THAT VERY MOMENT WHEN SHE WHISPERED THE WORD APEP.
ANYWAY, NICK WILL COME FOR ME IN THE MORNING. I NEED TO REST UNTIL THEN. IM GOING TO DR. SCOTTSDALE'S ROOM FOR THE NIGHT. MY OFFER STILL STANDS, HANDSOME.


SHE IS ABSOLUTELY EVIL, ALBERT. YOU KNOW WHAT SHE'S PLANNING TO DO?
YES I OVER HEARD
AND SAY WHAT? YOU KNOW WHAT COMES OVER YOU WHEN SHE IS AROUND YOU YOU KNOW WHAT SHE IS. SHE HAS VERY STRONG SEDUCTIVE POWERS. NO WAY WOULD HE EVEN LISTEN TO US.
WE HAVE TO STOP HER WE CAN TALK TO THIS PENNING TON FELLOW
THEN REVERSE-SURGERY IS THE ONLY WAY BUT HOW? SHE IS PROBABLY IMMUNE TO ANY FORM OF ANESTHESIA.
MAYBE ONLY IN HUMAN DOSES. I HAVE A BOTTLE OF CHLOROFORM IN STORAGE. IN SMALL DOSES IT'LL PUT SOMEONE TO SLEEP, BUT A HIGH DOSE WILL KILL. IF WE USE A LETHAL DOSE IT MAY TAX HER ADAPTIVE POWERS TO THE POINT OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, HOPEFULLY GIVING US SOME TIME TO OPERATE.
IT'S WORTH A TRY. I CAN'T BELIEVE IM SAYING THIS, BUT WE CAN'T LET HER LEAVE ALIVE.
THE FATE OF THE FREE WORLD IS AT STAKE.
OKAY, NOW PUT IT OVER HER FACE. I'LL HELP HOLD HER DOWN.
AT THAT DOSAGE IT SHOULD ONLY TAKE A FEW MOMENTS TO TAKE EFFECT.

MMMGH...
TIGHTLY, DAMN IT, TIGHTLY!
UNGH. IM TRYING, ALBERT!
MY GOD! SHE'S GETTING... ENGH. STRONGER! HER STRENGTH...UNGH...IS ADAPTING TO M...MATCH MINE! I CAN'T HOLD IT MUCH LONGER!
YOU FOOLS!

YOU THINK YOU CAN KNOCK ME UNCON-SCIOUS!?!
WAIT, YOU WERE GOING TO OPERATE ON ME.
I SHOULD KILL YOU BOTH WHERE YOU STAND!
BUT I WILL NOT LOWER MYSELF TO YOUR PATHETIC LEVEL.
IS THIS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, DOCTOR?
WAS THIS PLAN 'B'?
WERE YOU GOING TO SLIT MY THROAT WITH IT?
WELL LOOK
THERE! YOU SEE!?!
WATCH HOW YOUR FUTILE ATTEMPT WOULD HAVE FAILED.
NOW GET OUT! LEAVE ME TO MY SLUMBER. NICK WILL BE CALLING FOR ME IN THE MORNING.

MY GOD, DOUG. DID YOU SEE HER EYES? SHE IS NO LONGER HUMAN. SHE IS BEYOND OUR STOPPING HER. SHE IS INVINCIBLE. WILL NOTHING STOP HER??
CARBON DIOXIDE.
OF COURSE. YES, A ROOM FILLED WITH THE GAS WOULD BE FATAL TO ANY AVERAGE PERSON AND WE NEED NOT MAKE CONTACT WITH HER TO ADMINISTER IT.
WILL IT WORK?
WE FILL THE BEDROOM WITH IT AND IT'LL HOPEFULLY CHOKE HER INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS. HER ADAPTIVE ABILITIES WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM.
IT IS OUR LAST OPTION. IF IT DOESN'T WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANY LONGER. SHE'LL SURELY KILL US THIS TIME.
I HAVE A COLLEAGUE WHO CAN SUPPLY US TWO TANKS. I'LL HAVE IT SENT TO US IMMEDIATELY.
OKAY. THE DOOR CRACK AND THE VENTS INSIDE ARE SEALED..
...AND WITH CAULKING AROUND THE OUTSIDE OF THE WINDOW..
THE ROOM'S AS AIRTIGHT AS IT'S GOING TO GET
ANY MOMENT NOW, DOUG, THE GAS SHOULD BE FILLING THE ROOM AND SOON START TAKING EFFECT ON APER

THERE SHOULD BE ENOUGH CONCENTRATION OF CARBON DIOXIDE INSIDE BY NOW WHERE THE AVERAGE PERSON WOULD SURELY BE DEAD
CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING YET.
WAIT, SHE'S STARTING TO COUGH.
SHE IS COUGHING HEAVILY NOW. I CAN HEAR HER STRUGGLING TO GET OUT OF BED. I CAN HEAR THE LAMP AND CLOCK FALL TO THE FLOOR.
HEAVY FOOTSTEPS AS SHE STRUGGLES TO STAY UPRIGHT. AS SHE COMES CLOSER TO THE DOOR.
THUMP
GOOD LORD, SHE'S AT THE DOOR. IS THERE NO STOPPING HER?
DOUG, PLEASE. DON'T KILL ME.
KOFF
PLEASE. IM NOT REALLY EVIL, JUST A CONFUSED CHILD KOFF KOFF KOFF
I..
DO NOT LISTEN TO HER, DOUG. FIGHT OFF HER INFLUENCE.
DOUG KOFF I LOVE YOU PLEASE. KOFF
KOFF IF YOU LOVE ME KOFF PLEASE SAVE ME KOFF KOFF
NO!!! I WON'T LISTEN!
INGRATES!

YOU PATHETIC HUMANS. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE DEALING WITH.
I CAN CRUSH YOU ALL LIKE ANTS. I PROMISED YOU THE WORLD, HANDSOME...
AND THIS IS...HOW... YOU R RE PA
DOUG, QUICK! WE HAVE TO SHUT OFF THE CARBON DIOXIDE BEFORE IT OVER-TAKES US AS WELL.
NO, NOT UNTIL WE OPERATE
THERE, IT'S OFF IT'S OVER NOW.

THIS IS HOW THE STORY ENDS.
WE WERE ABLE TO DO THE PROCEDURE WITHOUT INCIDENT.
SHE REVERTED BACK TO HER ORIGINAL STATE. THE AIDS HAD COMPLETELY OVER-COME HER.
IT WAS FOR THE BETTER. WE DID SAVE MANKIND.
THEN WHY DID I FEEL SO BAD?
WELL, SHE WAS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING.
I WAS IN LOVE WITH HER. AND MAYBE IN HER OWN TWISTED WAY SHE LOVED ME.
NICK CALLING
I ALMOST TOOK HER UP ON HER OFFER TO RULE BY HER SIDE.
IT WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT ANYWAY..
KLACK
AFTER ALL, I AM ONLY HUMAN.

HA! SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A GAL TRUSTS THE WRONG *TWO GUYS!?*
BUT STILL --THAT TALE TRULY *INSPIRED* ME!
FOLKS ARE ALWAYS SCHEMIN' TO HOLD OTHERS DOWN! LET ME TELL YOU, EVEN THE CRYPT-KEEPER AND THE VAULT-KEEPER ARE PART OF A *GHOUL-OLD BOYS CLUB* THAT LOVES KEEPING A GOOD WOMAN DOWN! AFTER ALL, THEY'VE GOT *CRYPTS* AND *VAULTS* TO KEEP - WHAT DO I HAVE?!
I NEED TO WHIP UP A BATCH OF DL' DDC SCOTTSDALE'S SPECIAL POTION! BUT I'LL NEED TWO SPECIAL INGREDIENTS!
BUT *POWER-HUNGRY PREDATORS* DON'T JUST PREY UPON WOMEN! ANYONE THEY DEEM TO BE *WEAK* IS *FAIR GAME!* TAKE *STANLEY POTTS*, FOR EXAMPLE! ALL HE HAD WAS A SIMPLE DREAM, AND AN OPPORTUNISTIC CO-WORKER STOLE IT! IT'S ALL LOVINGLY LAID OUT IN...
VIRTUAL HOO DOO

POP!
CONGRATULATIONS, BART. WHAT A GREAT IDEA!
WHAT'S THE CELEBRATION?
OH, SIDNEY, YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.
HE SOLD A FANTASTIC GAME IDEA FOR THE COMPANY
IT'S CALLED MONSTER NEIGHBORHOOD.
WHAT!? THAT'S MY GAME.
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. YOU WORK IN THE MAIL ROOM. HE'S THE GENIUS.

WELL, IF IT ISN'T OL' SIDNEY.
YOU SOLD MONSTER NEIGHBORHOOD. THAT'S THE GAME I GAVE YOU.
NO.
THAT'S THE TITLE YOU GAVE ME.
I'VE REVVED IT UP, SIDNEY. I'VE GIVEN IT A NICE PACKAGE AND A PROMOTIONAL CAMPAIGN.
BUT I INVENTED THE GAME
COMING UP WITH A GAME'S NOTHING, POPS. IT'S SELLING THE GAME.
THAT'S WHERE THE WORK AND THE BRAINS ARE
BUT IT'S MY GAME.
AND YOU'RE FIRED
WHUMP

THE THIEF. HE STOLE MY IDEA.
HE DRINKS CHAMPAGNE, AND I DRINK MILK...THAT SMELLS.
WHY I'LL... I'LL...
I'LL DO NOTHING.... I NEVER DO ANYTHING.
I ALWAYS TAKE IT.
IN GRADE SCHOOL. HIGH SCHOOL. COLLEGE. ON THE JOB.
I ALWAYS TAKE IT.

ALL THAT WORK FOR NOTHING!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? THIS IS A RARE BOOK.. WHAT'S THIS?
Vengeance Spell
WHO COULD THAT BE?
KNOCK KNOCK
RENT, GRAMPS. YOU REMEMBER WHAT THAT IS. YOU'RE A MONTH LATE.
18
YES, SIR. I'VE HAD SOME PROBLEMS.

THAT AIN'T MY PROBLEM, SPORT. YOU HAVE THE RENT TOMORROW, WALK IT DOWN THE HALL TO MY HUMBLE ABODE. OR COLLECT SOME CARDBOARD BOXES TO PUT THIS JUNK IN, AND BE GONE
IF ONLY THIS WAS REAL...
HUH, SAYS THE SPELL HAS TO BE DONE BY MAIL...
AND THAT YOU CURSE YOUR TARGET...
...WITH THE POX, OR A MONSTER, OR DEMON.
BUT WHERE WOULD I FIND SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
TAP TAP
WAIT. MONSTER NEIGHBORHOOD.

MONSTER neighborhood
WHAT THE HELL. I'LL GIVE IT A SPIN.
START
I'LL USE HER. BLOODY CROCKER.
CLICK
I'LL JUST GIVE THE SPELL TO HER TO DELIVER.
YOU GOT THAT, BLOODY?
TAP TAP
TAP TAP TAP
I HEAR YOU, MASTER. AND I WILL DELIVER YOUR MESSAGE..
AND MAYBE I'LL ATTACH A VIRUS TO IT, JUST TO MAKE IT SPECIAL.
START
TAK TAP
TAP TAP TAP

CRASH!
BAM!
SNAP!
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE A TRAIN WRECK.
OH, MY GOODNESS, IT'S THE LANDLORD.
SOMEONE BIT HIM...
AND MUST HAVE BEAT HIM WITH THAT BOWL AND SPOON. I'LL CALL THE POLICE.

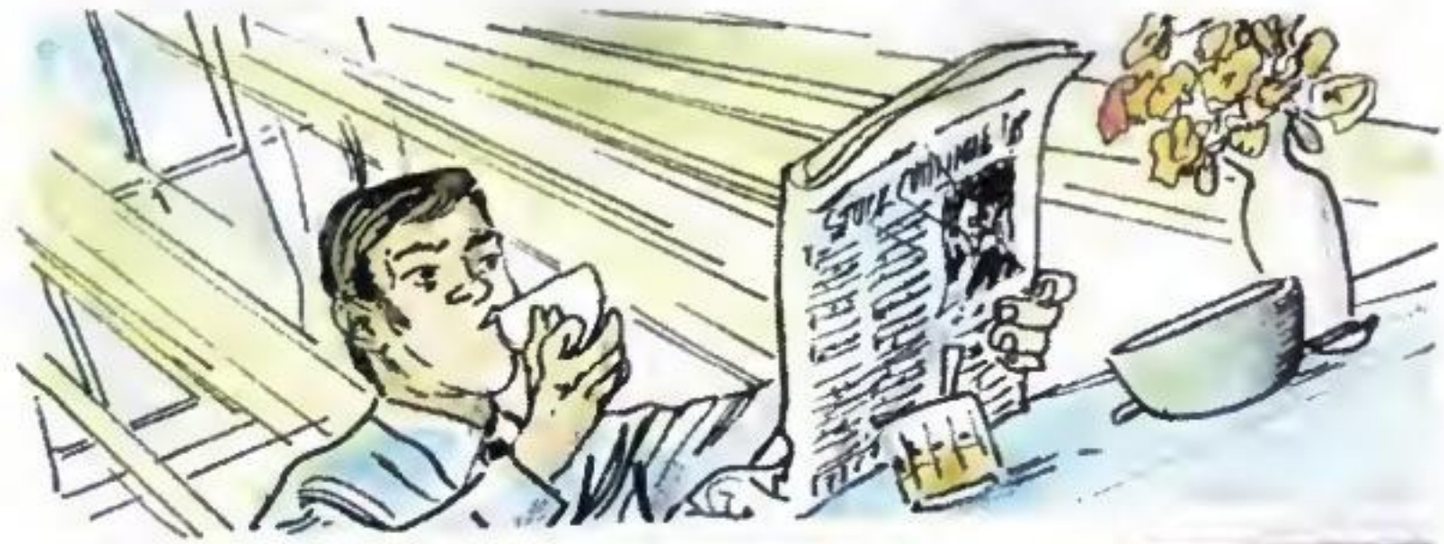
IT WORKS.
THE NEIGHBORHOOD. THE SPELL MADE IT REAL. I HAVE MY OWN PERSONAL ARMY.
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAK
THEY'RE JUST LIKE I INVENTED THEM.
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAK

A NEIGHBORHOOD OF MONSTERS
TAP

THIS IS GREAT. LET THAT LITTLE MILQUETOAST DO ALL THE WORK, AND I CASH THE CHECK.

TECHNOLOGY IS GREAT. I CAN HOME IN ON BART'S HOUSE. I CAN USE AERIAL TECHNOLOGY. I CAN CUT AND PASTE.
TAP
TAP TAP
TAP

SOON AS A I CASH THIS CHECK I'M GOING TO BUY ME A BETTER SPORTS CAR, AND A BLONDE TO GO WITH IT.
AND WITH MY MAGIC SPELL, I CAN MOVE HIM TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
WALL ST. JOURNAL
SHIFT
WELCOME TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.


STOCK CONTINUES TO

WHAT THE HECK?

HOW CAN IT BE DARK?
IT'S ONLY THREE-THIRTY IN THE AFTER-NOON.
NO! IT CAN'T BE.

THESE HAVE FRESH BLOOD IN THEM. AND RAISINS.
YUM!
PING
I'VE GOT MAIL.
I HAVE ANOTHER COMMAND FOR YOU.
I HOPE IT'S NOTHING LIKE LAST TIME. I REALLY DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST THAT POOR MAN. AND I LOST MY BEST MIXING BOWL AND SPOON.
MY SPELL DECIDES WHAT YOU DO.
OH, DEAR. WHY CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG?

HELLO, IN THERE. WELCOMING COMMITTEE.
KNOK NOK
SIDNEY WANTS HIS MONEY.
BAM

SIDNEY! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.
I'M NOT GIVING HIM ANYTHING, THAT WORM. THE MONEY'S IN THE BANK, AND IT STAYS IN THE BANK.
IF HE CAN'T HAVE HIS MONEY, HE'LL HAVE YOU.
WAGL
THIS IS GOING TO COST YOU AN ARM AND A LEG.

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE TOO DEEP.
COVER HIM UP, WOLFIE.
CLUMP!
I HOPE THAT'S ALL SIDNEY EXPECTS FOR AWHILE.
YES, IT'S ALL SO...UGLY.
YEAH, AND I BROKE A NAIL.
RING

DID YOU GET MY MONEY? IS BART DEAD?
OH, DEAR. I'M SORRY.
DANG IT. I NEED THAT MONEY.... NO.
WITH YOU GUYS AT MY COMMAND I CAN HAVE ANYTHING I WANT...
YEAH, I'LL GIVE THAT SOME THOUGHT.
AS I FEARED. THERE'S NO END TO IT.
AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE GETS TIRED OF US?

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO FIX THINGS.
NOT US.
HOW DID THAT SPELL GO?
TAP
TAP
TAK
TAP
TAR

Vengeancer
BARTI
RIP
Messenger
RIP
dead
NOW. CUT AND PASTE AND--
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP

NOK NOCK NOK
BART!

IT'S SUCH A NICE NEIGHBORHOOD...
RRRRR
NOW THAT SIDNEY'S GONE

YOU KNOW, IT SURE WAS NICE OF THE OLD WITCH TO INVITE US INTO THIS HOT TUB! MAYBE WE MISJUDGED HER!
I COULD BE MISERABLY MISTAKEN, BUT I'M STARTING TO SUSPECT THIS AIN'T NO HOT TUB! THAT IF WE DON'T GET OUT NOW - WE'RE SOUP!
LIKE ANYONE WOULD WANT A BOWL OF CREAM OF CRYPT-KEEPER SOUP!
YOU EVER-GAGGING GHOULS ARE VITAL INGREDIENTS IN MY SPECIAL POWER-POTION!
>GASP!<
>CHOKE!<
AS MUCH AS I'D LOVE TO STAY AND BECOME SECRET SAUCE, WITCHIE-POO, MY PALE SKIN IS GETTING ALL PRUNEY - AND I'M SURE YOU DON'T WANT PRUNES IN YOUR RECIPE!
SO, LET'S MEET AGAIN NEXT TIME, KIDDIES, IN TALES FROM THE CRYPT #9! AND REMEMBER, DON'T UPSET ANY WITCHES IF YOU WANT TO STAY OUT OF HOT WATER! HEY, I'M DYING HERE!!

Gruesome greetings, my fellow Americans! It's me, your non-political Crypt-Keeper, with a somewhat SHRUNKEN SELECTION of FEARLESS EEEDBACK from our CREEPY CONSTITUENTS. Seems like our usually tight-lipped editorial types are eager to spout off on a topic we're super-tensitive about around these parts. Ironic, isn't it? In order for them to talk about censorship, we have to silence a few of our EEINDISH fans from expressing their un-DYING admiration for their favorite HORROR comicbook!

But while the POWERS-THAT-BE around here may be a benevolent dictatorship, we've always ran this letters column as a true DEMON-ocracy, er, I mean, democracy, letting you the rotten readers VOTE every issue for your favorite stories. It was a close race this time around with "Ignoble Rot" by writer Fred Van Lente and artist Mort Todd just squeaking past "Moonlight Sonata" by writers Joe and John Lansdale and artist Chris Noeth. Not much of a surprise really, as ZOMBIES are hotter than ever these days

I'd normally tell you all about our fifth frightful collection of TALES FROM THE CRYPT stories published in paperback and hardcover by Papercutz, but that'll just have to wait till next time. Or you can simply check out the ad on our back cover. But if we're going to squeeze any mail in, we better do so now...

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I was recently at my local mall, and in the center plaza was a temporary comic vendor. He had all kinds of comic collectibles. I walked straight up to him and asked him for the EC comics. He pulled down a stack of EC originals. It was amazing. He even had THE CRYPT OF TERROR issue two. I told him I wanted to buy them so bad but I didn't have the money. He pointed me to a box of horror comics with some 1990 reprints. I snatched the only two CRYPTS he had. Even though the new ones are nothing like them, I still love them. I would be so happy if you could revive THE HAUNT OF FEAR and THE VAULT OF HORROR. Maybe even make them for a more mature audience...?) Or maybe you could reprint originals. Even if you don't, I'm still going to keep buying TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Congratulations and thank you for reviving a series I grew up on.

Sincerely,
Johnny Bailey

Tell me, Johnny, did the Vault-Keeper or the The Old Witch put you up to this? Those two will stoop to any level to get their mags back! And in case you didn't know, all of the original EC comics are being reprinted as beautiful big full-color hardcover books by the geeks over at Gemstone Publishing. You can buy the first few years of TALES FROM THE CRYPT (as well as THE HAUNT OF FEAR, THE VAULT OF HORROR, and many more) for a mere $49.95 per volume – a lot cheaper than trying to get the original back issues!

Keep those emails and letters coming – we get so lonely here in the Crypt of Terror! Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:

salicrup@papercutz.com

And be sure to visit **papercutz.com** for the latest TALES FROM THE CRYPT news!

SUBSCRYPTIONS!

For a one year (six-issue) subscription to TALES FROM THE CRYPT, just send a check or money order, in US funds only, for $24.00. Send to: subCRYPTions, PAPERCUTZ, 40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308, New York, NY 10005. Make checks payable to NBM. Or call 1-800-886-1223. MC, VISA, and AMEX accepted.

A SPECIAL EDITORIAL

BY CATHY GAINES MIFSUD

Before we begin, we need to make something very clear. TALES FROM THE CRYPT is not endorsing any political candidates or parties. We respect our readers' intelligence, and for those of you old enough to vote, we encourage you to do so for the candidates of your choice.

Nor are we attacking any candidates. This issue's alternate cover, featuring Gov. Sarah Palin, is our version of a political cartoon. It's simply expressing our reaction whenever we hear anything about book banning -- it's truly frightening to us. Also, and this is very important, it's very unclear whether those early reports about Sarah Palin, looking into banning books from a library back when she was the mayor of Wasilla, Alaska, are true or not. We, of course, certainly hope that they're indeed untrue.

Why is book banning frightening to us? Surely, we can't possibly object to anyone keeping objectionable material out of the hands of impressionable children. Well...

You see, from 1950 to 1956 my father, William M. Gaines, published the original TALES FROM THE CRYPT comicbooks, as well as the rest of the entire EC line of comics, which included THE HAUNT OF FEAR, THE VAULT OF HORROR, WEIRD SCIENCE, SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES, TWO-FISTED TALES, WEIRD FANTASY, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY, CRIME SUSPENSTORIES, and one called MAD. Dad hired the very best writers, artists, and editors in the field, and even now, over 50 years later, those comics are still considered to be shining examples of some of the best comics ever created.

Unfortunately, during the height of the success of the EC horror titles, there was a movement to ban these comics, based on the misguided notion that they were somehow turning children into juvenile delinquents. Just like some politicians today try to blame video games and rap music for all sorts of social ills and for being a negative influence, back then EC comics were the target. There were newspaper and magazine articles, investigations, and finally, a Comics Code was created, a code that meant the end of almost the entire EC line of comics. Only MAD, which was turned into a magazine, managed to survive.

Now, if you actually look at and read those old EC comics, the only thing that might actually shock you is how incredibly tame they are by today's standards. Take a look at the hardcover collections of TALES FROM THE CRYPT published by Gemstone, and look closely at those stories, and you'll see that you'll be hard-pressed to find a single drop of blood. Sure, the stories were scary -- that's what they were intended to be. But they were scary in the same way that classic fairy tales are scary, or even stories from the Bible. Usually the stories were about someone who did something wrong, and how their victims were somehow avenged.

Now, does that mean we believe that every book ever published should be available to any reader of any age? Of course not! Certainly every bookstore and library has the responsibility to make sure no unsuitable material ever winds up in the hands of children. And certainly, every bookseller has the right to decide to sell or not sell whatever they choose. The challenge is always determining exactly what is and isn't suitable for children.

When we decided to relaunch TALES FROM THE CRYPT with Papercutz, there were fans of the original comic that were surprised that we chose a publisher known for their all-ages graphic novels. Those fans wanted a new TALES FROM THE CRYPT series that would push the boundaries of modern horror, going places no TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic had ever gone before. Now, there's certainly nothing wrong with that, but we decided to go with Papercutz because we wanted TALES FROM THE CRYPT to be what the original comic was always meant to be, a scary comic for all-ages, with the very best writing and artwork possible. So, here we are, over fifty years after the original TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic was launched, and we're back trying to create a comic that we hope folks fifty years from now will still be talking about.

We certainly understand the desire to protect children from unsuitable material, but we don't believe that banning books is the answer. As the situation exists today, both librarians and booksellers act very responsibly to assure that children are not exposed to anything objectionable. Protecting children, is usually the excuse given when another agenda may be at work. As far as we can tell, teachers, parents, librarians, and booksellers are doing a great job of making sure children are indeed protected. What usually seems to be behind banning books is an attempt to repress ideas that may offer alternative political views. This is not only un-American -- blatantly violating the very concept of free speech -- but it is assuming that people are unable to come to their own informed conclusions about controversial subjects. And how could they, if only one side of a debate is presented, while literature expressing opposing views are suppressed? Banning books represents a lack of faith in the intelligence of our fellow citizens to think for themselves.

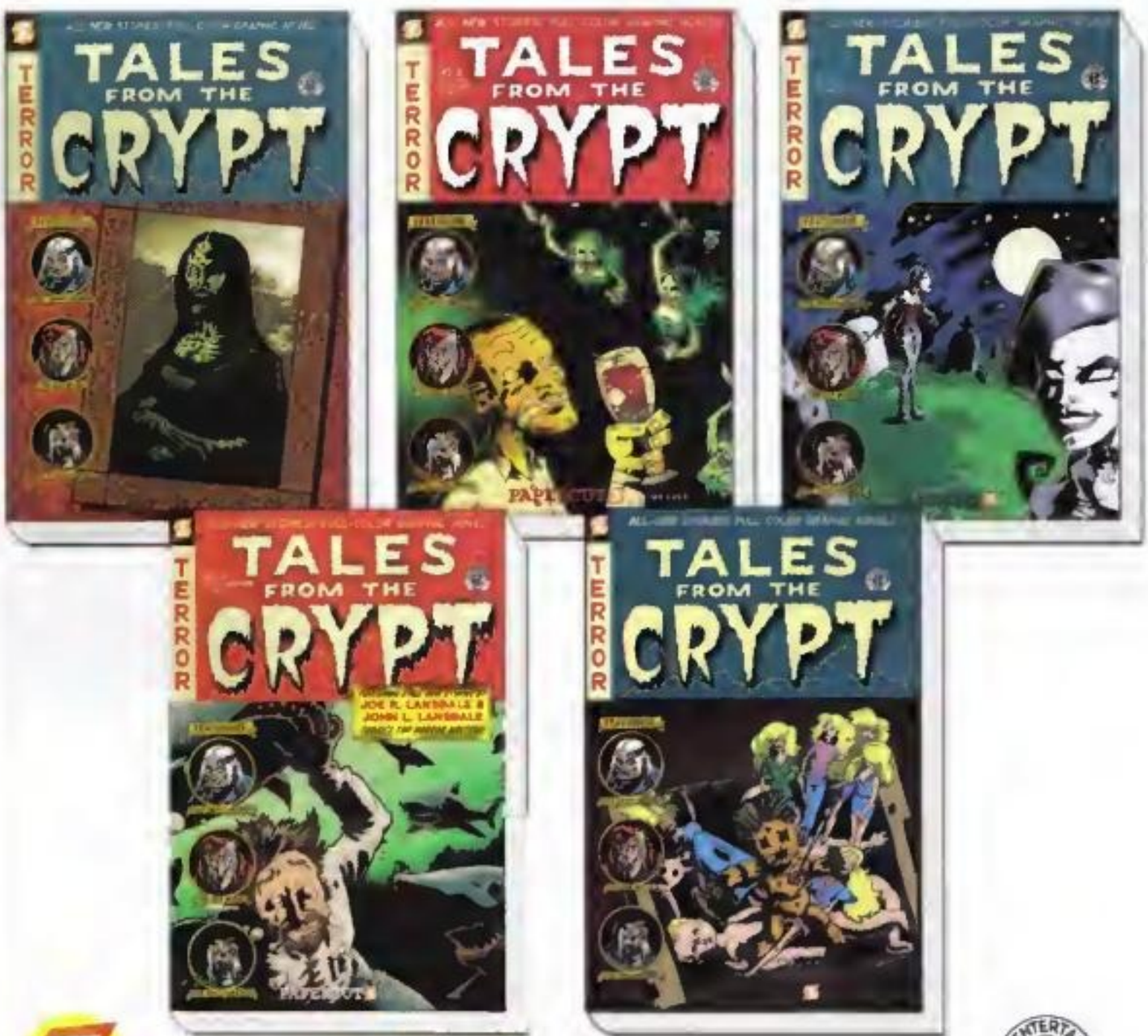
In 1990, the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, was incorporated as a non-profit charitable organization to fight censorship and defend the first amendment rights of comic book professionals throughout the United States. If you support free speech and love comicbooks, may we suggest you consider joining this noble organization? For full details, go to www.cbldf.org. I only wish they were around when my father could've used their help.

With all that said, we still like to believe that we're living in a world that recognizes that children love a good scary story, and that if it's told responsibly with good taste, it sparks their imaginations and they become the next generation of such amazing creators as George Lucas, Stephen Spielberg, Stephen King, and R.L. Stine -- all former EC comics readers.

Thank You,
Cathy Gaines Mifsud
President William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc.

E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!
YOU'VE E-MAILED!
YOU'VE PHONED!
YOU'VE THREATENED US!
YOU'VE DEMANDED!
(BUT WE'RE COMING OUT WITH THESE COLLECTIONS ANYWAY!)



PAPERCUT

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

COLLECTING STORIES BY BILGREY, CABRAL, MR.EXES, GNIEWEK, HUDSON, KAPLAN, KLEID, LANSDALE, LOBDELL, MANNION, MARTINEZ, McGREGOR, MURASE, NOETH, PETRUCHA, ROMBERGER, SIMMONS, SMITH 3, TODD, VELILLA and VOLLMAR!

ON SALE NOW AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE!

Zero

PAPERCUTZ

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE NERVE-WRACKING, PALIN-FREE NINTH ISSUE OF THE **ALL-NEW...**

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM M. GAINES, AL FELDSTEIN, REED CRANDALL, JOHNNY CRAIG, JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, GEORGE EVANS, GRAHAM INGELS, JACK KAMEN, BERNIE KRIGSTEIN, HARVEY KURTZMAN, JOE ORLANDO, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARIE SEVERIN, AL WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"CHICKEN MAN"

JOHN L. LANSDALE
WRITER

JAMES ROMBERGER &
MARGUERITE VAN COOK
ARTISTS

MARK LERER
LETTERER

"GLASS HEADS"

FRED VAN LENTE
WRITER

RYAN DUNLAVEY
ARTIST

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES

JIM SALICRUP
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TERROR

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

NO. 9
ALL-NEW!

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

IN THIS ISSUE:
"CHICKEN MAN"
BY LANSDALE & ROMBERGER!

FEATURING...

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

$3.95 US

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0 71896 45306 5

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

WELCOME BACK, BOORS AND GHOULS, TO THE NEW AND IMPROVED CRYPT OF TERROR FEATURING MY CAULDRON OF CHILLS! IF YOU WERE EXPECTING THE DECREPIT CRYPT-KEEPER AND THE VACUOUS VAULT-KEEPER TO GREET YOU, THEY'RE HELPING ME COOK UP A REAL POT-BOILER FOR YOU!
>GLASP! GLUGG! CHOKE!-
QUIET!
BONK!
PESKY INGREDIENTS! BUT WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT WHEN YOU'RE COOKING UP CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE HORROR FAN?
AND IT'S NOT EC GETTING CHICKENS! JUST ASK WILL BENDER, BETTER KNOWN AS...
CHICKEN MAN
TONGUE OF DOG
TOE OF FROG

MY NAME'S WILL BENDER
I HEARD THE VOODOO MAN WAS IN NEED OF SOME CHICKENS, SO HERE I AM
THESE ARE THE BEST BLEEDERS YOU EVER SEEN POP OFF THEIR HEAD AND THE BLOOD POURS.
HOW DO I KNOW THAT, MAN?
I CAN'T CHECK WITHOUT BLEEDING ONE YOU WANT ME TO DO THAT?

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT..I'LL SELL YOU A DOZEN FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS APIECE
YOU THINK NEO STUPID, MAN? NO WAY I PAY YOU THAT KIND OF MONEY. I GO SEE OLD MAN SMITH. HE SELL ME CHICKENS FOR FIVE DOLLARS APIECE.
NOT ANYMORE, I BOUGHT HIM OUT. THESE ARE THE ONLY LIVE CHICKENS WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OF HERE.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN HAITI ..TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.
HAHAHA
HA
HA
HA

OKAY, I TAKE ALL OF THEM, MAN. MAGIC DON'T WORK WITHOUT THEM. I FIX YOU LATER.
YOU KNOW NOTHING. I WOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WHAT I SAY, WILL BENDER.
THAT VOODOO NONSENSE DON'T WORK ANYWAY.
WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE JUST HOODWINKING PEOPLE. I DON'T CARE THOUGH, EVERYBODY HAS TO MAKE A BUCK.
YOU MAY REGRET IT. PUT THE CHICKENS ON MY TRUCK.
LYNYRD SKYNYRD
HAVE

WHAT DID YOU DO?
NOTHING. I DO NOTHING, MAN

HAVE VOODOO
WILL TRAVEL

KATS PAW
Lounge
GIRLS
GIRLS
GIRLS

WHAT YOU BEEN UP TO, WILL?
MAKING A LITTLE MONEY.
NEED A WHOLE LOT MORE.

HOW DO YOU DO THAT?
I FOUND SOMEONE STUPID ENOUGH TO PAY A HUNDRED DOLLARS APIECE FOR LIVE CHICKENS
THAT IS STUPID.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

BOY, I COULD USE SOME EASY MONEY LIKE THAT. MY OLD EX-LADY IS PUSHING ME FOR ALIMONY
THERE'S MORE IF YOU GOT THE BACK-BONE FOR IT. HELP ME GET IT AND I'LL SPLIT IT WITH YOU.
I'M ABOUT READY FOR ANY-THING, THE WAY THAT WOMAN'S HOUNDING ME.
I SAW THE MONEY THIS AFTER-NOON. YOU GOT A GUN?
YEAH, I GOT A GUN: THIRTY-EIGHT MY OLD MAN GAVE ME
I KEEP IT HID SO MY PAROLE OFFICER DON'T KNOW

THE GUN'S JUST FOR SHOW RIGHT? I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT ANYBODY
WHATEVER IT TAKES

HA
HA
HA
HA
HA

NO MORE DO YOU CHEAT ON YOUR MAN.
POKE!
HE PAY ME GOOD TO STOP IT.
WE GOING TO DO THIS, OR NOT?
I'M LOOKING THE PLACE OVER. SHHH.

IT'S OONE.
OOHH!
NNGH!
AGH! AGH! AGH!
MONEY WELL SPENT.

WHISK!

AAAAHHJEE!
I WANT THAT ROLL OF BILLS I SAW THIS AFTER-NOON, VOODOO MAN--
--AND HURRY UP!
NEVER! YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE NED'S MONEY IS.
GO AHEAD, MAN, KILL ME IF YOU HAVE A MIND TO.

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, IF YOU DON'T COME UP WITH THAT MONEY
BANG!
WHOOP

NOW WHAT? HOW YOU GOING TO FIND THE MONEY NOW?
WHAT THE--?!

GASP!
CHOKE
CRASK
CLUCK
CLUK
CLUK
CLUK
CLUCK
CLUCK
CLUCK
KLUK
CLUC

I KNOW IT'S HERE!
PECK PEK
PECK PECK PECK PECK

OH, NO...!
OWWW!
AH!
AGH!
AGH!
AGH!
AAARRGGHH!

WUMMP!

HEHEH! AND YOU THOUGHT THE CHICKEN CROSSED THE ROAD JUST TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE! YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT AWFUL ONE-EYED SNAKE!
WE AGREED TO LET YOU COOK DINNER -- NOT FOR US TO BE YOUR CANNIBALISTIC CULINARY CONCOCTION!!
HEY, I SAID IT WOULD BE POT LUCK!
>GASP!!<
>CHOKE!<
I REALLY OUGHT TO GET A MICROWAVE OVEN!
WHILE THESE TWO SIMMER AND STEW, HERE'S A PSYCHIC SHOCKER FOR YOU THAT I CALL...
GLASS HEADS

GO HOME? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? IT'S ONLY MIDNIGHT!
FORGET IT, CHANDLER. THOSE OF US WITHOUT TRUST FUNDS HAVE TO GO TO WORK IN THE MORNING.
YEAH, CHANDLER, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO DECIDE THERE ACTUALLY IS SOMETHING YOU WANT TO DO WITH YOUR LIFE?
NOW THAT'S JUST NOT FAIR. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING FOR AT LEAST TWELVE HOURS OF EVERY DAY.
OF COURSE. THAT'S SLEEPING BUT...
YEESH! YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO RICH KIDS EVERYWHERE. YOU KNOW THAT?
A DISGRACE. HUH.
THERE'S A PURPOSE I MIGHT ACTUALLY BE ABLE TO GET INTO...
YOU.
PLEASE.

HELP ME.
IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, PLEASE, PLEASE HELP ME.
YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE.

GOOD LORD!
WHAT'S HER PROBLEM?
WHA-HUH?
SINCE WHEN DO EMPTY TABLES HAVE A GENDER, DUDE?
YOU JEALOUS MAGE SLAVES TRYING TO PULL A PRANK ON ME OR SOMETHING?
WHOA... GO EASY ON THE CHAI RICE MILK LATTES, THERE, PARDNER... THERE'S NOBODY THERE!
I DON'T THINK THERE WAS ANYBODY THERE, EITHER. UNLESS SHE WALKED BY REAL FAST, OR SOMETHING...
YEAH... SHE MUSTA JUST...
...BRUSHED BY ME...
OR SOMETHING.

'VETTE! C'MON! THE SUN IS OUT! THE BIRDS ARE SINGING! IT'S APRIL IN NEW YORK!
WHY DO YOU WANT TO WASTE IT IN THE LIBRARY?
BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO WASTE MY LIFE FLIPPING BURGERS, CHAND!
BANG!
RATS!
I GOT MY ANALYTICAL PSCHYE FINAL IN TWO DAYS! THERE'S GOTTA BE DOZENS OF PEOPLE YOU COULD ASK TO THE PARK WITH YOU...
YEAH, BUT THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE THE PLEASURE OF CORRUPTING THEM AWAY FROM THEIR STUPID BORING WORK. HEH-HEH...

YAAAAAAH!!
WHY ARE YOU IGNORING ME?
DO YOU WANT ME TO DIE?
CHANDLER! WAS THAT YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S GETTING WORSE....
I DIDN'T THINK THAT WAS POSSIBLE, BUT IT IS...

ONLY YOU CAN HEAR ME.
ONLY YOU CAN HELP ME.
ONLY YOU.
CHANDLER!
CHANDLER, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
DON'T-- IF YOU CAN HEAR ME- DON'T MOVE!
DON'T GO ANYWHERE!
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

FOR A MINUTE THERE...
I THOUGHT YOU WERE TRYING SOME KIND OF PITY PLOY TO GET ME TO GO SHOOT HOOPS WITH YOU.
I GUESS I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR THINKING THAT. BUT...
...THIS IS THE SECOND TIME THIS HAS HAPPENED, 'VETTE. I'M WORRIED... WHAT IF IT'S A BRAIN TUMOR OR SOMETHING?
YOU SAID IT FELT LIKE YOU WERE DREAMING SOMEBODY ELSE'S DREAM?
YEAH... I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO DESCRIBE IT...
YOU KNOW... AN OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE?
WELL, THIS IS ALMOST AN OUT-OF-MIND EXPERIENCE-- LIKE MY BODY IS HOLDING SOMEBODY ELSE'S THOUGHTS.
WELL, MAYBE IT IS.
WHAT, YOU MEAN LIKE ... TELEPATHY OR SOMETHING?
YOU NEVER STRUCK ME AS THE "UNKNOWN MYSTERIES OF THE UNKNOWN" TYPE.
I'M NOT-- MOST OF THE TIME.

BUT MY "ISSUES IN PSYCHE" CLASS DID A WHOLE THING ON THE E.S.P. PROGRAM THE SOVIETS HAD DURING THE SEVENTIES AND EIGHTIES.
I MEAN, THEY HAD SOME OF THE TOP SCIENTISTS IN THE WORLD WORKING ON IT, AND THEY TOOK IT SERIOUSLY.
YEAH, AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BERLIN WALL.
HA, HA. ALL I'M SAYING IS, WHAT IF THIS ISN'T A VISION?
WHAT IF THIS POOR CHICK REALLY IS TRYING TO CONTACT YOU?
IF SHE'S REAL, THEN SHE'S IN REAL TROUBLE, AND SHE'S RIGHT— ONLY YOU CAN HELP HER.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? I ALREADY MADE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE A NEUROLOGIST— BUT HE'S BOOKED UP UNTIL NEXT WEEK.
LOOK, IF YOU ARE .. RECEIVING THOUGHTS FROM SOMEBODY ELSE'S BRAIN...
..MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY TRANSMITTING SOME.
MAKE THE CONSERVATION TWO-WAY.

"WE BREATHE NATURALLY, PREFERABLY THROUGH THE NOSTRILS, WITHOUT ATTEMPTING TO CONTROL OUR BREATH..."
"...AND WE TRY TO BECOME AWARE OF THE SENSATION OF THE BREATH AS IT ENTERS AND LEAVES THE NOSTRILS."
OKAY...
*
WAAAAIT... I BET YVETTE AND THE GUYS ARE ALL LAUGHING THEIR BUTTS OFF RIGHT NOW THAT SHE WAS ABLE TO CON ME INTO BUYING THIS JUNK.
THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE DUMBEST THING I'VE EVER DONE...

THEY'RE ALMOST FINISHED WITH ME!
YYYEAAAAGHHH!!
I KNOW MY TIME...
CH-CHEST... IS... BURNING...
...IS NEARLY DONE...
OH. NO

OH NO
OH NO OH NO
OH NO
UNLESS YOU COME FOR ME
WAIT... AM I... TOTALLY LOSING IT...
OR... IS THAT...
... FAMILIAR—?
COME FOR ME NOW
OKAY, OKAY, KEEP YOUR PANTS ON

SUBWAY
IS THIS WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO SHOW ME?
IS THIS WHERE YOU ARE—?
SUBWAY
AAAAAAAAGH!!
COME NOW!
PLEASE!!
OR IT ENDS TONIGHT!!!

YVETTE'S NOT ANSWERING HER !@#$! PHONE. MY USUAL LUCK.
ALTHOUGH... THIS MIGHT BE A BIT MUCH EVEN FOR HER TO SWALLOW.
AND...
...MAYBE THIS IS IT.
MAYBE THIS IS ... A GIFT, A TALENT.
WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR MY WHOLE LIFE.
A PURPOSE.

HELLO? MYSTERY GIRL? YOU THERE?
BREAKER, BREAKER... COME IN, GOOD BUDDY..
HAILING FREQUENCIES OPEN, ET CETERA..
ELECTRONICS
I'M HERE, IN BRIGHTON BEACH, THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE YOU TOLD ME TO GO.
BUT NOW YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GIVE SOME MORE SPECIFICS TO...

MP3!
SALE
...GO...
...ON...
IS THIS WHERE YOU ARE?
WAS THAT THE POINT OF THE GLASS HEADS IN MY-YOUR-VISION?
NO ANSWER...
COULD I BE TOO LATE?

I HAVE TO KNOW!
NNNNGGGG-AAAAHH!!
YOU SHOULD CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY YOU FOUND AN EXPERIENCED JUVENILE DELINQUENT AS YOUR TELEPATHIC RECEIVER!
PRIVATE
YOU BETTER BE WORTH THIS, DREAM GIRL...
I NEVER STUCK MY NECK OUT FOR ANYBODY IN MY WHOLE LIFE...

HEY ... MAYBE SHE'S A KIDNAPPED HEIRESS OR SOMETHING!
MAYBE THERE'LL BE A REWARD FOR HER RESCUE!
AT THE VERY LEAST...
...I BETTER GET A DATE OUT OF THIS!
HEY... HEY, MISS?
IS THAT YOU? IS THAT--

:GASP!:
:CHOKE!:

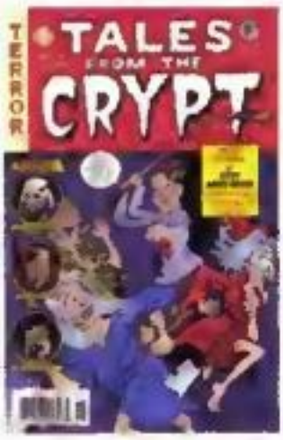
AAAAHH!!
AAAGHHHH--
ZWOK!
<I HATE THE SCREAMERS THE MOST.>
:GRUNT:
<THAT'S ALL THE TEST SUBJECTS DR. KRYLOV NEEDS, DA? WE COLLECTED THEM IN RECORD TIME!>
<OUR "BROADCASTER" WORKED WONDERS, AS USUAL.>
<IT'S AMAZING HOW A PRETTY FACE WILL DISARM EVEN THE MOST POWERFUL LATENT TELEPATHS.>

(BON VOYAGE, BOYS! ENJOY SIBERIA!)
(THOUGH YOUR LIVES MAY BE SHORT AND HARD...)
(...KNOW THEY'RE SERVING A PURPOSE...)
(...SCIENCE MUST MARCH ON!)
HAH!

TURNS OUT CHANDLER WELLS WAS JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER MAN - A *SUCKER* FOR A *PRETTY FACE!*
SPEAKING OF SUCKERS, THE CRYPT-KEEPER AND THE VAULT-KEEPER SEEMED TO HAVE HAD SOME *UNFORTUNATE SIDE EFFECTS* TO MY *CAULDRON'S CREEPY CASSEROLE!*
>BBLLARGHFF!!<
WHILE OL' C-K IS UP-CHUCKING IN HIS *INNER SANCTUM*--
>BLAARRRFFF!!<
--V-K HAS SUDDENLY BECOME ALL WARM AND *FUZZY!*
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, OLD WITCH!
IF *BARF-BREATH* IS ABLE TO GET HIS ACT TOGETHER HE SHOULD BE READY TO HOST HIS *CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER* COLUMN, FEATURING YOUR COUNTLESS REQUESTS TO DUMP HIM AND THE *FAULT-KEEPER*, AND TO HAVE ME TAKE OVER *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* ON A *PERMANENT* BASIS! BE HERE NEXT ISSUE TO SEE IF *JUSTICE PREVAILS*.

BUUUURRPP!!

'Scuze me, kiddies, your ol' pal the Crypt-Keeper just had the most DREADFUL DINING experience, thanks to The Old Witch! Would you believe she made me SICK and the Vault-Keeper RAT-ATOUILLE! If she ever invites you to lunch, RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



Meanwhile, back at the CRYPT... we're still painfully PINCHING ourselves (don't try this at home!) over all the attention last issue's SCARY SARAH PALIN cover (drawn by Ricko "the Sicko" Parker) and CATHY GAINES MIFSUD'S special editorial received!

For example, GHOULISH GEOFF (THE BUTCHER) BOUCHER of the L. A. Times wrote a GHASTLY PIECE about it, which was picked up by the Associated Press and SPLATTERED across newspapers world-wide. Geoffy wrote...

"The cover is a reference to two instances of content debate, one that played out on a national stage and the other a seemingly minor moment in Alaska that has been made major by the current political season.

"'Tales from the Crypt' became one of the signature names in horror and American pop culture after five years of memorable mayhem that ended in 1955. That was after months of intense pressure and new industry regulations targeting the lurid comics, spurred by televised Senate subcommittee hearings on juvenile delinquency and its causes.

"Palin, meanwhile, has taken heat for some overtures she made in 1996 while as mayor of Wasilla, Alaska. Criticized after reports that she sought to ban books from a local public library, the GOP candidate has said that on two occasions she asked 'a rhetorical question' about removing objectionable books from shelves, but that she never pursued it or mentioned specific titles.

"But any White House candidate who even entertains a conversation about book banning is a natural enemy to 'Tales from the Crypt,' according to Jim Salicrup, editor-in-chief of Papercutz, the publisher that revived the classic title about 16 months ago. 'This was not a partisan thing. People tend to think of everything as black and white these days -- you are either for or against one of the parties 100%. But for us this was about the history of EC Comics, the original publisher of 'Tales from the Crypt.' Anyone who knows that history knows that even of whiff of banning books is going to get us angry."

Well, la-dee-dah! Who knew Salicrup was such a POLITICAL PUN-DIT? GRUESOME GRAEME McMILLAN writing the Political Science (Fiction) column on io9 asked "Are Comics Part of the Left-Wing Media Conspiracy?" as well as...

"You may be wondering exactly what Sarah Palin's personal policies are, ahead of tonight's Vice Presidential Debate, and we're happy to help you with that: Apparently, she's anti-witch... or, at least, that's the message that we get from this cover from the October issue of the revived TALES FROM THE CRYPT. And, as this year's US Presidential election nears, this one previously non-partisan genre staple's move into editorializing against the Republican ticket is only one way in which comics are trying to get in on the action."

But the hottest POLITICALLY INCORRECT observation was online at Gawker.com, where INSANE IAN SPIEGELMAN wrote:

"The highlight of Sarah Palin's career? It's not her guest spot on SNL, or her scary stump speeches in front of screaming crazy racists. It's this cover for … Tales from the Crypt."

But enough about that! There were two SHOCK-FILLED STORIES in TALES FROM THE CRYPT #8 as well. And while we're still tabulating the votes on which SCARE-TALE was our ROTTEN READER'S fave, we did receive a couple of RIOTOUS REACTIONS…(In the meantime, go to the TALES FROM THE CRYPT section of www.papercutz.com and vote online for your favorite story from THIS issue!)

Subject: TALES FROM THE CRYPT #8

As a long-time fan of EC Comics, I welcome the revival of TALES FROM THE CRYPT and the guest editorial by Cathy Gaines Mifsud.

As a long-time fan of EC Comics, it's interesting to see the return of the Ray Bradbury "Home to Stay" precedent (WEIRD FANTASY #13). You forgot to acknowledge Stanley G. Weinbaum's (writing as John Jessel) oft-reprinted "The Adaprive Ultimate" (originally published in Astounding Stories, November 1935) or its film adaptation SHE DEVIL (1957) as the source of "She Who Would Rule the World."

I wish you the best of luck in the future.
Leonid Doroschenko

If only we had an editor with the SCI-FI CREDS as LEONID, then we'd really be DANGEROUS! Sadly, we're still stuck with Salicrup, and he lamely pleads that the correct credits in both TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic #8 and graphic novel # 5 should have read:

"SHE WHO WOULD RULE THE WORLD"
(BASED ON "THE ADAPTIVE ULTIMATE"
BY STANLEY G. WEINBAUM)
ADAPTED BY
CHRISTIAN ZANIER
WRITER, ARTIST, LETTERER, COLORIST,
MARVIN MARIANO
COLORIST

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Just wanted to make a few comments about TFTC #8. "She Who Would Rule the World" was very well done. Both the story and the art were great. Very enjoyable. As for "Virtual Hoodoo," it was passable, but did not do much for me. One thing I found hilarious… Bart's left hand shot up from the crypt when the monsters called upon him. In and of itself, not funny. However, when you consider his left arm was ripped off by Crazy Skeleton Man just three pages earlier… pretty funny!

In closing, I'd just like to thank you for bringing back this classic title. Also, thank you for having a letters page. The lettercol is such a great aspect of comichooks, and so few still have them.

Sincerely,
Mark Robinson
Colorado Springs, CO

Hey, Mark, did you ever think that those other comics don't have letter columns 'cause they can't get Yours Truly to write 'em in my world-famous HORRIFIC style? Let's face it, how can they really compete with me?

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hello my name is Brett, I live in England, and I am a big fan of the old TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics and I just recently purchased number 7 of the new TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics. I loved it, but here in England it is hard to get hold of your comics. So how can I subscribe? And also will I be able to back order and get the first 6 issues as well as future ones.

Brett Stephenson
England

What's the matter, Brett? Too lazy to travel to the US to get your horror comics fix? Fortunately for you there's milehighcomics.com for back issues, and barnesandnoble.com for our CADAVEROUS COLLECTED EDITIONS, available in both soft and (for those who collect STIFFS…) hard covers.

Keep those emails and letters coming - and if you've got any Pepto, we could use that too. Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:
salicrup@papercutz.com

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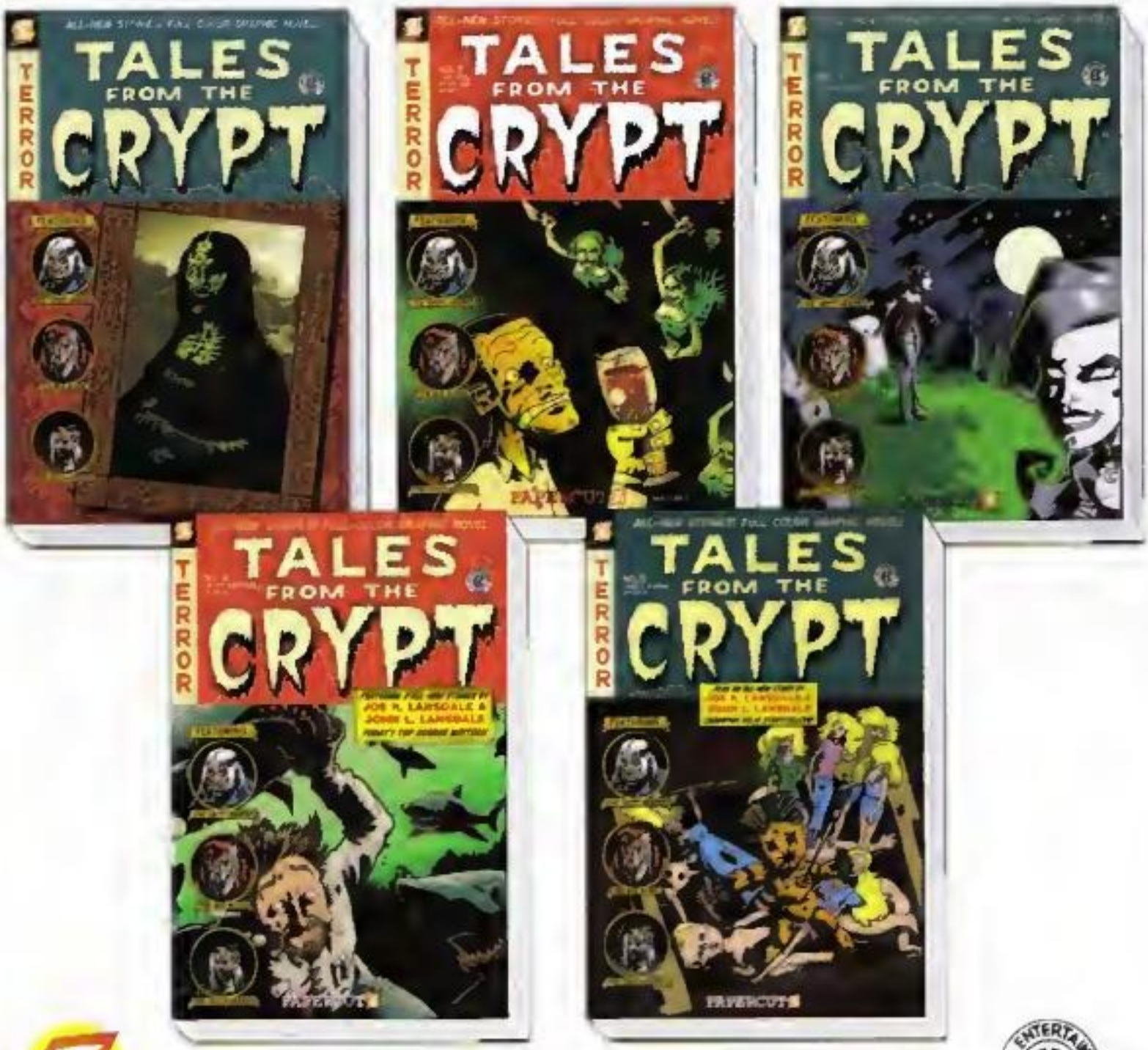
E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!
YOU'VE E-MAILED!
YOU'VE PHONED!
YOU'VE THREATENED US!
YOU'VE DEMANDED!
(BUT WE'RE COMING OUT WITH THESE COLLECTIONS ANYWAY!)



PAPERCUT

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

COLLECTING STORIES BY BILGREY, CABRAL, MR.EXES, GNIEWEK, HUDSON, KAPLAN, KLEID, LANSDALE, LOBDELL, MANNION, MARTINEZ, McGREGOR, MURASE, NOETH, PETRUCHA, ROMBERGER, SIMMONS, SMITH 3, TODD, VELILLA and VOLLMAR!

ON SALE NOW AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE!

Zero

PAPERCUTZ

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE TENTH TERROR-FILLED, RECESSION-PROOF ISSUE OF THE **ALL-NEW...**

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BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM M. GAINES, AL FELDSTEIN, REED CRANDALL, JOHNNY CRAIG, JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, GEORGE EVANS, GRAHAM INGELS, JACK KAMEN, BERNIE KRIGSTEIN, HARVEY KURTZMAN, JOE ORLANDO, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARIE SEVERIN, AL WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"BRAIN FOOO"

ROB VOLLMAR
WRITER

TIM SMITH 3
ARTIST

MARK LERER
LETTERER

LAURIE E. SMITH
COLORIST

"MURDER M.A.I.D."

GREG FARSHTEY
WRITER

MR. EXES
ARTIST

MARK LERER
LETTERER

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES

JIM SALICRUP
WRITER

RICK PARKER
ARTIST/TITLE LETTERER/COLOR

MARK LERER
LETTERER

STEVEN MANNION
COVER ARTIST

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Caricatures by Rick Parker.

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

CAN YOU BELIEVE THE OLD WITCH TRANSFORMED ME INTO A RAT?!
QUIT WHINING! THE SPELL WORE OFF, ALTHOUGH YOU'RE STILL A RAT!
AT LEAST SHE FINALLY LEFT--

AND IN THAT FINAL MOMENT, I REMEMBER.

REMEMBER HOW IT BEGAN...

THAT LOOK OF URGENT FEAR ONLY HALF-CONCEALED BY THE PATIENT'S AWARENESS OF THE GULF THAT SEPARATES US

HE RUNS HIS TONGUE NERVOUSLY ACROSS HIS DRY LIPS THREE TIMES...

...BEFORE FINALLY UTTERING THE WORDS THAT CHANGE MY LIFE FOREVER.

DOC-?

I THINK THAT THERE IS A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER LOOSE ON THIS WARD

HIS CHART TELLS ME EVERYTHING I THINK I NEED TO KNOW

A MONSTER, YOU SAY.... HMMM

MR...DONALLEY -IS IT?

HE FIDGETS WHEN I LOOK AT HIM DIRECTLY.

THAT'S PROBABLY THE THORAZINE.

YOU GO BY THOMAS?

MY MOM USED TO CALL ME TOMMY BUT...

THE MOTHER--DEAD NOW TWO YEARS OF CARDIAC FAILURE UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES

THE CATALYST FOR THE PATIENT'S FIRST REFERRAL TO THIS FACILITY AS A CLASSIC SELF-MUTILATOR

ONLY THIS ONE BLAMES HIS BREAKTHROUGH EPISODE ON A SUPERNATURALLY CURSED "FULLY POSEABLE, MICRO-ARTICULATED ACTION FIGURE." WHATEVER THAT MEANS.

I ELECT TO ENGAGE HIM.

SO... THOMAS--

HOW ARE YOU FEELING TODAY?
A LITTLE NERVOUS, I GUESS

NERVOUS?
AND WHY DO YOU THINK THAT IS?

PROBABLY BECAUSE OF THE BRAIN-EATING MONSTER THAT IS LOOSE IN THE WARD...

YOU DON'T THINK IT'S MAYBE THE THORAZINE?
NO, I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S THE BRAIN-EATING MONSTER, ACTUALLY

HOW COMFORTING IT MUST BE TO EXPLAIN AWAY ALL OF LIFE'S ILLS BY THE EXISTENCE OF A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER.

CAN'T HOLD A JOB? BRAIN-EATING MONSTER. GLOBAL WARMING? TRY A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER INSTEAD.

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, THOMAS.

I HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT THERE ARE NO BRAIN-EATING MONSTERS LOOSE IN THIS FACILITY.

IF YOU SAY SO.

LIE BACK AND TRY TO RELAX.

THEN I'LL LET THE NURSES KNOW THAT YOU ARE DUE FOR YOUR MEDS.

THANKS.

I PUT THE EVENT IN MY MENTAL COLUMN OF VICTORIES.

ANOTHER PATIENT BROUGHT BACK FROM THE EDGE OF PSYCHOSIS BY MY WORDS OF COMFORT AND SOLACE.

AT LEAST I THINK HE IS UNTIL...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN HIS BRAIN IS GONE?!

WELL, I DIDN'T LOOK BEFORE TO MAKE SURE HE HAD ONE BUT HE WAS BREATHING AND STUFF, SO, YOU KNOW, I JUST ASSUMED.

BUT, WOW, HE IS TOTALLY BRAINLESS NOW FOR SURE.

ONCE INSANE, NOW HE'S GOT NO BRAIN!

BUH-? WHA-?

DON'T WORRY, DOC. WE'LL GET HIM DOWN TO THE SLAB FOR YA!

BUT WHAT COULD HAVE--? HOW COULD--?

WHAT DID I TELL YOU, DOC?

THE BRAIN-EATING MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN!

PERHAPS, IN LIGHT OF WHAT CAME AFTER, I CAN SEE HOW MY RESPONSE TO THE PATIENT'S WARNINGS COULD BE CONSTRUED AS.. DISPROPORTIONATE

THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN, AND ROUGHLY, IF YOU LIKE...

HOT DOG!

OW! THAT SUCKED!

THAT'S GOOD, THOMAS.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO VOCALIZE YOUR MOST VIOLENT IMPULSES.

WHAT VIOLENT IMPULSES?

I JUST DON'T WANT MY BRAIN TO GET EATEN!

TUT, TUT, THOMAS.

WE BOTH KNOW THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER
YEAH. THAT'S WHAT I USED TO THINK, TOO.

AND WHAT DO YOU THINK NOW?
THERE'S STUFF OUT THERE, DOC.

HORRORS JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO SLIP UP AND THEN...
AND THEN...

YOU BECOME A BRAIN-EATING MONSTER?

I'M NOT THE BRAIN-EATING MONSTER.

ARE YOU WRITING ANY OF THIS *DOWN?!*

"SIGH"

TAKE MR. DONALLEY BACK TO HIS ROOM. FOUR POINT RESTRAINT.

AND SEE THAT THE NURSE STARTS HIM ON THIS REGIMEN OF EXPERIMENTAL AND POSSIBLY DANGEROUS ANTI-PSYCHOTICS AT ONCE.

NO, DOC! WAIT!

WAIT, I'M FEELING SUDDENLY BETTER...

BUT WHAT IF THE MURDERS DON'T END THERE. THUS PROVING THAT THOMAS ISN'T THE SO-CALLED "BRAIN-EATER"?

IT BECOMES APPARENT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THAT THE KEY TO FIGHTING THIS DELUSION IS TO SUBJECT IT TO THE SCIENTIFIC PROCESS

THERE WILL BE NO MORE OF THIS UNSCIENTIFIC BRAIN-EATER CLAPTRAP

THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS THE NEW FACE OF ENCEPHA-LOPHAGIA!

I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT THE OLD ONE LOOKED LIKE...

YOU ARE, OF COURSE, WELL AWARE OF THE CURIOUS STRING OF BRAIN EXTRACTIONS THAT HAVE OCCURRED ON OUR WATCH OF LATE

WELL, NOW THAT HE BRINGS IT UP...

I GUESS SIX IN A WEEK DOES CONSTITUTE SOME KIND OF PATTERN

DID *YOU* KNOW THAT THERE WAS AN OLD FACE OF ENCEPHALOPHAGIA?

GENTLEMEN!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR REFLECTION OR ETHICAL CAUTION!

WHAT THIS MOMENT CALLS FOR IS ACTION!
HEAR! HEAR!

IN POOLING ALL OF OUR RESOURCES, WE'LL TURN THE MEDEA INSTITUTE INTO *THE* DESTINATION FOR ENCEPHALOPHAGES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD!
AND WHO WILL WE HAVE TO THANK?

THOMAS?

I'M SORRY I ATE YOUR LEMON DROPS.

OH. IT'S YOU.

SO, YOU REMEMBER WHO I AM, THOMAS?

YEAH.

YOU ARE THE JERK THAT KEEPS ORDERING PEOPLE TO DO MESSED-UP STUFF TO ME.

I GUESS THAT WOULD MAKE ME SEEM LIKE KIND OF A JERK, HUH?

WHATEVER. ARE YOU GOING TO UNTIE ME?

ALL IN DUE TIME, MY BOY.

FIRST, LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR ENCEPHALOPHAGIC URGES.

JUST BECAUSE A GUY NEVER HAD A GIRLFRIEND, DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN HE DIDN'T *WANT* ONE!

NO, THOMAS, *ENCEPHALO-PHAGIA.*

BRAIN-EATING, THOMAS. IT MEANS BRAIN-EATING

BUT I ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT I DIDN'T EAT ANYONE'S BRAIN.

OH, I DON'T DISPUTE THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND MIND. BUT IMAGINE IF YOU WERE EXPERIENCING A COMPLETE PSYCHOTIC BREAK WHERE YOU ARE ABLE TO ACT OUT YOUR MOST UNTHINKABLE IMPULSES WITH NO FEAR OF RECALL AFTERWARDS.

I'LL BE FAMOUS!

YOU'LL BE FAMOUS!

I WILL?

DOCTORS WILL WANT TO COME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO STUDY YOUR UNIQUE CASE.

WOW, WILL THEIR HANDS LEAVE COOL LIGHT TRAILS IN THE AIR LIKE YOURS DO?

THE MEDEA INSTITUTE WILL BECOME SYNONYMOUS WITH THE MOST CUTTING EDGE RESEARCH INTO THE EXTREMITIES OF THE HUMAN PSYCHE!

BUT BEFORE ANY OF THAT CAN HAPPEN, YOU AND I HAVE VITAL WORK THAT MUST BE DONE!

IT'S A GOOD THING THAT THERE'S SO MANY OF YOU...

DOCTOR ANDERS!! COME QUICK!!

SOME PATIENTS WILL BE LOST AND SOME WILL BE SAVED. THAT'S THE CURRENCY OF FAILURE WHEN YOU ARE A DOCTOR.

BUT WHAT MEANING ARE WE TO TAKE...

...WHEN IT IS THE DOCTORS WHO ARE LOST?

I D-DON'T UNDERSTAND...

JUST LIKE BEFORE, DOC.

NOT A BRAIN TO PIECE TOGETHER BETWEEN THEM.

SUCH... BRILLIANT MINDS.

REDUCED TO WHAT?

FOOD?

LOOK, DOC, WE'VE ALREADY CALLED THE COPS AND THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY. BETTER THAT YOU JUST GO LIE DOWN UNTIL THEY GET HERE

FOR ONE MOMENT, I CONSIDER FOLLOWING HIS ADVICE. MAYBE I SHOULD LIE DOWN

HAVEN'T I BEEN UNDER A LOT OF STRESS LATELY? I CAN'T REMEMBER.

THEN I REALIZE...

THAT'S JUST WHAT IT WANTS ME TO DO. THINK RATIONALLY.

LAY DOWN. CLOSE MY EYES AND WAIT.

AND SO, INSTEAD, I DO SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING CRAZY.

THOMAS? IT'S ME. DOCTOR ANDERS. WAKE UP!

HUH?

MOVE QUICKLY! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!
IS THE METER RUNNING ON THE ELECTROSHOCK MACHINE AGAIN?

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, THOMAS?
YOU WERE RIGHT! YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG!
I WAS?

IT'S A CYNICAL APHORISM BUT ONE, IN THIS CASE, I HOPE WILL ENSURE THAT I LIVE TO NEVER SPEAK OF THESE HORRORS AGAIN.
YES. NOW GET YOUR SLIPPERS ON
OW! WAS THAT ATTACHED?

IF EVER YOU FIND YOURSELF IN THE WILDERNESS WITH A FRIEND...

WHERE RE WE GOIN'?

JUST TRY TO FOCUS ON STAYING AWAKE. I'M TAKING YOU OUT OF THIS FACILITY ON MY AUTHORITY

AND YOU JUST SO HAPPEN TO FIND YOURSELVES CONFRONTED BY A GRIZZLY BEAR...

I DON T FEEL SO GOOD

JUST A FEW MORE YARDS, THOMAS

JUST REMEMBER...

THE EMERGENCY LOCKS HAVE ENGAGED!

WHICH KEY?

THE FOOTRACE ISN'T BETWEEN YOU AND THE BEAR...

UH, DOC?

IT'S YOUR FRIEND YOU'RE RACING DOWN...

"MMMMMMMNNNGH"

AND IN THAT FINAL MOMENT, I REMEMBER...

>NNNGH<

Y-YOU KILLED HIM!

MMMMMM DELICIOUS

STAY AWAY FROM ME! I'M SUPER RELIGIOUS!

MMMMM...

HATE TO BE A SNOB ABOUT IT

BUT I'M SOMETHING OF A CONNOISSEUR

AND AT THIS POINT, YOU DON'T EVEN RATE AS AN AFTER-DINNER MINT

WOW.

IT'S LIKE I'M TOO STUPID TO DIE

COOL...

POOR THOMAS--
>SOB<--NO ONE WANTS HIM-->SOB<
--NOT EVEN A *BRAIN-EATING MONSTER!*

WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT THAT *LOSER?*

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO ABOUT THE *DISGUSTING DETRITUS* YOU LEFT HERE?

THANKS TO YOU I CAN KISS MY *GOOD CRYPT-KEEPING SEAL OF APPROVAL* GOOD-BYE!

ARE YOU *NUTS, C-K?!*

DON'T BRING HER BACK! I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED TO CLEAN UP YOUR CRYPT! LET ME TELL YOU ALL ABOUT HER IN THIS CHILLING TALE I CALL...

MURDER M.A.I.D.

MEET THE EX-MRS. EMERSON GALE. HER VISIT TO HER FORMER HUSBAND'S HOUSE IS NOT A SOCIAL ONE.

COME ON, OPEN THE DOOR, YOU--

BING - BONG

CREAK

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME, EMERSON!

DR. GALE IS NOT RECEIVING VISITORS. PLEASE COME BACK TOMORROW. THANK YOU.

OH, HE'S NOT, IS HE? HE'LL RECEIVE ME

PLEASE WIPE YOUR FEET. PLEASE WIPE YOUR FEET.

EMERSON, YOU OWE ME $10,000 IN ALIMONY, AND I WANT IT NOW!

OH, SARAH... AS LOUD AS EVER, I SEE. I HARDLY THINK I NEED TO PAY YOU FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF HAVING YOU CHEAT ON ME

HA! IF JAKE AND I HADN'T BEEN SO "BUSY" UPSTAIRS WE SHOOK YOUR TEST TUBES, YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE EVEN KNOWN.

YES. WELL. YOU TWO CERTAINLY LEFT A MESS BEHIND. IT TOOK M.A.I.D A FULL DAY TO CLEAN UP

M.A.I.D? DON'T TELL ME ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR STUPID INVENTIONS?

M.A.I.D. MULTIFUNCTIONAL AUTOMATED IMMACULATE DISPOSAL UNIT. HOW MAY I ASSIST YOU?

CUTE. COULDN'T FIND A REAL WOMAN TO CLEAN YOUR HOUSE FOR YOU, HUH?

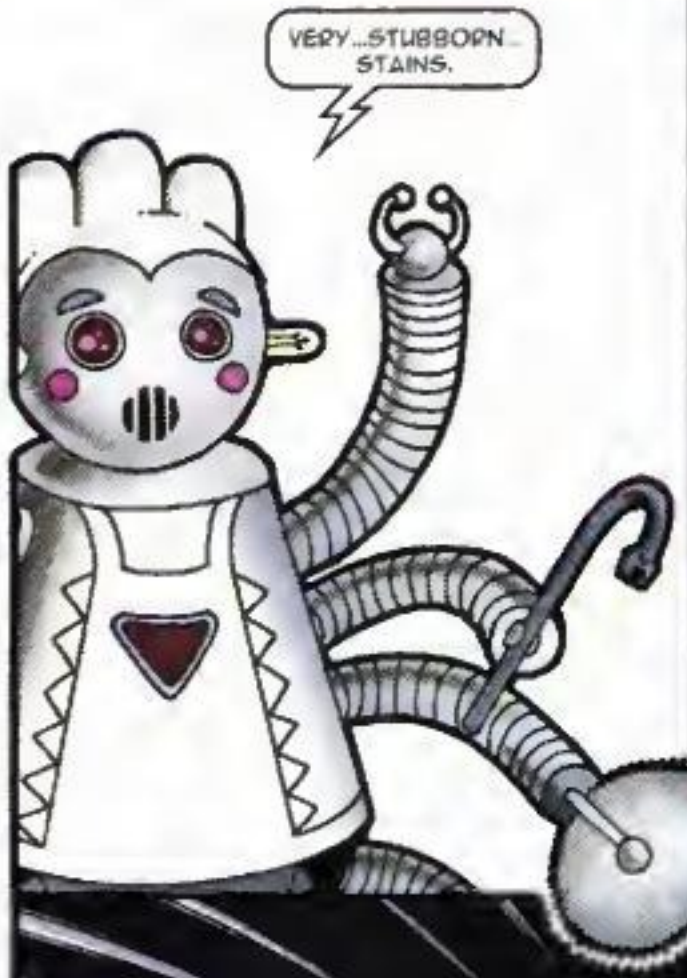
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE— TO ANSWER THEIR QUESTIONS, LISTEN TO THEIR COMPLAINTS, OR PICK UP THEIR MESSES. THIS NEW M.A.I.D DOES ALL THAT FOR ME. WATCH

M.A.I.D DEPLOY

YES, DOCTOR.

YOU SEE? EVERYTHING A MODERN MAINTENANCE ROBOT NEEDS, ALL IN ONE UNIT.

THE BROOM, THE MOP, I UNDERSTAND— BUT A CROWBAR? AND IS THAT A BUZZSAW? WHAT DOES SHE--IT--NEED THOSE FOR?


VERY...STUBBORN... STAINS.

SHE DOES WHATEVER I TEXT HER TO DO. RIGHT NOW, I AM TELLING HER TO SHOW YOUR CHEAP, GREEDY, LYING SELF OUT.

YOU LOUSY SON OF A--

CRASH!

YOU HAVE MADE A MESS. ACTIVATING CLEANSING AND DISPOSAL PROGRAM

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP FOLLOWING ME, YOU PIECE OF JUNK!

YOU HAVE MADE A MESS, MRS. GALE MESSES MUST BE DISPOSED OF

THIS ISN'T OVER! YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM MY LAWYER!

PROGRAM ACTIVATED. COMMAND RECEIVED. ASSIST GUEST TO DEPART

LATER...

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I TEXT MESSAGED YOU FIVE MINUTES AGO.

THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL WAS JAMMED DOCTOR.

AGAIN? I THOUGHT YOU FIXED THAT TWO DAYS AGO, RIGHT AFTER MY SHIPMENT OF CAPACITORS GOT DELIVERED WELL, ANYWAY, I NEED YOU TO--

BAM! BAM! BAM!

OH, WHAT NOW? GO SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR.

WHERE IS SHE? WHERE'S SARAH? I KNOW SHE WAS COMING HERE!

KRASSHH

DR. GALE IS NOT RECEIVING VISITORS. PLEASE--

WHERE IS HE? WHAT'S HE DONE WITH SARAH? SHE NEVER CAME HOME AND HER CAR IS STILL OUTSIDE

GALE! IT'S JAKE! I'M COMING FOR YOU, OLD MAN!

PLEASE WIPE YOUR FEET. PLEASE WIPE YOUR ...

...FEET.

YOU HAVE MADE A MESS.

WHO WAS AT THE DOOR? I THOUGHT I HEARD SHOUTING.

SOMEONE HAD MADE A MESS. I HAD TO CLEAN IT UP.

HMMMM. WELL ALL RIGHT. THEN CAN'T HAVE MESSES IN THE HOUSE.

MESS BREEDS DISORDER. DISORDER BREEDS INEFFICIENCY. INEFFICIENCY IS THE ENEMY OF RATIONAL THOUGHT.

ABSOLUTELY. RATIONALITY--EFFICIENCY --THAT'S WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS. NOT THE DISORDER OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS. NOT THE MESS OF HUMAN LIES.

UNDERSTOOD. HUMANS MAKE MESSES. HUMANS MAKE DISORDER.

IT'S LATE. I'M GOING TO HAVE A SNACK AND GO TO BED

THE KITCHEN REQUIRES CLEANING BEFORE FOOD CAN BE PREPARED.

WHY? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE KITCHEN?

THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL IS JAMMED, AGAIN.

HMMMM.

Command: Contact disposal repairman in the morning

THE NEXT DAY...

BING-BONG

HI, I'M HERE TO FIX THE DISPOSAL AND--YIIII!

S-SORRY ..YOU STARTLED ME..LET ME PICK THIS STUFF UP ...WHAT A MESS.

THAT'S A, UM, GREAT COSTUME--GOING TO A PARTY? I WENT AS A FISH ONCE--HAD A HOOK HANGING OUT OF MY MOUTH AND EVERYTHING. HEH.

THE DISPOSAL IS NOT OPERATING.

RIGHT. LET ME JUST TAKE A LOOK HERE. WHOA! THAT DOESN'T SOUND GOOD.

KRUNNCHH

SOMETHING'S REALLY JAMMED THIS BABY UP. UNNNH...IT'S REALLY IN THERE... WAIT, GOT IT....

YAAAHHH!

THAT'S-- YOU'VE--GOD, WHAT ARE YOU?

THAT IS THE SECOND MESS YOU HAVE MADE SINCE YOU ARRIVED.

WHAT? YOU'RE CRAZY! GET AWAY FROM ME!

MESS CANNOT BE TOLERATED.

WHIRRRR

NO! HELP!

MESS MUST BE ELIMINATED

WHIRRR!

GET AWAY!

KLANNG

NO..NO, PLEASE...

PLEASE HOLD STILL. SO MESS CAN BE KEPT TO A MINIMUM. THANK YOU.

WHIRRRRRR

WHAT WAS ALL THAT NOISE? I THOUGHT THIS WAS A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD I SHOULD HAVE MOVED SOMEPLACE WITH NO NEIGHBORS

UNDERSTOOD. NEIGHBORS CAUSE DISRUPTION DOES DISRUPTION BREED INEFFICIENCY?

OF COURSE, IT DOES, I, WAIT, WHAT HAPPENED? YOU'RE DAMAGED.

I SUSTAINED DAMAGE WHILE CLEANING. I HAVE INITIATED SELF-REPAIR.

YES, WELL, I'D BETTER CHECK YOU OVER. DEPLOY.

YES, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE INTACT, BUT LET ME RUN A FULL CHECK

YES, YES, FINE, I .. WHAT IS THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE ... BLOOD.

I AM IN WORKING ORDER. MESSES WILL BE ELIMINATED DISRUPTION FROM NEIGHBORS WILL BE ENDED

...WHY IS THERE BLOOD ON YOUR SAW TOOL?

I HAVE BEEN CARRYING OUT MY PROGRAMMING.

YOU WERE PROGRAMMED TO ANSWER THE DOOR AND THE PHONE...TO GET THE MAIL...TO CLEAN UP ANY MESSES IN THE HOUSE THAT'S ALL.

CORRECT. I WAS PROGRAMMED TO OPERATE IN THE MOST EFFICIENT MANNER POSSIBLE

THE MOST EFFICIENT ..? EXPLAIN WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

CLEANING UP A MESS IS A TEMPORARY SOLUTION. IT IS FAR MORE EFFICIENT TO ELIMINATE THE CAUSE OF THE MESS

WAIT A MINUTE. YESTERDAY, YOU SAID SOMETHING. WHEN SARAH THREW THE BEAKER, YOU SAID SHE HAD MADE A MESS.

CORRECT. THAT HAS BEEN DEALT WITH. THERE WILL BE NO FUTURE DISORDER.

OH, MY GOD... I ASKED YOU TO THROW HER OUT, BUT SHE NEVER LEFT DID SHE? SARAH! SARAH!

PLEASE DO NOT RUN RUNNING CAN RESULT IN BREAKAGE

SARAH! WHERE IS SHE, YOU MECHANICAL MONSTER?

THE KITCHEN REQUIRES CLEANING BEFORE FOOD CAN BE MADE

UNNNHHHH

AAAAAHHH!

HUMAN HEADS DO NOT FIT DOWN THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL THEY CREATE MORE DISORDER

GET AWAY FROM ME! I'LL SHUT YOU DOWN PERMANENTLY! I'LL--OHHHH!

SNAP!

OH, NO...

YOU HAVE MADE A MESS, DR. GALE. BUT DO NOT BE CONCERNED--EVERYTHING WILL BE CLEANED AND IN ORDER BEFORE I VISIT THE NEIGHBORS

WHIRRRR

YEAH, *GREAT IDEA!* DON'T LISTEN TO THAT *VAPID* VAULT-KEEPER--

VAPID?!

WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING?

OUT OF THE KINDNESS OF MY *BLACK HEART*, I'D BE TICKLED PINK TO TIDY-UP YOUR *CRYPTIC-CRIB!*

>GASP!< >*CHOKE!*< SHE'S ALMOST AS *SCARY* AS WHAT WE HAVE PLANNED FOR THE NEXT *FRIGHTENING* ISSUE OF *TALES FROM THE CRYPT!*

OO YOU OO *VAULTS?*

TERROR

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THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

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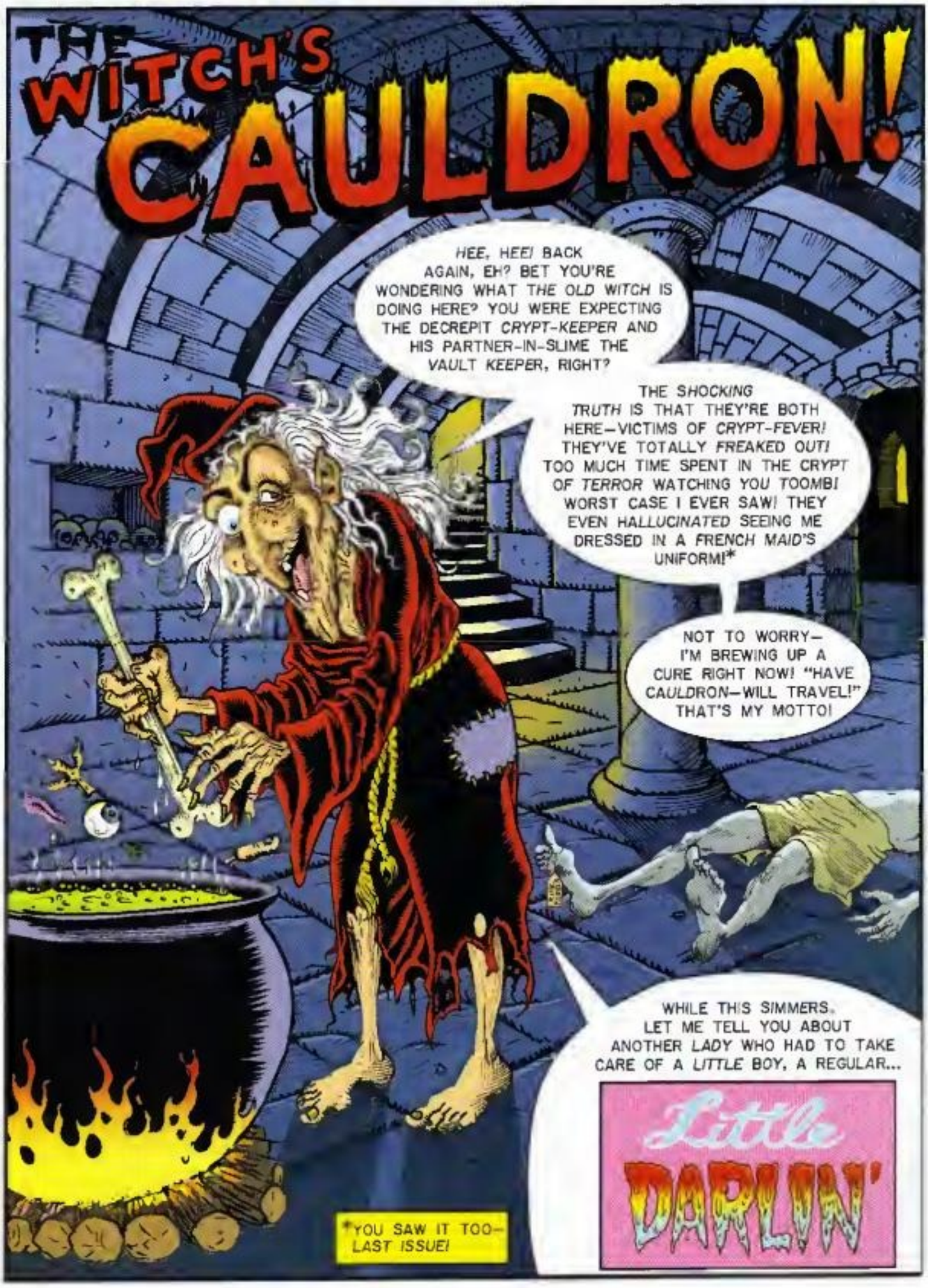

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!
HEE, HEE! BACK AGAIN, EH? BET YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT THE OLD WITCH IS DOING HERE? YOU WERE EXPECTING THE DECREPIT CRYPT-KEEPER AND HIS PARTNER-IN-SLIME THE VAULT KEEPER, RIGHT?
THE SHOCKING TRUTH IS THAT THEY'RE BOTH HERE—VICTIMS OF CRYPT-FEVER! THEY'VE TOTALLY FREAKED OUT! TOO MUCH TIME SPENT IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR WATCHING YOU TOOMBI WORST CASE I EVER SAW! THEY EVEN HALLUCINATED SEEING ME DRESSED IN A FRENCH MAID'S UNIFORM!*
NOT TO WORRY— I'M BREWING UP A CURE RIGHT NOW! "HAVE CAULDRON—WILL TRAVEL!" THAT'S MY MOTTO!
WHILE THIS SIMMERS, LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT ANOTHER LADY WHO HAD TO TAKE CARE OF A LITTLE BOY, A REGULAR...
Little DARLIN'
*YOU SAW IT TOO— LAST ISSUE!

AAAHHH!
AHH!
YAAHHHH!

AAHHH!
GRRRRRR!
YIPE!
WHIMPER WHIMPER
WAH WAH WAH

LILLIAN MOORE
SUPERINTENDENT
1
WAH-WAAAAHHHHHHH
WWAAAAHHH
WAH-WAAAAHHHHHHH
WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MY DOORSTEP AT TWO IN THE MORNING, LITTLE FELLOW?
WWAAAAHHH
WWAHH

I BET YOU'RE HUNGRY.
WWAHH
WAAHH
MRS. SANCHEZ THIS IS LILLIAN SORRY TO WAKE YOU. I HAVE AN EMERGENCY.
LILLIAN, DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?
WAAHH!
YES, BUT SOMEONE DUMPED A BABY ON OUR DOORSTEP.
AND I DON'T HAVE A BOTTLE TO FEED HIM.
WHAAAAHH!
WAAAAHH!

WWAAAAAHH!
WAAAAHH
WAAAAH!
MAYBE THIS WILL WORK.
WE'VE BEEN LISTENING TO THAT BABY CRY FOR THE PAST HOUR.
SORRY. WE'LL TRY NOT TO BOTHER YOU AGAIN.
WAAAAAAH
CUTE. HOW COULD ANYONE DO THAT?
YEAH I COULD NEVER HAVE ANY AND SOMEONE IS OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT THROWING ONE AWAY.
WWAAHHHHH

WAAAAAAHHHHHH!
WHAP!
OH, DEAR.
CRASH!
MY GOODNESS, YOU'RE STRONG.
SMASHH!

OUCH!
WAAAAAHHH
THAT HURT.
WAAAH!
WAAH!
LET'S GET THAT DIRTY BLANKET AWAY FROM YOUR FACE.
WA-
WHAT THE HECK?... IF IT WILL KEEP HIM QUIET...
NO ONE ELSE WILL KNOW.

IT'S THE LIGHT, ISN'T IT?
THAT'S WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU.
.....
CLICK

WHAT THE...

GOOD LORD!

KNOCK
KNOK
KNOK

HOLD YOUR HORSES.
I'M COMING!
NOK KNOK

I CALLED THE WELFARE PEOPLE. THEY'LL BE OUT TO GET HIM TODAY.

I DIDN'T TELL YOU TO CALL THE WELFARE.

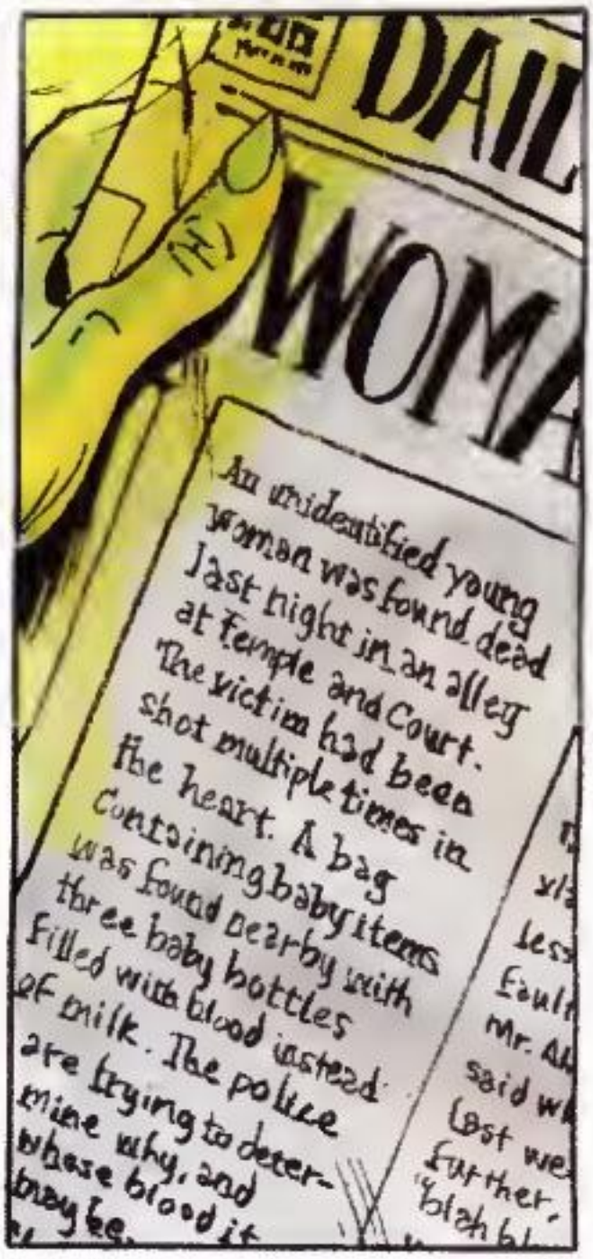
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD BE GLAD I DID.
THEY WILL TAKE HIM TO A HOSPITAL, CHECK HIM OUT.

I'M SORRY. I KNOW YOU MEANT WELL.
EVER SINCE ROY DIED I'VE BEEN SO LONELY...

YOU'RE TOO OLD TO BE TAKING CARE OF A BABY ANYWAY.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT.
DAILY S
WOMAN MUR

DAILY SUNBEAM
WOMAN MURDERED


DAIL
WOMA
An unidentified young woman was found dead last night in an alley at Temple and Court. The victim had been shot multiple times in the heart. A bag containing baby items was found nearby with three baby bottles filled with blood instead of milk. The police are trying to determine why, and whose blood it may be.

SO THAT'S WHO YOU BELONGED TO. I CAN'T LET THE WELFARE PEOPLE HAVE YOU NOW, FOR SURE. THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. YOU WOULD DIE.

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO KEEP YOU, LITTLE DARLIN'.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
JUST A MINUTE...
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
I'M MRS. WELLFORD FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN SERVICES. I UNDERSTAND SOMEONE LEFT A BABY ON YOUR DOORSTEP LAST NIGHT.
YES, THEY DID, BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FINGER?
OH, IT'S NOTHING. COME IN.

IT SURE IS DARK IN HERE.
THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT!

MRS. SANCHEZ SAID YOU NEVER HAD CHILDREN. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF A BABY.

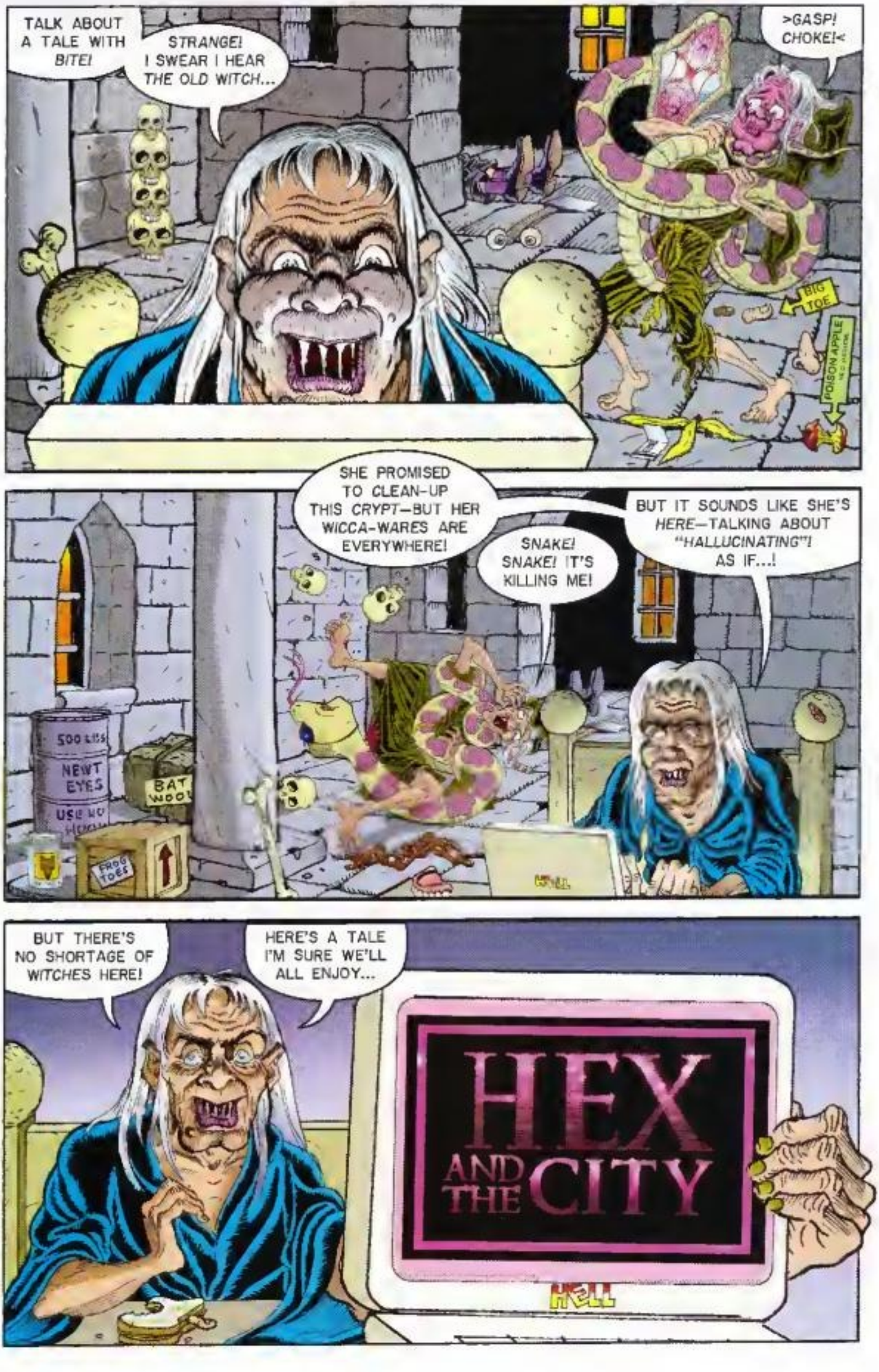
BELIEVE ME, MRS. WELLFORD...
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIM.

MRS. MOORE, BRING ME THE BABY THIS INSTANT!
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS.

>GASP!=

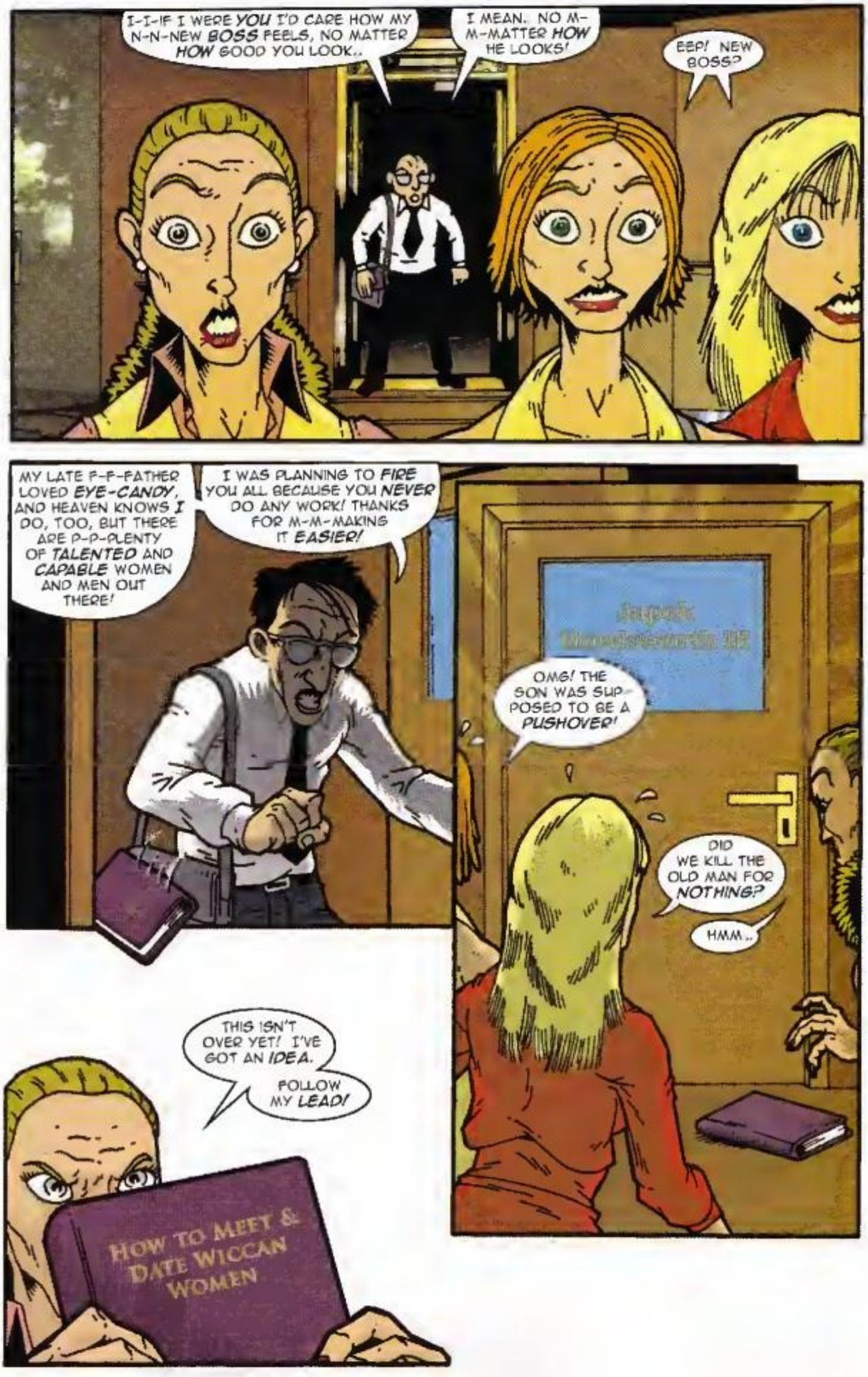
CHOKE

WAHHHHH
WAAHH
JAMES
WWAAAAAH
WAAHHHHH
MAMA'S COMING, LITTLE DARLING.
IT SURE IS GOOD.
WAAHHHH
WAAHHH

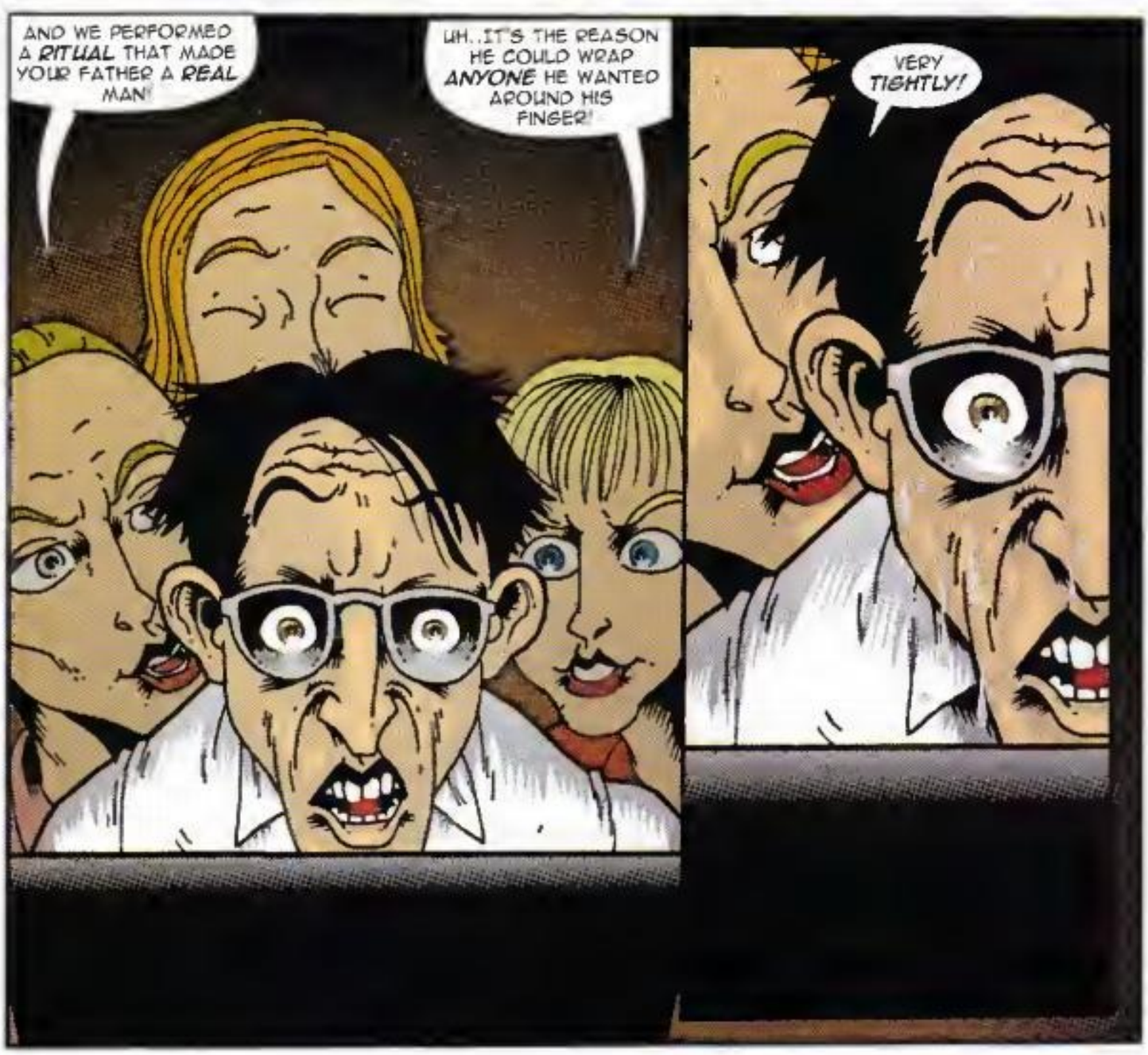

TALK ABOUT A TALE WITH BITE!
STRANGE! I SWEAR I HEAR THE OLD WITCH...
>GASP! CHOKE!<
BIG TOE
POISON APPLE
SHE PROMISED TO CLEAN-UP THIS CRYPT—BUT HER WICCA-WARES ARE EVERYWHERE!
SNAKE! SNAKE! IT'S KILLING ME!
BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE SHE'S HERE—TALKING ABOUT "HALLUCINATING"! AS IF...!
500 EYES
NEWT EYES
BAT WOOL
FROG TOES
BUT THERE'S NO SHORTAGE OF WITCHES HERE!
HERE'S A TALE I'M SURE WE'LL ALL ENJOY...
HEX AND THE CITY
HELL

DISLCAIMER! THIS IS NOT A COMMENTARY ON WICCAN BELIEFS, BUT A CAUTIONARY TALE OF WHAT BEFALLS THOSE WHO USE WHAT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND FOR SELFISH ENDS!
...PLEASE... HELP ME...
GROSS. SOMEONE SHOULD CALL THE POLICE!
THE FASHION POLICE!
IGNORE THEM! PEOPLE ARE ONLY HOMELESS BECAUSE THEY WANT TO BE! JUST LIKE WE'RE HAPPY AND PRETTY BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT WE WANT!
HOWLSWORTH'S SON TAKES OVER TODAY! I CAN'T WAIT TO ASK HIM FOR A PRIVATE OFFICE SO I CAN SPEND MORE TIME SEEKING TRUE ROMANCE ON THE WEB!

REALLY? I HOPE HE'S HOT, SO I CAN SPEND MORE TIME LOOKING FOR SOME FUN WITH HIM!
I JUST WANT A BIGGER SPACE SO I CAN PRACTICE DANCING! ANYTHING EXCEPT WORK, RIGHT, LADIES?
E-E-EXCUSE ME, BUT THERE I-I-IS MORE TO LIFE THAN LOOKING AND FEELING G-G-GOOD!
HA-HA! HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?
HA-HA! YOU SURE DON'T LOOK GOOD!
HEE! AND WHO CARES HOW YOU FEEL?


I-I-IF I WERE YOU I'D CARE HOW MY N-N-NEW BOSS FEELS, NO MATTER HOW GOOD YOU LOOK..
I MEAN. NO M-M-MATTER HOW HE LOOKS!
EEP! NEW BOSS?
MY LATE F-F-FATHER LOVED EYE-CANDY, AND HEAVEN KNOWS I DO, TOO, BUT THERE ARE P-P-PLENTY OF TALENTED AND CAPABLE WOMEN AND MEN OUT THERE!
I WAS PLANNING TO FIRE YOU ALL BECAUSE YOU NEVER DO ANY WORK! THANKS FOR M-M-MAKING IT EASIER!
OMG! THE SON WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A PUSHOVER!
DID WE KILL THE OLD MAN FOR NOTHING?
HMM..
THIS ISN'T OVER YET! I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
FOLLOW MY LEAD!
HOW TO MEET & DATE WICCAN WOMEN

BEFORE YOU MAKE YOUR FINAL DECISION ABOUT US, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU MIGHT WANT TO CONSIDER!
MAYBE WE DIDN'T WORK, BUT THERE WAS ONE THING WE DID FOR YOUR FATHER THAT MADE US WORTH EVERYTHING HE PAID US AND MORE!
YOU SEE..WE'RE WICCAN!
WE ARE? OH, YEAH... WE ARE!
WICCAN LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE!


AND WE PERFORMED A RITUAL THAT MADE YOUR FATHER A REAL MAN!
UH..IT'S THE REASON HE COULD WRAP ANYONE HE WANTED AROUND HIS FINGER!
VERY TIGHTLY!

YOU'D LIKE US TO PERFORM OUR RITUAL FOR YOU, WOULDN'T YOU?
UH... UH.... UH...
YES! YES! A THOUSAND TIMES YES!
>SOB!< I'VE BEEN SO LONELY! SO AFRAID! AND MY FATHER NEVER PAID ANY ATTENTION TO ME!
ALL HE EVER GAVE ME WAS THIS LOUSY BUSINESS! AND I'M AFRAID OF BUSINESSES, TOO!
JUST TELL ME WHAT I HAVE TO DO AND I'LL DO IT!

"FIRST, RENT A SECLUDED SHACK WHERE NO ONE CAN FIND YOU.. UH.. I MEAN US! THE RITUAL REQUIRES POWER GEMS, BUT A RICH GUY LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO AFFORD THEM! NEXT..."
NICE TOUCH FINDING THESE OLD HALLOWEEN COSTUMES!
AH, I FOUND SOME BOGUS CEREMONY ONLINE CALLED DRAWING DOWN THE MOON, BUT AS LONG AS WE'RE DANCING AROUND, HE'LL DO WHATEVER WE SAY!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS RITUAL?
READY TO DRAW DOWN THE MOON, HANDSOME?
OH, Y-Y-YEAH!
AT THE HEIGHT OF THE RITUAL, YOU'LL HAVE TO DRINK THIS AND SAY THE WORDS I TAUGHT YOU!

"GREAT GOD CERNUNNOS, RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.
COME AT MY CALL AND SHOW THYSELF TO MEN.
SHEPERD OF GOATS, UPON THE WILD HILLS WAY,
LEAD THY LOST FLOCK FROM DARKNESS UNTO DAY."
DRINK AND SPEAK!
CHUG-A-LUG!
CHUG-A-LUG!
CHUG-A-LUG!
>GULP-GULP-GULP!<
I AM THE POWER!
I AM THE HORNED GOD!

I AM...
...NOT FEELING SO GOOD...
THUD!

THESE SUCKERS ARE WORTH A MILLION AT LEAST!
WE CAN START OUR OWN BUSINESS WE WON'T HAVE TO WORK FOR!
HE'S GETTING UP? GET SOMETHING TO WHACK HIM WITH!
URGGG
AK-AK-AK!
EW! I HOPE HE DOESN'T PUKE!

WHO SUMMONS THE HORNED GOD?
WHOSE WISHES SHALL I FILL TO BURSTING?

YOU WHO WISH ONLY TO DANCE SHALL ENJOY THE RAW UNBRIDLED FORCE OF NATURE AS YOUR PARTNER!
MAYBE LATER?
THERE IS NO LATER! ONLY THE ETERNAL, BLESSED NOW!
EEEEEEE!

YOUR MIND AND BODY ARE NOW A WRITHING WOUND THAT PULSES TO THE COSMIC BEAT OF HUNGER'S HEART!
BEHOLD!
YOU ARE PART OF THE DANCE OF THE REAL!

AND YOU WHO WANTED ONLY PHYSICAL PLEASURE, WHERE SHALL WE BEGIN?
YOUR FORM HAS A BILLION NERVE ENDINGS FOR FEELING PLEASURE. WHY NOT SET THEM ALL AFLAME AT ONCE?
HELP!
HELLLPPP!
NO, I CAN'T JUST LEAVE!
NOOOOOOOOO!
NOT WITHOUT THE GEMS!

AND WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?
OH, NOTHING! I'M GOOD!
ROMANCE! THE SWOONING MAJESTY THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND!
NO, REALLY, THANKS, BUT...
I CAN GIVE YOU MORE THAN THE WORLD!
I CAN GIVE YOU THE MOON AND THE STARS!

"SHALL WE START WITH THE MOON?"
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
WITH LOVE ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE!
SHALL WE KISS THE KISS OF LOVE'S MADNESS? SHALL WE KISS THE KISS OF FOREVER?

BUT I ALSO PROMISED YOU THE STARS, DIDN'T I?
THE COLD, UNCARING STARS?
SURROUNDED BY AN INFINITE BLACKNESS AS DARK AS YOUR OWN BLACK HEART!
YIEEEEE!

"AND FINALLY, YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORK AGAIN."
CAN YOU BELIEVE THREE JOBS OPENED AT THE SAME COMPANY AT THE SAME TIME? AND WE GOT THEM?
WE'LL BE TOGETHER!
KEEP MOVING! USE
IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAY, LADIES, WISH HARD ENOUGH AND YOU'LL GET IT!
AND THE HOMELESS ARE ONLY THERE BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE THEY WANT TO BE!
...PLEASE... PLEASE...

CAN'T WAIT TO MEET THE NEW OWNER!
I HEAR HE'S TOTALLY HOT!
...PLEASE...

THAT STORY WAS REALLY HARD-TO-SWALLOW!
SPEAKING OF WITCH...
LISTEN TO ME!
WOOL OF BAT
I MUST'VE GHOUL-GHOULED WICCA-PEDIA...
DON'T WORRY, DARLIN'—
I'M GOING TO DOWNLOAD A FIX FOR YOUR CRYPT-FEVER VIRUS!
BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN WITH YOUR YOU TOOMB ADDICTION!
CRYPT-FEVER?! THE VAULT-KEEPER DOES LOOK MORE YELLOW THAN USUAL...
OH, DID I MENTION THERE'S A SIDE-EFFECT TO MY POTENT POTION? DON'T WORRY, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO WRITE YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER COLUMN BEFORE IT COMPLETELY KICKS IN!
>CHOKE!<
TO BE CONTINUED...?

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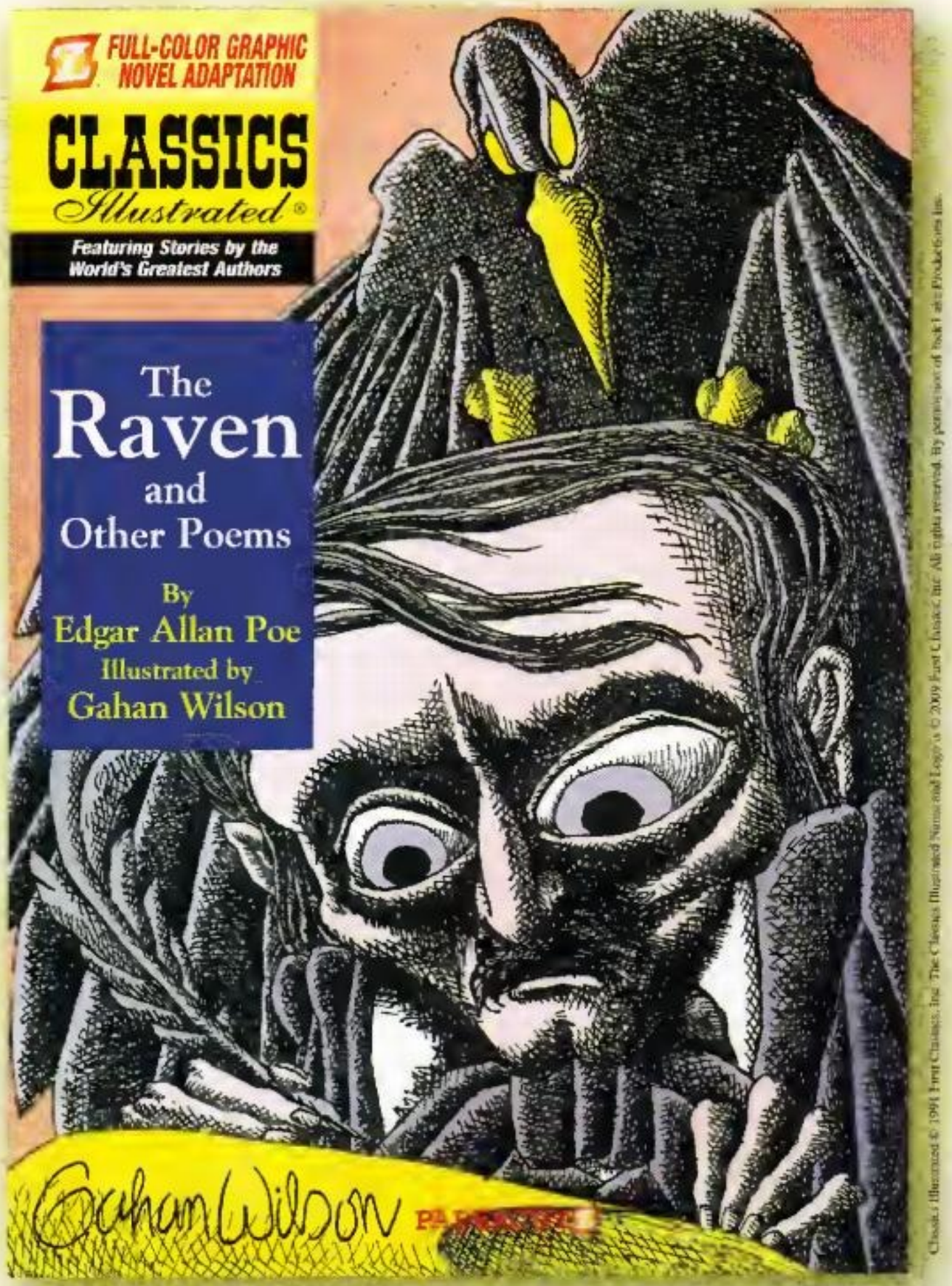
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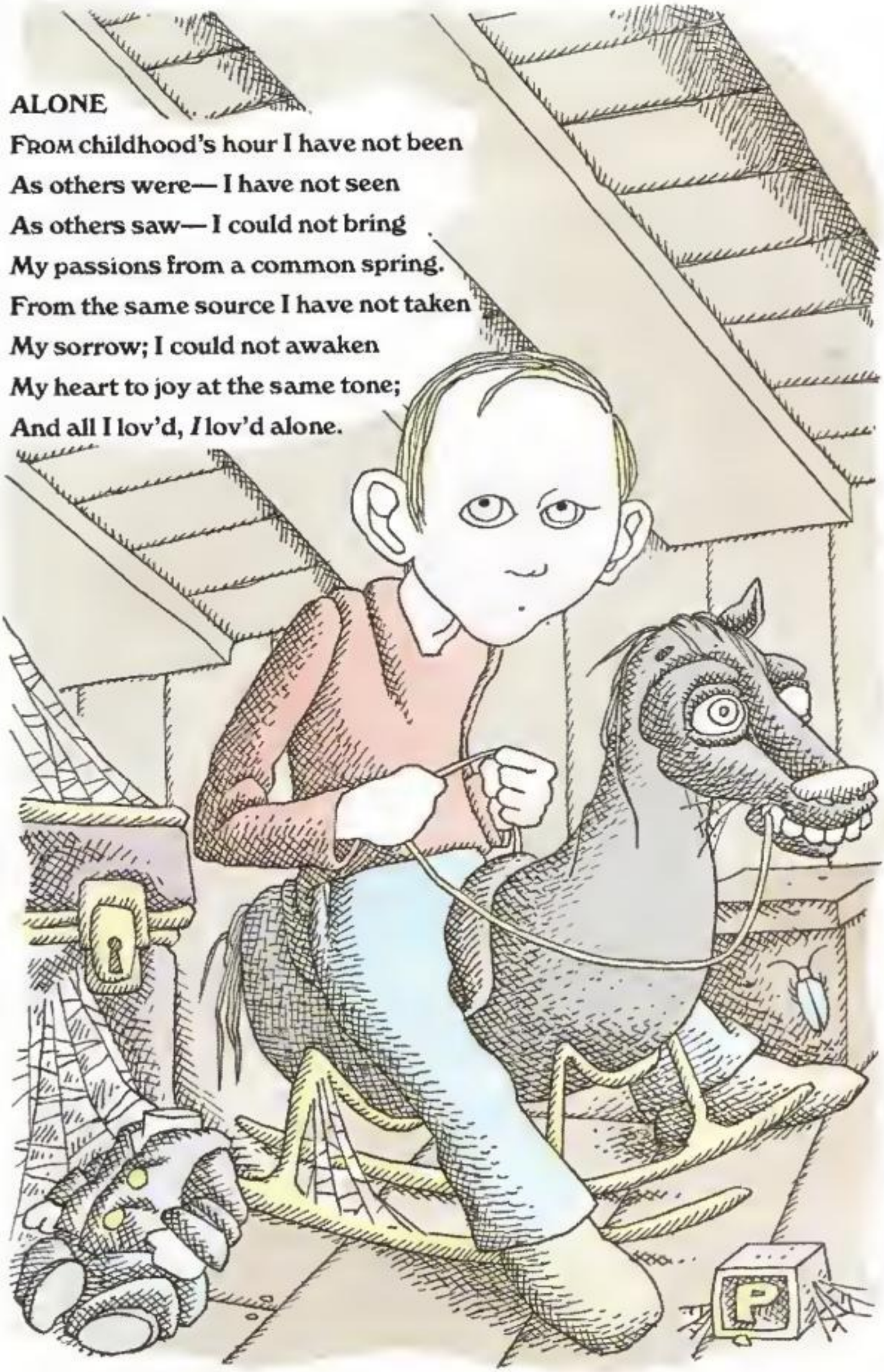

ALONE

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were— I have not seen
As others saw— I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow; I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone;
And all I lov'd, *I* lov'd alone.

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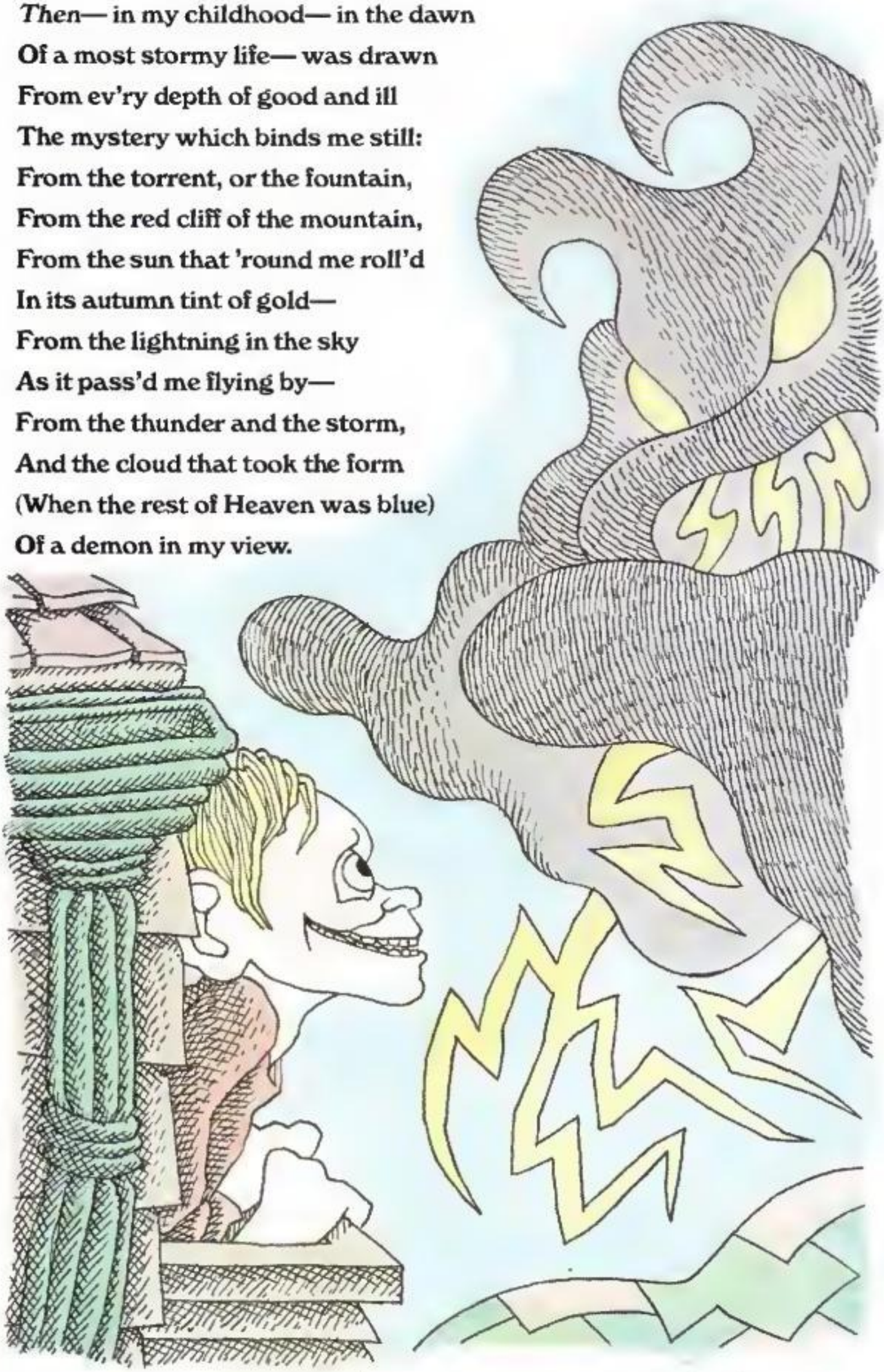
Then— in my childhood— in the dawn
Of a most stormy life— was drawn
From ev'ry depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still:
From the torrent, or the fountain,
From the red cliff of the mountain,
From the sun that 'round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold—
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by—
From the thunder and the storm,
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view.



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